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April 8, 1933

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Arthur Somers Roche's new novel

Slander

the romance of a girl who was talked about

MRS W HENDERSON
2924 E 28TH ST
KANSAS CITY
MO

APRIL 8, 1933

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We have 4 refriqerators - all in 1

...mother said so!"

Yes, and they are all FULLY AUTOMATIC . . . an exclusive Kelvinator feature

MOTHER has been saying some nice things about her Kelvinator. And not without reason, because in a Kelvinator there are so many exclusive features and advantages about which nice things can be said.

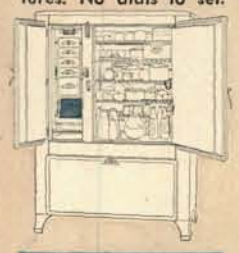
And the fact that it is the only electric refrigerator that has 4 *different temperatures* (not freezing speeds), each fully automatic, is in itself enough to justify her preference and enthusiasm.

For your own information, study the chart on the right. Notice the location of each separate temperature zone, and note the distinct type of refrigeration each gives. Then you will realize how vitally important this 4-zone refrigeration is to *complete satisfaction.*

See the new models now on display and ask about the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Mich.*

Food Preservation Temperature

In the food compartment, the temperature is always below 50 degrees and is not affected by the other 3 temperatures. No dials to set.



Below Freezing Temperature

The Frost Chest has an automatically maintained below freezing temperature. Here fish, meat or game can be kept indefinitely. No dials to set.

Fast Freezing Temperature

In the ice cube trays indicated above, large quantities of ice cubes can be frozen much faster than in ordinary refrigerators. No dials to set.

World's Fastest Freezing Speed

In the Iso-Thermic tray, water to ice in about 80 minutes — hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. No dials to set.

Kelvinator

Look for the Kelvinator Dealer in the Classified Section of your Telephone Book under "Refrigeration—Electric."

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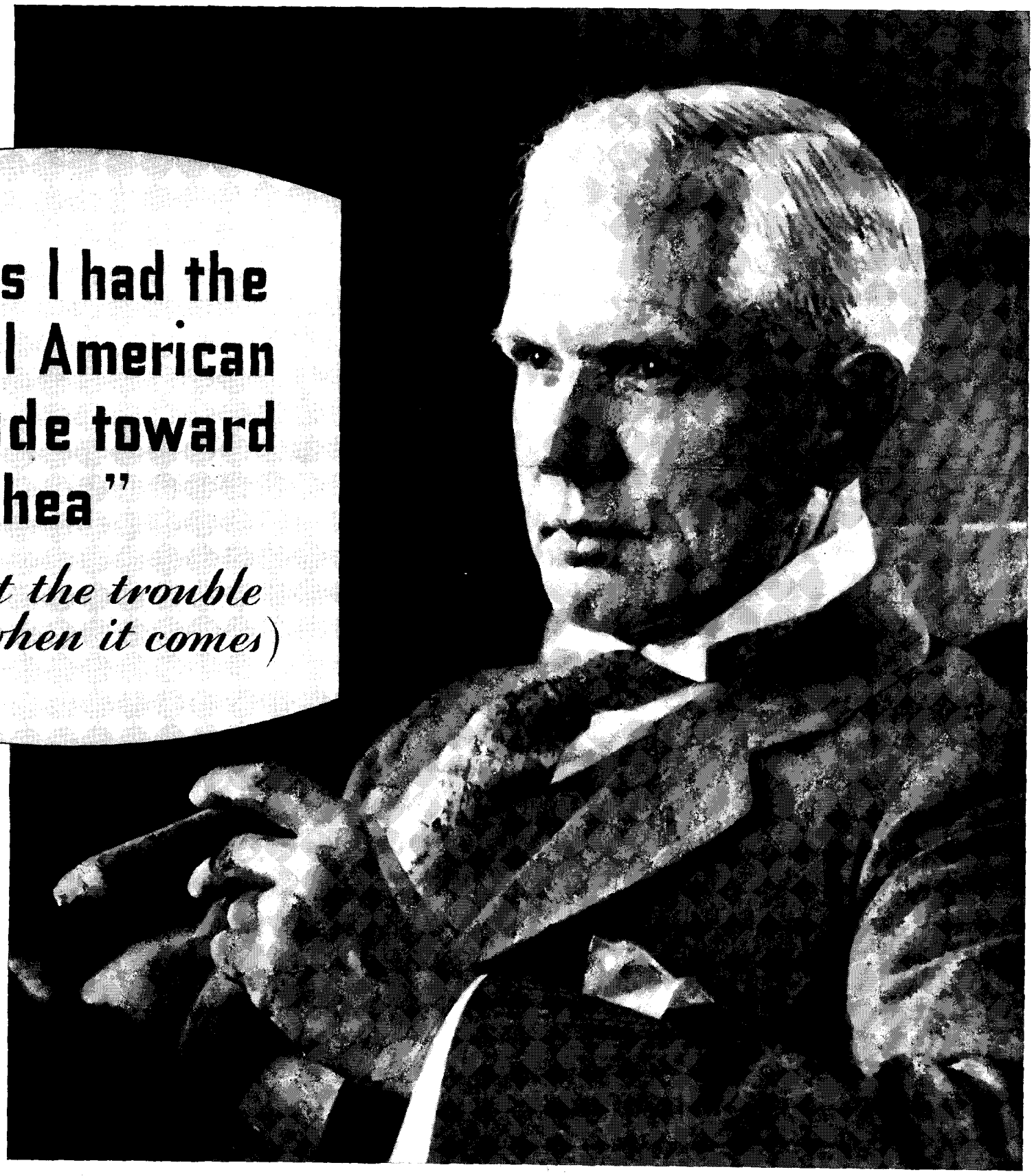

THE time to meet pyorrhea is now, *right now.* That is the only way to get ahead of it. *You* cannot recognize the early stages. Only your dentist can do that. The tragedy of this disease is that it does not show itself to the unpracticed eye.

Pyorrhea may be destroying your gums and undermining your teeth for years—unseen and unfelt. But when it strikes, it strikes hard. It is no respecter of tooth-cleanliness. Clean teeth go the way of the others. This one gum disease is actually responsible for half of the adult teeth which are lost.

Don't wait. Start at once to protect yourself against pyorrhea. See your dentist and see him regularly. He understands the necessity for *prevention.* He is your friend. He has a satisfaction inestimably greater in preserving your natural teeth than in replacing them, no matter how skilfully, with his own handiwork.

The name most closely associated with pyorrhea is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan—26 years a specialist. Thousands of dentists throughout the country are using his pyorrhea formula in their professional treatments. In its professional form, it is available only to dentists. However, for home treatment, Dr. Forhan's formula is embodied in the toothpaste which bears his name.

It is an acknowledged fact that four out of five persons past the age of forty are pyorrhea victims. Don't you be one of them. Give your dentist a chance to help you. Help *him* between visits. Get a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste today. Remember that the expense of using Forhan's is a saving ultimately. Use it night and morning. Forhan's completes the *double job* of cleaning teeth and protecting gums. Instruct the children to use Forhan's. It is never too early for serious thought about teeth. Forhan's comes in a big tube that lasts a long time. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N.Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

NAOMI didn't care what the other girls said; Mr. Bosker was different. Mr. Bosker wasn't just an ordinary sailor. Ordinary sailors, why, they might act like how the girls said, but not Mr. Bosker. He was the most educative fella to talk to Naomi had ever met. Here are some of the facts she gleaned:

The dames in Spain have mustaches frequently, and are apt to put knock-out drops in your beer. Kelly's Bar in Panama City serves a double "daggaree" cocktail that no man had ought to drink more than six of. You can buy your pa a Panama hat in Manila for thirty-eight cents.

You can see for yourself that Naomi would have been sadly misguided to relinquish her interest in this mine of information. Nor did she do it. Braving her grandmother (who could read the future in the hearts of flowers), the criticism of her friends (who drew their wisdom from the past) and the naval police (who dealt energetically with the present), she held firmly and happily to "The Perfect Gentleman." Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells her story.

THE troubles of Martha Blaisdell, the lovely heroine of Arthur Somers Roche's serial, "Scandal," become even more desperate. But amid it all Martha, fortunately, remains undaunted.

BRASSIL FITZGERALD'S short story of romance on the campus is called, appropriately, "Meeting in April." The developments carry you all the way into June, and June, as everyone knows, is for courage and for laughter.

HAROLD LAMB introduces you to the savage tribe of the Bakhtiari and to a young American archæologist who learns about women in a land "Where Love Comes First."

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY makes a brief excursion into society to apprehend a marksman who could fire three bullets into a man and have them strike less than an inch apart. Such accuracy is, of course, unwise. William MacHarg shows you why.

COLETTE writes the Short Short Story. Charley Paddock gives you advance information about our newest track champions. Alan LeMay carries on stoutly. Don Marquis considers certain new sociological problems attendant upon the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment—what, for example, is to become of the Drinking Woman? His answer is brief and imperative: "Bar that Swinging Door." And our most startling announcement is made elsewhere. That's for variety.

This Week

●

April 8, 1933

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part I. **A brilliant and beautiful girl caught in an intangible and inescapable net of scandal. The new serial. Page 7**

T. R. YBARRA
Once I Was a Billionaire. **A short, swift ride on an inflation that got the bit in its teeth. Page 10**

WALTER DAVENPORT
High Life. **Birds—with assorted feathers, exciting lives and human problems. Page 12**

TALBERT JOSSELYN
The Stars That Flickered. **If a girl can make or break a baseball team, what effect will two of them have? Page 14**

PHYLLIS DUGANNE
Love Makes a Difference. **The taming of a very modern shrew. Page 16**

ALAN LeMAY
Cold Trails, Part VI. **Wheeler makes an offer. Page 18**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
A Fighter Must Eat, **by Roy Trent. Page 20**

RUTH SEINFEL
Cut to Order. **Unregarded treasures of the meat market. Page 21**

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Ten Matched Pearls. **Vengeance in flames on Tiafura Beach. Page 22**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
Reward of Virtue. **Cordell Hull, the man who found his hour. Page 24**

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Gallows of Chance, Conclusion. **The contents of the box. Page 26**

DON MARQUIS
What Happens to Grouches. **Take Hamlet, for example. Page 28**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Facts on parade. Page 30**

EDITORIAL
Selfishness Must Be Curbed. **Page 54**

●

Any Week

NOBLY to our aid comes Mrs. M. J. Markham of Lemhi, Idaho, with a copy of her favorite newspaper, the *Recorder-Herald*, wherein we behold our idea of advertising based on facts:

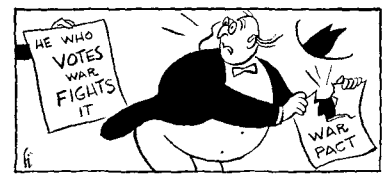
"Eight Acres, Five Miles," we read. "Dandy place for bootlegger or trapper; log cabin, fireplace, cellar, dull shovel, hoe, rake, cook stove, tools, table, red copper boiler that leaks, tin cans, good fishing, all kinds of worms in season. All goes for $200 in raw furs."

JUST the place to limber up the old intellect and produce the answer to what Mr. Mortimer Isaacs of Helena, Arkansas, propounds. Mr. Isaacs reports that an industrial insurance collector dunned a colored citizen for the weekly two-bit premium and was rewarded with:

"I ain't got no two bits, Cap'n. My steady job was payin' me three dollars a week, but the house raint man, he say, 'You-all is workin' regular and I wants my money evvy week.' And the 'stallment furniture man, he say, 'I wants my dollar evvy week cos you workin' steady.' And the grocery man, he say, 'You is got to pay me cos I sees you go to work evvy mawnin' and if you-all don't git me yo' two bits I'll be outa benefit wid yo' and confinancial.' So, Mist' Nailah, I jest feels I cain't keep all them folks goin' so I quits my job and lets old Raid Cross feed me, suh."

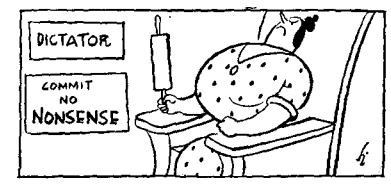
MAKING what we consider a wide opening for Mr. George W. Reese of New Orleans, Louisiana, who protests vigorously against the loose use of the idiom "you-all."

"I," writes Mr. Reese, "have lived in the South for forty-seven years and have never in all that time heard 'you-all' used by our native born—white or black—except in the strictly plural sense, writers, artists and playwrights to the contrary notwithstanding."



WITH all these bombs bursting in air, the mind of Mr. S. J. Lawton of Wellsville, Ohio, turns to thoughts of peace. He notifies us that he's heartily in favor of manning the trenches with those legislators who vote for war and compelling "Presidents, Kings or what have you actually to lead the opposing armies, and filling their places in the legislative bodies with the candidates they defeated for office." This, Mr. Lawton says, would end war.

Maybe so, maybe so. But even more optimistic are the numerous readers who are telling us what they would do if they were dictator. We can't begin to tell you. But Mrs. Lottie M. Hartnap of Kansas City, Kansas, assures us that "if I were dictator I'd stop all this nonsense, yours truly."



EQUALLY pithy is Mr. Jerome A. Kearful of Chinook, Montana. "If," says he, "this inflated money is as good as what we have in our vaults, all well and good. But if it is just cheap money gotten up for cheap people, I object."

MR. PAUL G. BEACH of Omaha, Nebraska, and others want to know whether, since November, we've observed any "grass growing in the streets." We have not. But Mrs. John Lomaski of Mobile, Alabama, reports that it is much worse than that because "grass isn't even growing on our front lawn."

"OF COURSE," writes Mr. Henry Waggoner of San Francisco, "it's none of my business, but with three secretaries all colonels — Howe, Early and McIntyre — President Roosevelt is going to find that what he needs is a good two-fisted sergeant to keep people from knocking those eagles off their shoulders."

REMINDING us of a letter we got from Mr. Frank F. Breidenback of Reading, Pennsylvania, some time ago. It was just after the fighting at Hill 204 on the Marne that Mr. Breidenback, a sergeant, asked his colonel, who was a chronic politician and a fine soldier, what he was going to run for when he got home.

"Sergeant," said the colonel, "my idea of getting home is to be able to stop running."

"The February 25th number of Collier's lies on our table without a cover," writes Mrs. J. V. McGill of *Fall Brook, California*. "The word best describing that cover is 'obscene.' If one could find two people who never had a clean thought, whose mental processes are degraded, greedy and slimy, they would look like that."

"We want to express our appreciation of good art as exemplified on the cover of your February 25th issue—Defying Wintry Blasts, by Alan Foster," writes Mr. Herbert W. Wolcott of Jackson, Michigan.

Anyway, our readers don't take us calmly, thank heaven.

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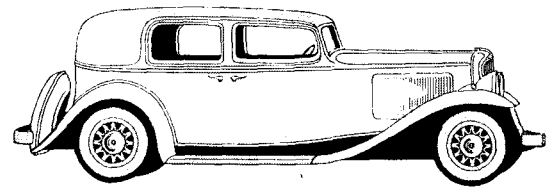
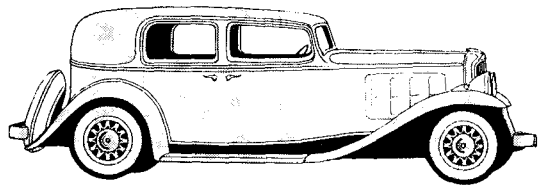
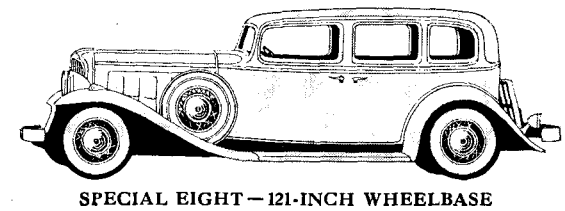
"Let's buy a NASH"



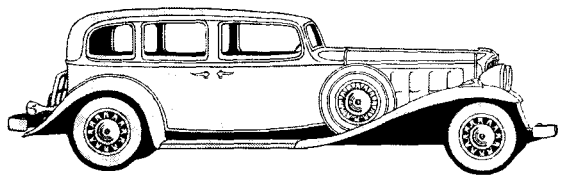
BIG SIX — 116-INCH WHEELBASE
Four Body Styles —\$695 to \$745
*4-Door Sedan



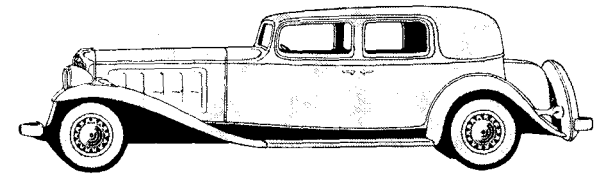
STANDARD EIGHT — 116-INCH WHEELBASE
Five Body Styles —\$830 to \$900
*4-Door Sedan



SPECIAL EIGHT — 121-INCH WHEELBASE
Six Body Styles — \$965 to \$1095



ADVANCED EIGHT — 128-INCH WHEELBASE
Six Body Styles — \$1255 to \$1575



AMBASSADOR EIGHT — 133 & 142-INCH WHEELBASE
Nine Body Styles — \$1545 to \$2055

All Prices Quoted f. o. b. Factory *Special Equipment Extra*

TODAY, the American public is sizing up its motor cars more carefully than formerly.

There was a time when they said, "Let's Buy a Car" — *any car.*

They knew that almost any car would do, because they were in the habit of buying a new one every eighteen months or less.

All that has changed. The sober judgment of the American family now asks for a car that can be driven for three or four years and more. *And this,* without a decline in the character of its transportation.

It takes a quality car to meet that requirement. It takes a manufacturer who tells the world, *and means it,* that he will build nothing but quality, *to build that car!*

Nash cars for 1933 in five price ranges are built to that single standard of quality. Their engineering assures the finest of performance *now,* and fine performance *years from now,* at the very minimum of upkeep expense.

In 1933, more Americans than ever, after a demonstration ride and the final conference in the family living room, are certain to say *—"Let's Buy a Nash."*

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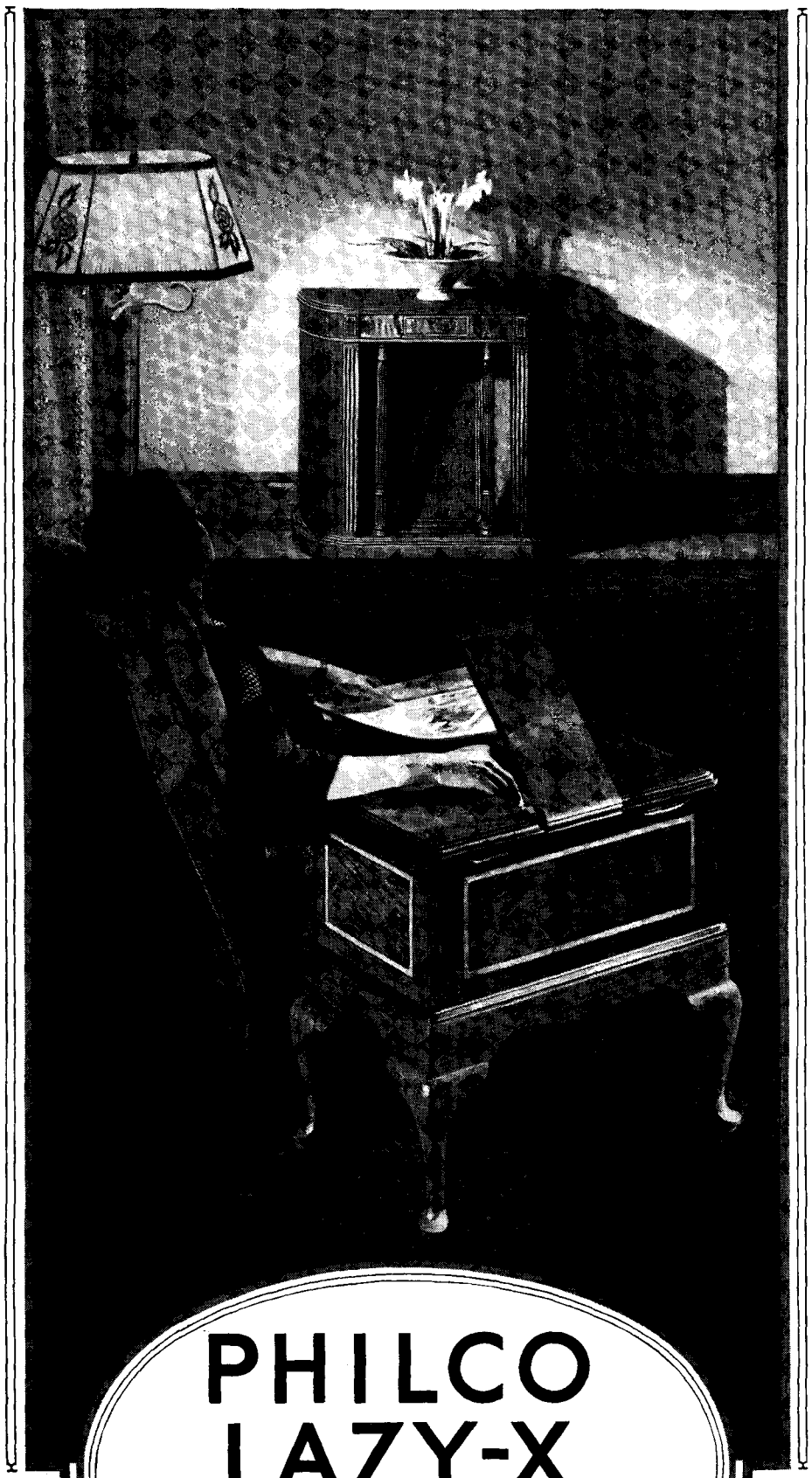
Without stirring from your chair··· ····all that radio offers is yours!



PHILCO LAZY-X

With Electrical Remote Control. 2 Beautiful Cabinets—one for SOUND placed where you wish—one for CONTROL placed by your chair. Change stations—volume—tone—with a flick of your finger. 14 Lazy-X (Illustrated) $150.

A musical instrument of quality

•

STOKOWSKI and The Philadelphia Orchestra . . . Burns & Allen in mad comedy . . . Ruth Etting and her love songs . . . Boake Carter with crisp comments on the day's news.

•

What a wealth of entertainment and education awaits you on the air! And it's all yours without getting up from your chair, with PHILCO Lazy-X.

•

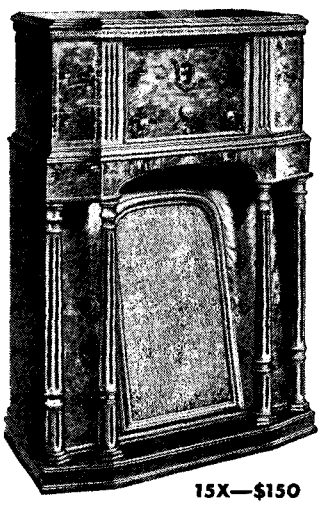
The glorious tone quality of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board brings every artist into your home as if "in person".

•

The easiest, laziest way in the world to spend a glorious evening! See the new PHILCO Lazy-X models—one at $150—one at just $100. Lazy control with self-contained speaker in Lazyboy at $65. Make your choice—at the nearest PHILCO dealer.

•

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON



15X—$150

The glorious tone of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board X Models is available also in these conventional cabinets.

15DX	. . . . .	$250
23X	Radio Phonograph	$195
15X	(Illustrated) . .	$150
91X	. . . . .	$100
43X	All Wave . . .	$100
47X	Direct Current .	$100
71X	. . . . .	$ 80

Prices Slightly Higher Denver and West

PHILCO-TRANSITONE AUTOMOBILE RADIO. *A new and marvelous PHILCO engineering achievement. Just as true and clear as the PHILCO Radio in your home. All-Electric. {No Extra Batteries} $59.50 and $89.50—Complete and Installed.*

The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board
(Patented)

The Inclined Sounding Board preserves for you the sparkle and brilliance of the original performance. Brilliance lies in the high notes. High notes tend to travel in a straight line like a beam of light. Inclining the sounding board throws them up to your ears. Otherwise some of them would travel along the floor, never spread up to your ears, and you would receive something less brilliant than the original.

The large size of the Sounding Board brings you the low notes. Low notes spread out easily and it is not necessary to incline the sounding board to bring them up to your ears. But without inclining the sounding board, you would get a preponderance of lows and the reception would tend to sound "boomy".

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

$18.75 to $250
Federal Tax Paid

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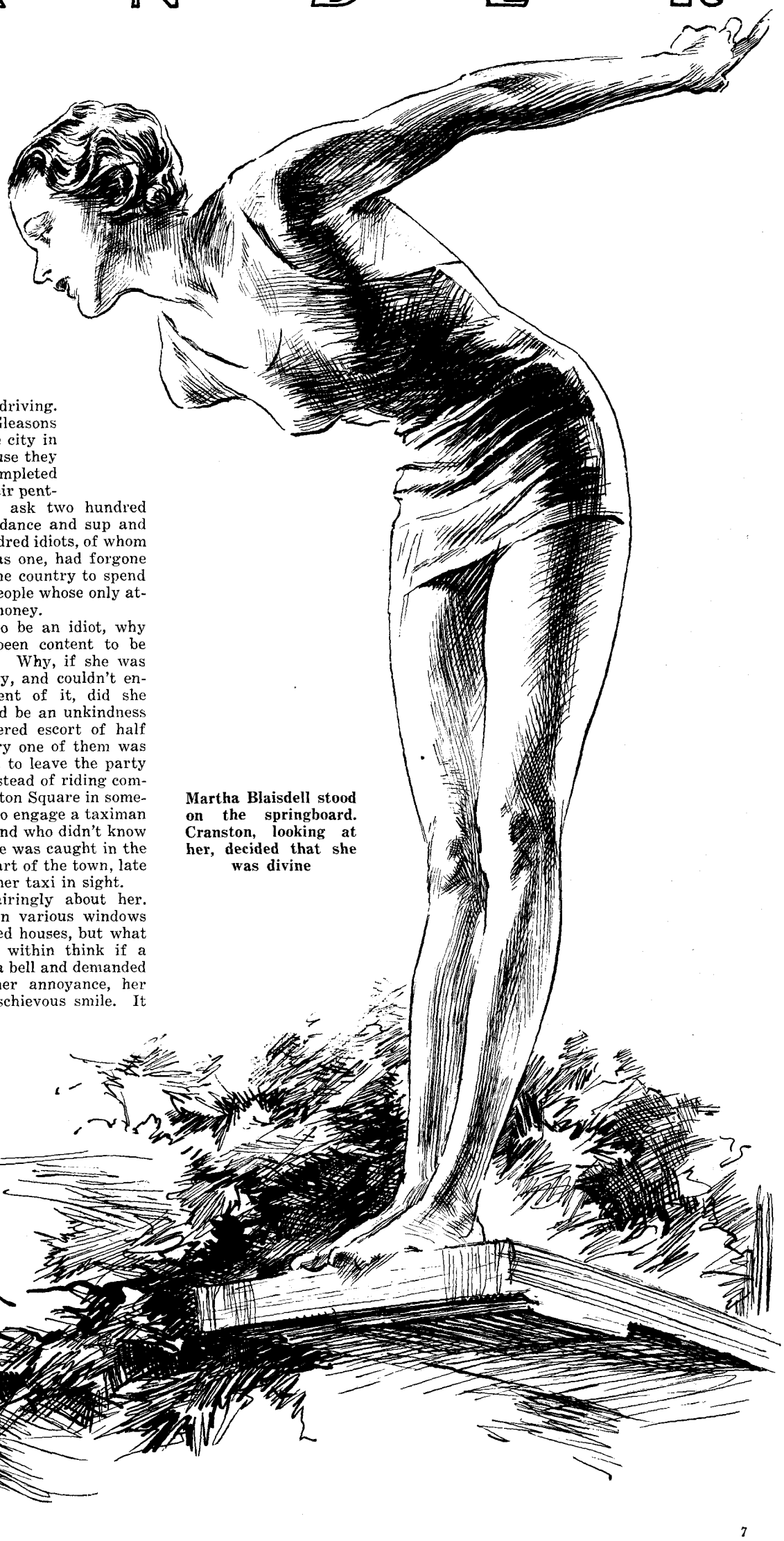
Collier's

The National Weekly for April 8, 1933

SLANDER

Beginning a daring new serial: The romance of Martha Blaisdell, who learned what whispers can do to a girl in the cruel grip of Scandal

By Arthur Somers Roche



Martha Blaisdell stood on the springboard. Cranston, looking at her, decided that she was divine

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

THE girl leaned forward and knocked on the glass.

"I said Washington Square," she called.

The car skidded dangerously on the wet pavement as the taximan twisted in his seat.

"Doncha s'pose I know my way around, lady?" he demanded.

As if to show his contempt for a person so stupid as not to know that there was more than one way to a destination, he stepped on the accelerator. The machine slued; above her own cry of quick terror Martha heard the crunch of crushing metal. Then, hardly aware of how she got there, she found herself standing on the sidewalk, too frightened and angry to berate the reckless taximan.

The drizzle that had been a contributing cause of the accident dripped disconsolately from the boughs of the forlorn trees that bordered this square which was not Washington Square. She felt a great drop strike her neck. Three hundred dollars' worth of evening wrap; one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of frock; eighteen dollars' worth of gold slippers would be ruined in two minutes of rain.

She took a step toward the taxi; better the risk of a driver who was perhaps drunken than the ruin of clothing too costly to be easily replaced.

But the skid that had deposited the taxi against the curb had put it out of commission for the time. The right front wheel was broken in two. She had been too bewildered to note that it listed so perilously that only a miracle kept it semi-upright. She turned in dismay as another great drop splashed against her cheek.

Under her breath she damned the Gleasons as heartily as, in an unsubdued voice, the taximan cursed the weather, the machine, and the stupidity of female passengers who interfered with a man's driving.

Why had the Gleasons given a party in the city in July? Simply because they had just finally completed the alterations to their penthouse, they had to ask two hundred people to dine and dance and sup and drink. And two hundred idiots, of whom Martha Blaisdell was one, had forgone long week-ends in the country to spend Friday night with people whose only attraction was their money.

But, if she had to be an idiot, why couldn't she have been content to be one in a mild way? Why, if she was bored with the party, and couldn't endure another moment of it, did she assume that it would be an unkindness to accept the proffered escort of half a dozen men? Every one of them was probably as anxious to leave the party as she was. Yet, instead of riding comfortably to Washington Square in somebody's car, she had to engage a taximan who couldn't drive and who didn't know the city, and now she was caught in the rain, in a strange part of the town, late at night, with no other taxi in sight.

She looked despairingly about her. There were lights in various windows of these old-fashioned houses, but what would the dwellers within think if a young woman rang a bell and demanded shelter? Despite her annoyance, her lips curved in a mischievous smile. It

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would be fun to do it. Whoever opened the door would probably take her for some bobbed-hair bandit. Then her smile hardened into decision. There was a door, already opened, and light poured from it. She gathered her skirts in her hand and ran across the sidewalk and up the stoop.

For a second she hesitated, glancing at the sign, faintly illuminated by an electric bulb.

"St. John's Clinic," she read.

She shrugged and pushed wider the door that was slightly ajar. She looked into a tiny vestibule, and beyond that into a room that apparently occupied most of the ground floor. It was long and narrow, and filled with plain chairs that crowded right down to a low platform on which stood another plain chair and a flat desk. And at this desk sat a man. A light burned above his head, and she saw that his hair was fiery-red, untidy, as though each separate strand rebelled against order. Freckles crowded his face, making, somehow even at this distance, the blue of his eyes more noticeable.

HE LOOKED up from the book which he was reading.

"And what particular ailment do you think you have?" His words were brusque but there was a warmth in his tones that seemed to belie his choice of words. "Come, come, madam. It's nearly midnight and even a physician must go to bed sometime. I suppose it's a baby, eh? You ladies who call so late at night are usually in some sort of trouble. Well, well, out with it."

She got a queer impression of gentleness striving to be harsh. And as she stepped into the long room a light above her head enabled him to see her clearly. Her dress, her manner, her very being warned him instantly of his mistake. This was no charity patient, come at the last moment for aid.

"My taxi broke down. I slipped in from the rain," said Martha.

The young man sighed—with relief, she thought.

"I just didn't see how I could prescribe for another person tonight," he said. As he spoke he grinned infectiously. "But I was about to prescribe a breath of air for myself. So—if you like—I'll take you home in my car."

"I couldn't dream of troubling you," she protested.

"Trouble me? It would be a godsend. To spend five minutes with someone who wasn't in trouble, wasn't sick, miserable—"

"You talk as if you didn't like your profession. You *are* a doctor, aren't you?"

"I love it," he said. "But there are times, late at night, when a man's tired—I'm Peter Baxter," he finished brusquely.

"I'm Martha Blaisdell," she said.

HE STOOD beside her now, and she was conscious of his tall, angular strength. She was to witness an exhibition of it instantly, for the taximan had now followed her inside.

"Hey, you," he said. "Oh, you're here. I thought maybe you'd ducked out a side door. Say, my machine's all busted, and you made me do it, knocking on the window, and I want fifty bucks."

He'd been drinking, Martha was sure now. She shrank away from him. But Peter Baxter reached out a bony hand.

"The lady owes you nothing," he said. "On your way—quick."

The taximan winced beneath the grip on his shoulder. He wiggled loose and ran. Martha smiled.

"Do you meet all problems as masterfully?" she asked.

The doctor grinned gayly at her.

"Most difficulties, of whatever sort, require nothing but a little firmness," he said. "My car's at the curb."

The rain had ceased now. Martha walked across the sidewalk to a cheap little coupé. The taximan stood muttering to himself. Dr. Baxter handed him something. The taximan's mutterings became fervent thanks.

"You don't practice what you preach," said Martha, as she settled herself in the little car. "And I want to give you what you gave him."

"I'll put it on my first bill," he laughed.

"Oh, you expect me as a patient?"

He shook his head.

"I don't think so. I wouldn't want your kind of patient, anyway. You'd have nothing but silly nerves, due to idleness or laziness or dissipation of one sort or another."

"You're rather rude," she said.

"Rather honest," he replied.

He amused her.

"That ought to be a novelty to a person like you," he said.

"What do you mean by a person like me?" she demanded.

"REALLY want to know?" Her silence encouraged him. "Well, I mean a girl with too much money, too little to do—there'd be absolutely no excuse whatsoever for a person like you being ill."

"That's absurd. Illness hasn't anything to do with money, has it?"

"Lack of it often has," he said. "But generalities aren't true, of course. Still—there'd be little excuse for illness in your case. You're strongly built, healthy-appearing—"

"Some men have even said beautifully made, lovely-appearing—"

"Have they? How nice of them," he scoffed.

"I think," she blazed, "you're a boor."

"I guess I am," he amiably admitted.

The carelessness of his agreement tickled her. She laughed amusedly.

"Perhaps I'm not nice to quarrel with a stranger who does me a favor?" she said.

"Perhaps you're not," he grinned.

She suddenly decided that she liked him. A character, of course. And not, she also decided, too unpresentable. There was something attractive about his very homeliness. The blue eyes were gay, and the wide mouth was sympathetic.

"You—run a charity clinic?" she asked.

He nodded.

"And give lectures to my patients. You know—diet, care of the body—all the hundred and one things that ought to be taught in school that every civilized person should know, but that so few do."

She felt her way cautiously, wondering at her own curiosity.

"It's a municipal institution?"

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"Lord, no. I—that happens to be my house. My family have lived in St. John's Square for generations. I decided to practice medicine in the neighborhood where I was born. That's all. And—well, times are hard, and—it isn't all charity work. Those who can pay—pay. Those who can't—" He shrugged.

"It must be terribly interesting," she said.

"Do you *have* to say that?" he demanded. "You know—you couldn't possibly imagine anything duller."

"Then why do you do it?" she asked.

"Me? I don't find it dull. I mean that you would."

"And how do you know so much about me?" she inquired.

He glanced at her. She had a feeling that until this moment he hadn't really taken her in, that she was merely a woman, and that her youth and beauty and charm had been completely lost on him.

"The type is common enough," he said dryly.

"I think you're insufferable," she said.

"But you," he smiled, "are an uncommon example of that type."

She laughed. It was extraordinary, she thought, that his very brusqueness had charm. And he had twisted, quite deftly, an unflattering estimate of her into a quasi-compliment.

The car slid to the curb in front of her apartment on Washington Square.

"I—thank you," she said.

"It was fun," he said.

"And I want to pay what you gave the taximan," she said. She fumbled in her evening bag. "If it's over a dollar," she said doubtfully, "you'll have to wait until I run upstairs—"

"A dollar covers it," he said.

"That isn't true," she charged. "That taximan wouldn't have been so pleased with a dollar. If you'll wait—I'll bring it around sometime soon."

"I might even call," he suggested.

She eyed him. This was no pushing young man. Then she shook her head.

"I'd rather drop in on your clinic. I'd—like to see what goes on."

"Any old thrill at all if it's a thrill, eh?" he said.

"I'm afraid," she said slowly, "you are bad-mannered."

And upon that she swept across the sidewalk. Crude, uncouth, ugly man. Yet, oddly, she was smiling as she rode up in the elevator.

TRUDIE LEMMING eyed her husband anxiously.

"Did you talk to Martha?" she asked.

Big Bob Lemming nodded.

"I gave her a hint or two about her investments," he said. "Martha's not dull. She knew what I meant. You say anything to her?"

"It's so hard," replied Trudie. "You can't walk up to a person like Martha Blaisdell and say to her that everyone is talking. I beat around the bush and—well, like you, I think she's smart. I think she knows what I mean."

Lemming shrugged his wide shoulders.

"Sort of a delicate situation, isn't it? I think it's smart to keep quiet when you can't be definite. I don't see why we should have butted in at all. All the talk would die out by and by, anyway."

Trudie's soft lips hardened.

"It must die out now," she said. "Suppose Herbie hears about it?"

Lemming whistled; then he grinned.

"So that's it? Matchmaking, eh? Why, you silly thing, they never met each other until yesterday. And Herbie—no woman could win him from his explorations."

"No?" Trudie looked superior. "Shows how much you know, Bob."

"You mean to say that Cranston is seriously taken with her?"

"Why not?" she retorted.

"Oh, she's lovely and all that—but *Herbie*. He's the typical confirmed old bachelor."

"They make the best husbands," said Trudie.

"If they're caught," admitted Lemming.

"Martha'll catch him—if she wants him," said Trudie confidently. "Unless all this nasty talk gets to his ears. And I hope it doesn't. If I'd heard it sooner, I'd have talked to her before this."

"We're her best friends," said Lemming. "Naturally, it came to us last of all. Damn! People that spread scandal ought to be shot."

"Especially when they ought to know it isn't true," said his wife. She fitted a piece into the jigsaw puzzle before her. "I think they need you at bridge," she told him. "Insist on cutting in. It will give Herbie a chance to join Martha. She's at the pool."

Her husband smiled down at her.

"Who helped you catch me?" he asked.

He dodged the bit of the puzzle she threw at him, and went to the veranda. Millicent Cragin, the Dan Tremans and Herbert Cranston had just finished a rubber.

"Hey, doesn't a host ever get a chance to win his money back?" Lemming demanded.

"Take my hand," said Cranston quickly.

And as he strolled, with an elaborate casualness that did not deceive anyone, toward the pool, Bob Lemming made silent and motionless obeisance to his wife. That girl knew everything, sometimes before the event had really happened.

"I bid four spades," he declared loudly. It was an atrocious overbid, but he didn't want any comment on Cranston's swift departure toward the pool. Such comment would inevitably bring gossip in its train, and he wanted to hear none. The best way to stop scandal was not to listen, and not let anyone start it.

ON THE springboard, resting from a sprint down the pool, stood Martha Blaisdell. Cranston, looking at her, decided that she was divine.

Only, divinity connoted something ethereal, something unapproachable, austere. Whereas this warm-blooded, laughing creature poised on the springboard was assuredly of flesh.

And so young! Last night, in the dignity of evening dress, she had seemed in the early twenties. This morning, on the golf course, in tweedy skirt and stout shoes, she had still seemed well out of her teens. But now, in the close-fitting scanty garb she wore, she seemed not a day over nineteen.

Slim but not thin, tall enough to lend her exquisite proportions dignity, she was quite the loveliest thing Cranston had ever seen. Her black hair and violet eyes were so exactly suited to her creamy skin, which the sun seemed neither to tan nor redden; her nose was straight and her full lips, that hinted at obstinacy, were lovely when they melted into smiles. Her chin was round and pugnacious. All in all, the face showed character as well as beauty.

"Hey!" She waved a gay hand at him. "Tell me what on earth is wrong with this one-and-a-half."

She bounded from the board, revolved in the air, straightened out, and entered the water with hardly a splash. She came up, tossing her black hair.

(Continued on page 48)

HENRY P. DAVISON

The Record of a Useful Life

By his friend and partner in J. P. Morgan and Company

THOMAS W. LAMONT

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

"The lady owes you nothing," he said. "On your way—quick"

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Once I was a Billionaire

We don't have to carry on experiments with inflation. They have all been made for us by other nations. Germany, for instance, decided to try it after the war—properly controlled, of course—and the Germans lived through a disastrous nightmare. Mr. Ybarra, who was there at the time, became a billionaire—but it wasn't much fun. One experience was enough

By T. R. Ybarra

Wide World

Wide World

Above, German youths made kites of 1,000-mark notes during the post-war inflation period. Below, a small weekly pay roll

ONCE I was a billionaire. My check-book showed a balance of many millions. Locked in the drawer of my desk in my room were more millions. Stuffed in various pockets—haphazardly, despite crumpling and danger of loss—were still more millions. Without a moment's hesitation, I would spend a million here and a million there, peeling them airily off my wad with a careless laugh and a gay flip of the fingers—just like that! After all, what was a mere million to a billionaire?

Honesty compels me to confess, at this point, that my millions were of a very special sort. At the risk of spoiling the effect which my previous remarks have doubtless made, I must admit that they were not millions of dollars. Nor were they francs nor pesetas nor even rubles. They were German marks of the vintage of 1923—the most forlorn, bedraggled, depreciated units of currency ever put into circulation since the invention of finance.

Owing to the fact that Germany was suffering from inflation in its most virulent form, the German mark was quoted at hundreds to the American dollar one week; at thousands the next; at millions the week after that; and, finally, at rates hopelessly beyond the ordinary descriptive powers of mathematics. And because I happened to have traveled to the Germany of that fantastic time, with what seemed, when I started, a perfectly commonplace and modest supply of dollars, I had been suddenly turned overnight into a billionaire.

"That ten-million-mark Johannisberger ought to be pretty fair stuff," I would say lightly to head waiters. "Bring me a bottle!"

It seems unbelievable now that such things were occurring only ten years ago and in a land no farther away than Germany. Those of us who were there during the inflation days of 1923 and who now let our minds roam back to the things which befell us, get to wondering whether such a state of affairs could possibly have existed on this planet—whether memories of what we tell ourselves were actual incidents are not, in reality, flashes from a lurid and maniacal nightmare.

And the thought that something even remotely resembling that Germany may come—as some people predict and even hope—to these United States is enough to make us wake up in the middle of the night, claw the bedclothes, dash drops of clammy perspiration from our brows and shriek madly for help. For we remember but too well that while we, as possessors of American dollars, could buy German marks in fabulous quantities, the Germans themselves, stuck with German marks diminishing in value with cyclonic speed, went through months of impoverishment and suffering from which they will not recover, in all probability, for many years to come.

Germany was not the first European country to toboggan down the greased slide of inflation. Before her, along that steep road, went Russia and Hungary and Austria. In the first post-war years when Germany, though terribly battered by her defeat, remained comparatively normal so far as her currency was concerned, the rubles of Russia and the crowns of Hungary and Austria were hitting the inflation chute in most alarming fashion. During 1920 and 1921 Americans had grown accustomed to reading about food shops in those countries barricaded against pillagers; about persons on the streets of Vienna and Budapest held up and robbed—not of their bank notes (nobody wanted those!)—but of the shoes on their feet and the coats on their backs, things of tangible value not subject to the wild fluctuations which were turning the currencies of Central Europe into so much waste paper.

But, sensational as were these occurrences, they were of trifling importance compared to what suddenly overwhelmed Germany.

The causes for the German inflation catastrophe go back to the World War. Whereas other nations, notably Britain, raised the money needed for war expenses by taxation, the Germans obtained it, until well into the conflict, through loans, heedless of warnings that this would produce inflation.

The "Flight from the Mark" Begins

The German Finance Minister, Helfferich, was convinced that Germany would soon win the war. He determined—as did the Allies a few years later—to saddle the cost of the war on the shoulders of the enemy. As the struggle progressed, the total of German paper money in circulation rose from around two billion marks in the summer of 1914 to more than twenty-eight billion just before the Armistice of 1918.

After that Germany plunged ever deeper into political and economic crises; and to the failure of her leaders to appreciate the perils of lavish printing of bank notes was added the desperate situation to which the country was brought by the demands of the victors in the war for huge reparations payments.

The policy of borrowing continued. Though men like Erzberger and Wirth introduced drastic curtailment of governmental expenditures, and sought to stave off ruin by taxation, things went from bad to worse.

The "flight from the mark" began. Foreigners lost confidence in it; they no longer bought marks, thus stopping the flow into Germany of enormous sums. Though the government attempted to meet the emergency by selling German currency abroad, the mark continued to depreciate. Finally, when expenditures could no longer be decreased, and an amount big enough to balance the budget could not be raised, there seemed to be nothing for it but to print money in ever-increasing quantities. The conscious purpose behind German war-time inflation was to postpone financial reckoning until the end of the conflict, when Germany, it was assumed, would be the winner; the purpose (in so far as there was any) behind post-war inflation was the belief—especially prevalent after the French occupation of the Ruhr—that the printing of money was necessary to keep German business alive.

So the presses continued to pour it out; and the average German waited, Micawber-like, for "something to turn up," and financial leaders were speaking boastfully, even as late as the summer of 1923, of the huge issues of bank notes pouring from the Reichsbank and other sources of emergency currency. The British Ambassador to Germany, Lord D'Abernon, a noted economist, who was in Germany throughout the period of inflation, said of it afterwards: "It is interesting to note that the capitalist class, which finally lost all its invested savings through inflation, was at no time hostile to steps which led to this loss. Temporary gain, or the illusion of it, obscured the inevitable disaster."

Days of Fantastic Finance

The best way to give those who did not go through it an idea of what inflation was in Germany in 1923, is to portray it in terms of the sensational fall of the German mark in relation to the American dollar. That is how it was brought home to Americans who, like myself, were suddenly transformed into "billionaires" in that land of misery.

As the mark shot downward, our lives became steadily more fantastic. Since most of the German bank notes were of small denominations—usually ten or twenty marks—it naturally followed that exchanging even a modest number of dollars for the local currency meant receiving whole packages of marks. I remember well how I was about to start one morning from my Berlin hotel to a near-by bank, in order to change dollars for marks, and was asked by two other Americans to cash checks for them at the same time. The entire amount

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In 1923, thrifty German housewives found paper marks cheaper than kindling wood

Keystone

A basket of inflated money containing more paper than the magazine it is being used to purchase

involved was only three hundred dollars or so, but when I returned all the pockets in my overcoat and coat and waistcoat and trousers were bulging with notes and, in addition, my hands were full of others which convention had forced me to refrain from stuffing into the tops of my shoes and the lining of my hat!

I also remember quite vividly the day when the management of my hotel raised the price of my room and I, having paid the increased price, found that the room cost me *less than before the price had been raised!* You see, it was this way:

I had been paying 1,000 marks for my room—which, at the prevailing rate of exchange, was $1. The price was suddenly raised to 2,000 marks—which, if the mark had remained stationary, would have meant $2. But on that very day the mark tobogganed down to 4,000 to the dollar. Therefore, though obliged to pay 2,000 marks for my room instead of 1,000 marks, I was, nevertheless, paying not $1—as before the price had been raised—but only 50 cents.

And that was before the mark's plunge into "astronomical" figures! After it started to do that, Germany didn't make sense. Life became weird—and sinister. Brains began to totter when their owners tried to add the millions of marks they had spent yesterday to the billion they were spending today and the trillion they expected to spend tomorrow. And those of us who figured that the best way to keep from going mad was not to lose our sense of humor went around telling this story—a perfect commentary on the incredible experiences through which we were being hurled:

The clerk at a big Berlin hotel had just handed a guest his bill for the week. The guest took a baggage check from his pocket.

"Here, send a bell-hop down to the railroad station with this," he said, "and have him bring back a suitcase I checked there. It is full of bank notes—enough to pay this bill of yours."

A week later the clerk handed that guest the bill for a second week. Again the guest produced a baggage check.

"Send a porter to the station with this," he told the clerk, "and have him bring back a trunk I checked there. It is full of bank notes—enough, I guess, for this bill."

The Death Agony of the Mark

A third week passed and the guest got still another bill. He handed the clerk a receipt made out on paper bearing the letterhead of the National Railways of Germany.

"Send a truck and a couple of husky men down to the station with this," he said. "Tell the driver to give it to the head of the freight department. It is a receipt for a freight car, filled with bank notes, which is being held in the yards awaiting instructions from me. There ought to be enough in the carload to cover your bill."

The French marched into the Ruhr in January, 1923. That was the death warrant of the German mark. By the end of the month it had the record low of 40,000 to the dollar.

At the end of June of that incredible year the mark stood at 170,000 to the dollar. Then came its five-months death agony—during which it was finally quoted in those "astronomical" figures which amazed the whole world.

On July 7th it hit 150,000 to the dollar; then it slid down to 200,000; then to 250,000; then it took a sheer drop to 1,000,000—one solid million instead of a mere four marks to the dollar!

I remember well the day the mark did that. I was in Munich on my way to Italy—Germany was getting too uncanny for a normal human being and I was keen to breathe uninflated air again and cease having my remarks about restaurant checks and laundry bills sound as if I were giving the distance from the earth to the moon.

I went into a department store to make a few purchases—nothing more formidable than a couple of shirts and some socks, topped off with a toothbrush. When the Munich shopkeeper had wrapped up the stuff, he told me that I owed him seven million marks.

"Fair enough!" said I nonchalantly. And I went through a pocket here and a pocket there, and piled bank notes on the counter. And I strutted back to my hotel wondering why passers-by didn't take off their hats to me and say: "Good morning, Herr Rockefeller!"

The first week in August saw the mark at 3,000,000 to the dollar. Two weeks later it was around 5,000,000. The world gasped in stupefaction. "Just you wait!" growled the mark. "I'm only just getting into my stride!"

September 15, 1923—80,000,000. October 15th—4,000,000,000—four billions!—first appearance of genuinely "astronomical" quotations.

November 14th—2,000,000,000,000—two thousand billions of German marks for one American dollar! "Page Professor Einstein!" quavered the world.

November 20th—3,500,000,000,000—thirty-five hundred billions!

CRASH! Shivered into uncountable myriads of fragments, the German mark hit the end of the last lap in its phenomenal toboggan ride, and lay very, very still.

And, while it lay there, economists and bankers and mathematical sharks all over the world began adding and multiplying and squaring in an endeavor to find out just how many marks had been born in Germany in the course of the inflation blizzard; and, in so doing, some of those economists and bankers and mathematical sharks took leave of their minds and were tearfully removed by their families to nice, homelike asylums where they could spend the rest of their lives imagining themselves to be Napoleon Bonaparte or a poached egg. No wonder!

Germany's Zero Hour

In a book by a famous German financial expert (who, somehow, didn't go crazy) there is perfectly serious mention, in a chapter dealing with the worst days of the German inflation catastrophe, of the following phantasmagoric figure: 400,000,000,000,000,000,000. Four hundred million million millions! Or should that be expressed in billions? Or in trillions? Germany had certainly reached the zero hour!

Finally, late in November, 1923, the old German mark was pronounced dead. In its place a new unit of currency was introduced—the so-called Rentenmark—based on a mortgage of 3,200,000,000 gold marks, raised on the agriculture and industry of Germany. "The whole project," as one foreign observer put it, "thus relied on the security of a mortgage which could not really have been foreclosed. It is the perfect example of the restoration of confidence by a confidence trick." However, there was faith in and out of Germany in the possibility of German recovery.

Couldn't Be Stopped

At the beginning of the inflation period in Germany, there were those in that country, as there had been in other European lands which had resorted to inflation currency, who thought that inflation could be checked at will by the government acting in conjunction with financial experts. They soon learned their mistake. Once the printing of marks really got under way there was no stopping the presses.

After the Armistice, legislation for fixing prices and curbing profiteers, introduced during the war, continued in force; in some cases it was made more drastic. The government, for one thing, tried to prevent smuggling as part of the campaign for regulating prices, but its action was largely counteracted by laxity at the frontiers.

Especially severe were the measures for controlling dealings in foreign exchange; in spite of these, however, the flight of capital from Germany continued. As the mark slid steadily downward, the government sold foreign exchange against paper marks both at home and abroad, in an endeavor to bolster up the falling currency. In addition, foreign exchange purchases in Germany were "rationed" in order to check speculation.

All, however, was in vain. What the

(Continued on page 30)

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High Life

By Walter Davenport

Do you favor equality of opportunity for kingfishers? Do you approve art life among the orioles? Can you condone feathered gangsters, sympathize with the forsaken tree swallow, solve the Palisade murders? Assisted by a famous naturalist, Mr. Davenport helps you to form an opinion upon these burning questions in his absorbing chronicle of society in the treetops

IN ONE of America's better-known artistic colonies lived a female oriole. In most ways she was a normal bird in a dress of black, olive and dull orange and commendably busy day by day with her swinging nest. She had a husband, too, a magnificent fellow whose garb left her drab—purple-black wings spotted white on the edges and a body glorious with flaming orange. Aside from that, however, he didn't seem to amount to much. Much too good-looking for work or for an honest woman's comfort.

He was the talk of the colony, which was peopled with writers who knew all about sex and painters who tried to illustrate it. There were musicians there, too, who stole the male oriole's notes and sold them to people like Kate Smith for theme songs. Everybody in the neighborhood, all these versatile and creative intellectuals, were quite mad about him, writing poems to him and investing him with what is known in such colonies as a soul.

And nobody gave even an idle thought to the handsome devil's wife—not once. She, poor soul, was forever laying her four or six black-lined whitish eggs or fussing over the products of those eggs, feeding her offspring until they were able to launch forth for themselves and then luring and badgering them to leave home and have a go at the world.

Now, in this colony the facts of life were so freely discussed and celebrated that every now and then the newspapers had to send reporters up there to find out why these inordinately talented humans were forever getting their wives and husbands scrambled. But nobody ever seemed to find out except to lay it all to the atmosphere of the place, which was bound to be unconventional and non-inhibiting.

In the meantime, between these episodes, the wife of this most beautiful of orioles, returning to this same unconventional atmosphere season after season to swing her nest from the bough of a dignified elm, went about her maternal ways unsung and unsought. The gigolo she called husband did nothing but sing, preen and bask, a combination that does a fellow no good if only one has sense enough to know it.

And one day he sang too sweetly and flaunted himself just a bit too much; a collector of beauty shot him, stuffed him and tucked him away in a museum where ninety-nine per cent of his glory was lost. But a famous naturalist, sitting in that elm with all the patience you must have if you would be a famous anything, observed that when the flamboyant male bird tumbled to the ground in the midst of his vain hymn to the sun, his wife merely gave a little fluttering jump at the sound of the gun and, after a brief and perhaps cynical glance at the gorgeous corpse below, returned to the homely duties of a housewife.

A Husband on Every Limb

Just once, only once, she cocked her perky head to look at her late husband. Perhaps she had rather expected that something like that was bound to befall him; perhaps she wondered for a moment whether a woman had done it. But such was life—no living with them and no living without them. She hopped to the very end of the bough where she ruffled herself, gave herself a good looking-over, smoothed down her hips (too bad she hadn't a lipstick) and flew off.

All this, mind you, under the eyes of a famous naturalist.

She returned next day fetching with her a fellow who might have been the brother of the man who had been shot from her side. Perhaps he was not as devastating, but no man has any moral right to be as handsome. After dusting out the nest she fluttered over to where he was perched and, to all appearances, talked to him in cold, practical terms, telling him doubtless that while she wasn't fool enough to look for miracles she was hopeful that he would annoy her as little as possible and avoid the influence of the local atmosphere. Too, that she was an extremely busy woman and didn't look well in mourning.

But now she had become the focal point of the naturalist's attentions. No sooner was her new mate thoroughly acquainted with his new family than he was snared and abducted by the naturalist. As soon as she missed him, she looked around for him for a few hours and then went through the same bedizening prelude (the wench) and flew off. Ten hours later she returned, fetching a third mate, this one a male riot, a conscience-murdering Clark Gable of an oriole. He was more than a warbler; the brute crooned. But whereas he may have been the correct answer to a maiden's prayer where he came from, he was just another man-about-the-house to the practical woman who had captured him.

So leaving him to tootle in the treetop she went about her daily tasks, chattering to her children, telling them perhaps to join her in the hope that at last they had a protector whose beauty was not limited entirely to externals. Not that she expected much. What with the artistic and sophisticated air she breathed and knowing her orioles, she was no longer an ingénue.

Again the same performance in the interests of science (or was it just curiosity?). Her third exquisite was snatched from her. And much as a lady goes forth to market, with no illusions whatever, she found herself a fourth. A husband can be a nerve-plucking nuisance but there are times when he comes in handy—say when invaders menace the nest or when the older children need a word or two.

After one's third oriole, nothing matters much. Nevertheless, her fourth was another headliner with a voice like Lawrence Tibbett's and a figure like Dempsey's. And by now half the artistic colony was living on the bulletins issued by the naturalist, the more experienced women of the community offering wagers that next time she'd come home with an owl. But there was no next time—not there, anyway.

Thrills in Your Back Yard

Her offspring being now strong enough to fly, she packed them off, luring and cajoling them from the nest with a minimum of assistance from her latest Casanova, he supplying most of the noise. And that done she set forth for other and more conventional regions with her latest protector burbling along at her side. And she never returned to that colony—the naturalist had caught her one day and slipped an identifying band on her pretty left leg—the moral being of course that after her third husband a lady ceases to appreciate art. Or perhaps it is that a woman doesn't have to be as beautiful as her husbands just as long as she has the brains. I wouldn't know. Neither did the naturalist.

I became interested in the story of this lady after having seen a movie of big-game hunting in Africa and meeting, fortuitously, a gentleman named Finley—Willam Lovett Finley of Jennings Lodge, Oregon—who for more than thirty years has associated with American birds and beasts, studying their manners and customs officially and privately but always scientifically. What I had seen on the screen was thrilling enough, although it would

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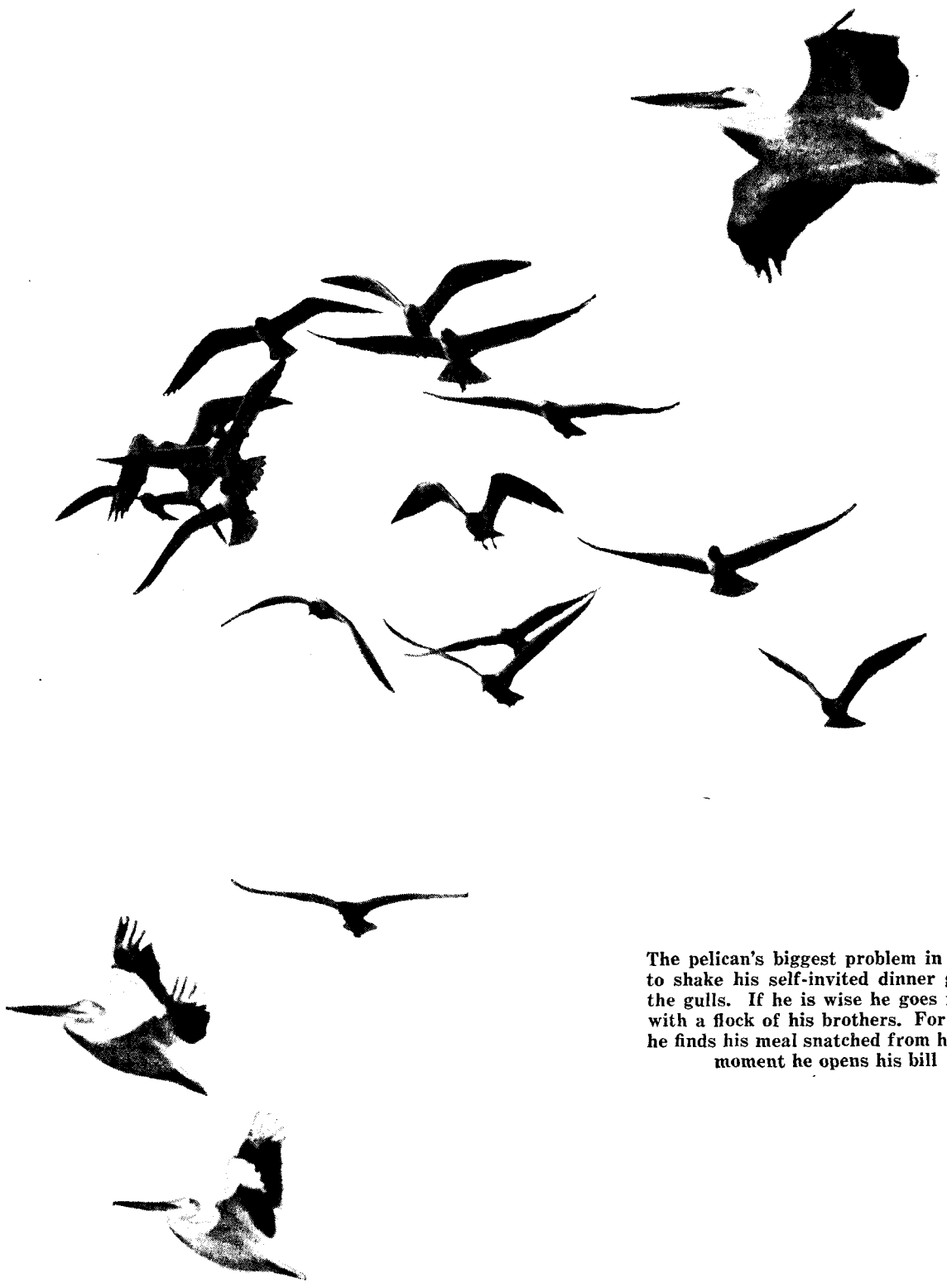

The pelican's biggest problem in life is to shake his self-invited dinner guests, the gulls. If he is wise he goes fishing with a flock of his brothers. For singly he finds his meal snatched from him the moment he opens his bill

have been even better had the victims too been armed with rifles. But Mr. Finley, who did his hunting with nothing more deadly than his eyes, a notebook and a camera, was much better.

For one thing, he didn't carry you off to foreign lands, too distant for most of us to contemplate; the excitement he offered was right in your own back yard, or in the park or the woods not far from your front porch, or the rocks of the seashore yonder, or the prairie beyond the outskirts of your home town. Those orioles, for example. Everything from humming-birds, flickers, grosbeaks and sharp-shinned hawks to condors, eagles, gulls, pelicans and herons. And when you get tired of birds he offers bear, deer, possum, badgers, coyotes and bobcats. You really should stay at home and meet the man.

He is a Californian, transplanted in Oregon, where for years he was that state's game conservation commissioner, biologist and adviser to the writers of treatises on migratory birds in the United States Department of Agriculture. He has fallen down sheer cliffs while seeking the stone shelves where eagles and condors live, he has shared trees with mountain lions who spat in his face while he photographed them, he has been lured to dizzy heights by mountain goats only to have them leap over his head and land, all standing, on narrow ledges far below, bleating derision. Lugging his camera, he has followed trails that have led him for hours and days over deserts that would strangle jungle creatures, into water that might make a salmon shiver, up cliffs that only the goats and eagles knew and even into the hospital, where surgeons pulled him together again that he might be on his way. He is one of those fellows who can see more in your orchard than we with our astigmatic eyes might see in a trip around the world. Even better, he can put it all together and make it mean something.

Pity the Poor Pelican

If by any chance you are a bit fed up with your fellow man, as probably he is with you, it won't hurt you at all to have a look at your counterpart among what we are too quick to call dumb-animal life. Who doesn't know the human pelican, for example? And his parasite, the gull?

There goes your pelican, awkward as a steam shovel, until, swooshing through the air with his stemmy legs trailing off at an angle and his long-billed head looking none too secure on that neck, he sees his dinner in the water thirty or forty feet below. Like a plummet the creature dives, striking the water all straightened out, lancelike. The great pouch beneath the lower mandible of his bill luffs loose as he meets his objective and in the short time he is under water a quartet of gulls, following him as he made his scouting flight, hover over the spot where he has vanished.

And then up he comes with his pouch sagging below his wishbone with fish and water. He banged into that school of small fish, scooping a half dozen of them up in his net, to say nothing of a couple of gallons of the sea they swam in. He emerges to the surface, of course, but the fool has too great a load to soar with. His task is a delicate one now; he has to raise his bill and open it to drain the water off his catch. Having done that he will bolt his fish and take to his wings again to sight a second catch.

But his immediate problem is to bail out his pouch and swallow the fish before the gulls can attack. As he gets older he learns how to do this but he has quite a time of it if he is all alone. The moment he opens his bill to let go the water the gulls are swarming around his head, snatching the fish from his pouch. The beset fellow is lucky to save one or two. If he is foolish enough to open wide, the gulls snatch his dinner to the last fin. If he is wise (and he gets wise in time) he'll fish in flocks. The gulls can't rob a whole flock and sooner or later all the pelicans will have filled their stomachs. But singly he has a terrific time of it staving off starvation.

Child Management That Works

Mr. Finley has watched gulls until he is able almost to tell you what they have on their minds.

Here you have birds who probably laugh at the bewildered efforts of human parents to control their young. We, the humans, are quite apt to become terribly entangled in scientific processes of child-rearing that we do not understand. The result frequently is general unhappiness with the entire family embroiled. But there's no nonsense about the gull system of child management; of course it is not modern, but it works. And Mr. Finley has never seen a broken-spirited gull.

Here we have a colony of gulls. Some of them have established themselves in crevices of the ocean cliffs, but the greater number have scratched out shallow dents in the thin soil on top of the rocks, lining them with grass. Each pair of parents is convinced that no good can come of their children's associating with the neighbors' young ones. Half the father's and mother's time is spent bullying the youngsters to lie in the nest crouched low and minding their own business. There's entirely too much foolishness going on in the world and what the kids don't see of it won't contaminate them. And the less they learn the less sleep the parents lose. When they are big enough to fly and meet the world, the flesh and the devil, that will be plenty of time for them to indulge themselves in idle fancies and social trumpery.

But if you'll watch this gull colony a bit you'll see one of the more headstrong brats bolt out of the nest to have a look around. And then observe discipline as gulls understand the word. The mother (or perhaps the father) will swoop down on the adventurous one and knock him end over end with a slap of the wing—bang! Take that, you young ruffian, and get you back home before I—

The dazed youngster rights himself, a bit dizzy, and patters off in another

(Continued on page 40)

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The Stars that Flickered

By Talbert Josselyn

To the girl with the gray-green eyes, baseball was just another game. The manager's daughter was different. Which explains what happened to Sawyer and Evans

WHEN the news came that they had been sold to a major league baseball club, young Roy Sawyer and young Ernie Evans gripped each other's hands and, looking long into each other's eyes, cried: "We've done it! We've made good! And . . . we go up . . . together!"

Together . . . young Roy Sawyer and young Ernie Evans.

They had grown up in the same small town; had chummed together; had played ball together . . . grammar school . . . high school . . . minor league . . . and now it would be the big league itself. Together.

Shortstop and second base . . . the smaller Ernie at short, the larger Roy at second, with their natures, their characteristics—which were to grow with the growing years—already stamped upon them. Shortstop Ernie Evans, quick as a cat, covering ground like a wind-blown flame, dark, good-looking, ready of speech; second baseman Roy Sawyer, powerful, large-boned, apparently slow-moving—and yet not slow-moving—gray-eyed, quiet. Team-mates . . . team-workers.

On the day that they were graduated from high school, they signed with a minor league club. By the end of the season, they were regulars; by early season of the next year, they were the talk of the league—the small flash, Ernie Evans, as the club's lead-off man at bat and the most difficult man in the league to pitch to; the powerful Roy Sawyer as the clean-up man, the clouter for extra bases; but it was when they took the field that the roar of the stands reached loudest voice . . . Ernie at short, Roy at second, their play sparkling like rippling water sparkling in the sun, batter after batter turned back, seeming hits knocked down, bullet-like throws flashing to the bags . . . the roar of the stands at crescendo as the two turned in—kept turning in—their double plays: race and stop and throw; catch and pivot and throw again. Got him! . . . Got 'em both! Double play! Hey, you kids!

The next year, at the end of the season, there came the news that every minor league player hopes to hear: Sold! Going to the big league!

Ernie Evans and Roy Sawyer, going together.

Together. But then, when they thought of it—if they did think of it—that was the only way it could have happened. Together.

THEY went north the next spring from the big league club's training camp as the regular shortstop and second baseman. With the drive and fire of youth, they had won their positions; drive and fire, and a teaming-up.

Ernie had won his place first, fitting in as the needed lead-off man at bat, covering his position in the field like that same wind-blown flame of the minor league; Ernie Evans, catlike, colorful, sure of himself, filled through and through with pepper. Roy Sawyer had had more of a fight; Roy, quiet, apparently slow of movement and yet not slow, competing with the veteran second baseman whose only handicap was an arm that was beginning to lose its whip. Dogged, determined, grim, Roy Sawyer strove and strove, fighting the chill, steel-like edge of something new . . . the fear that he might not be good enough . . . and Ernie Evans with his position already won; Ernie, teammate through the years; Ernie, the assured, now cheering him on:

"Come on, fellah! Come on, fellah!"

Roy Sawyer came. . . . They went north as regulars.

The big city turned out to look over its team on opening day; a team that in past years had been champion, and which, in process of rebuilding, might be on its way to a championship again. Maybe these new players, Evans and Sawyer—this new combination around second base—of which the city had read so much during training season, would be the needed spark plug to fire the team toward the pennant.

The fans watched, critically, hopefully . . . and came away from the opening game noisy with praise. Looked like it! Evans and Sawyer, finds! With a drive and a fire and a steadiness, and above all a teaming-up—three double plays! Atta boy, you new guys!

But, would they hold up? . . . They held up.

The big city—biggest of big cities—gave them greeting in its own hard, bright, glittering way. Ernie Evans and Roy Sawyer responded to that greeting, each in his own way; responded in the way that their natures had been shaping them all these growing years . . . Ernie Evans, good-looking, ready of speech, maker of friends; Roy Sawyer, lean of face, quiet, slow of acquaintanceship.

SO . . . Roy Sawyer sat in the lobby of the hotel evenings and said little, listening in the main to old Jake, the club's utility infielder, whose head was crammed with the lore of the game.

And Ernie Evans went out and met people; many people. In time he met one person in particular . . . Una Stafford.

Una Stafford, show girl, and pretty as a picture. Prettier than any picture, Ernie Evans told himself as he stood there looking, looking, drinking in a beauty, a charm, a dazzling quality that left him breathless. Here . . . was the girl of his dreams!

The girl of his dreams studied him from out of long-lashed, gray-green eyes, this good-looking, well-dressed, pleasant young man; this ball player who had made good, who was a big-leaguer . . . who was a success.

She pondered the present, looked into the future—and attached herself to success.

Before the evening was over she had discovered that success had unseen roots, entangling alliances.

"I've got to be going," said Ernie, looking at his watch. "We're beginning a tough series tomorrow, and that roommate of mine would crown me if I didn't get my sleep."

"Who is he?" demanded Una. "Your nurse?"

"No," grinned Ernie. "But he's the best friend a man ever had." And he told of Roy. Told at length.

Una Stafford's exquisite—and hard—little mouth came down. Her gray-green eyes narrowed. It was not in her nature to share anything . . . with anybody.

Within the week, Ernie Evans had begun to regard the world, the team, his years-long team-mate, with a different outlook—the outlook of a distractingly beautiful young woman with gray-green eyes and an exquisite—and hard—little mouth. The outlook grew.

"You're the best player on the team," said Una.

"Oh, I don't think so . . . yet," said Ernie.

"You're the best batter," said Una.

"Well, I guess I am," said Ernie.

"You're the leader in those plays around second base that you're always talking so much about."

A FAINTLY puzzled look came into Ernie Evans' attractive face—the look of a man thinking upon a thing close to him; a thing that he had never considered before.

"Why, I don't know as I've ever thought about our having a leader." He spoke more like the Ernie of old. "We've merely . . . played the game."

"Everything has to have a leader," pronounced Una, the girl of Ernie Evans' dreams. "And what I admire most," said Una, "is the man that can lead." She leaned forward, beautiful, desirable.

Ernie Evans gazed at her; sat for a long time without speaking. "Hmm," he finally said.

In the next afternoon's game, Shortstop Ernie Evans twice trotted from

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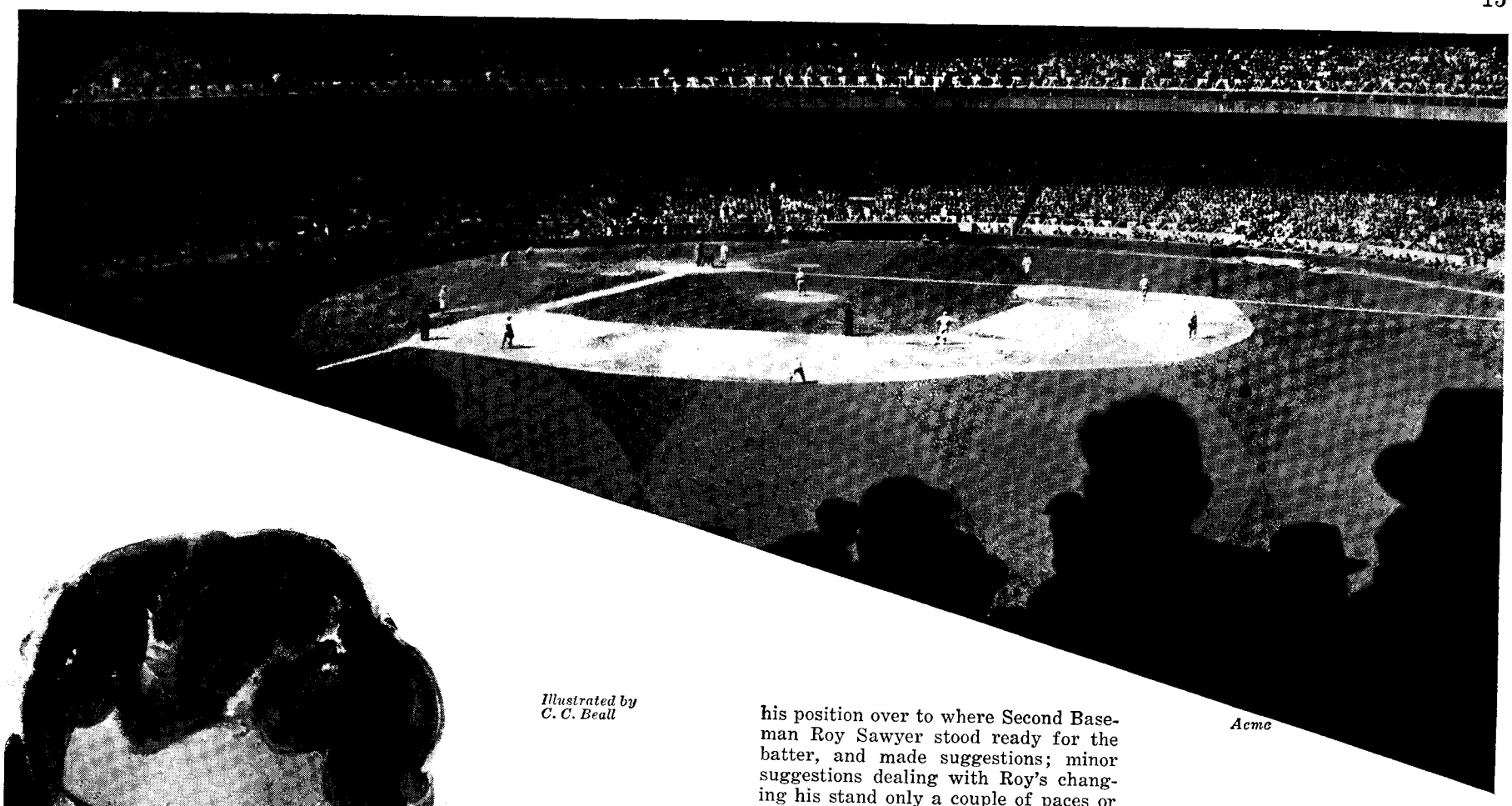

Acme

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Swift concern went across the lean face opposite her. "You're going away?" "No," said Louise, "but you'll probably be"

his position over to where Second Baseman Roy Sawyer stood ready for the batter, and made suggestions; minor suggestions dealing with Roy's changing his stand only a couple of paces or so, and yet in the fate of things, major suggestions tilting the beam of men's lives. Both times, by his altered stand, Roy Sawyer grabbed hits, and double plays resulted.

WHEN the big-boned, lean-faced Roy Sawyer left the field at the end of the game, he walked slowly, his face a study. He was thinking; thinking hard. Never before had Ernie come over to tell him where to play for a batter . . . and both times Ernie had been right.

For an instant a gone feeling went through Roy Sawyer. Was he losing his judgment, his keenness of play? The thin, steel-like edge of training-camp fear came again, to drive deeper. The fight to gain his position had been so fierce; and now, to hold it. . . . Only Roy Sawyer knew how desperately he had striven to hold it; so far, the breaks had all been with him, and he had given everything he had—Roy Sawyer, rookie, making good in his first season with the majors; but . . . he had barely beaten out the veteran second baseman—the second baseman who now sat on the bench, waiting; and if Roy should slip in the least degree in his play . . . And twice today he had made stops only because of Ernie.

Slowly Roy Sawyer got out of his uniform, went to his hotel and ate dinner alone. Ernie was away somewhere, with that corking-looking girl of his; Ernie, for whom things came so easily—girls or an assured place on a baseball team. He roused himself. Good old Ernie! Ernie had helped him a lot today.

He went out into the lobby and sat and talked with Jake; talked long with the old utility infielder whose head was crammed with so much baseball lore. He was going to need every bit of it.

In the ensuing weeks the worried look on Roy's lean face grew. He wasn't clicking, and he knew that he wasn't clicking; the double plays weren't coming through, even though Ernie was helping him, telling him more and more just what to do.

Halfway through a road trip he was benched.

He stayed benched. And then, at the end of the road trip, it happened.

"Sorry, Roy," said the manager, "but I've got bad news for you."

The benched Roy Sawyer stiffened. It had been coming. . . . It had come.

"We're farming you for the rest of the season," said the manager. He clapped Roy on the shoulder. "I know how you feel, but you'll come back just that much better a ball player next year."

Suddenly, Roy Sawyer wanted to be alone.

"Thanks," he said, and got to his room.

Instinctively, he looked around for Ernie. And then he remembered. . . . Of course Ernie wouldn't be there. As soon as the team had arrived back in the city, Ernie had raced away to see . . . Una. Una, to whom he was engaged, and whom he would marry next season, when he got a raise in salary.

A fleeting, strange smile went over Roy's face. . . . Ernie, expecting a raise in salary the next season, and Roy . . . With a quick, indrawn breath he was glad that Ernie wasn't in the room.

There was another way of telling, easier—yet hard enough. He fumbled for pen and paper. He toiled at the note, sweaty around his eyes, his heart jumping into his throat each time approaching footsteps sounded in the hall—Ernie might not have found Una home, and would be returning . . . . And frantically he knew that he didn't want to see Ernie, couldn't see him—Ernie, who had made good, and he who . . . That was all right! More power to Ernie, but . . . Desperately he finished the note as footsteps went by, put the note on Ernie's dresser, and threw open the door.

He gave one look back at the dresser—one look back at the past—and slammed the door.

THE next morning, in an adjoining state, he reported to the manager of the minor league club to which he had been farmed.

"I'm Roy Sawyer," he said.

"Hello, Sawyer," said the manager. "I'm Charlie Day. Glad to see you. You're just what we need at second base."

"I hope so," said Roy Sawyer.

Charlie Day, tanned, deep-chested, in his fifties, shrewdly and quizzically regarded the young man before him.

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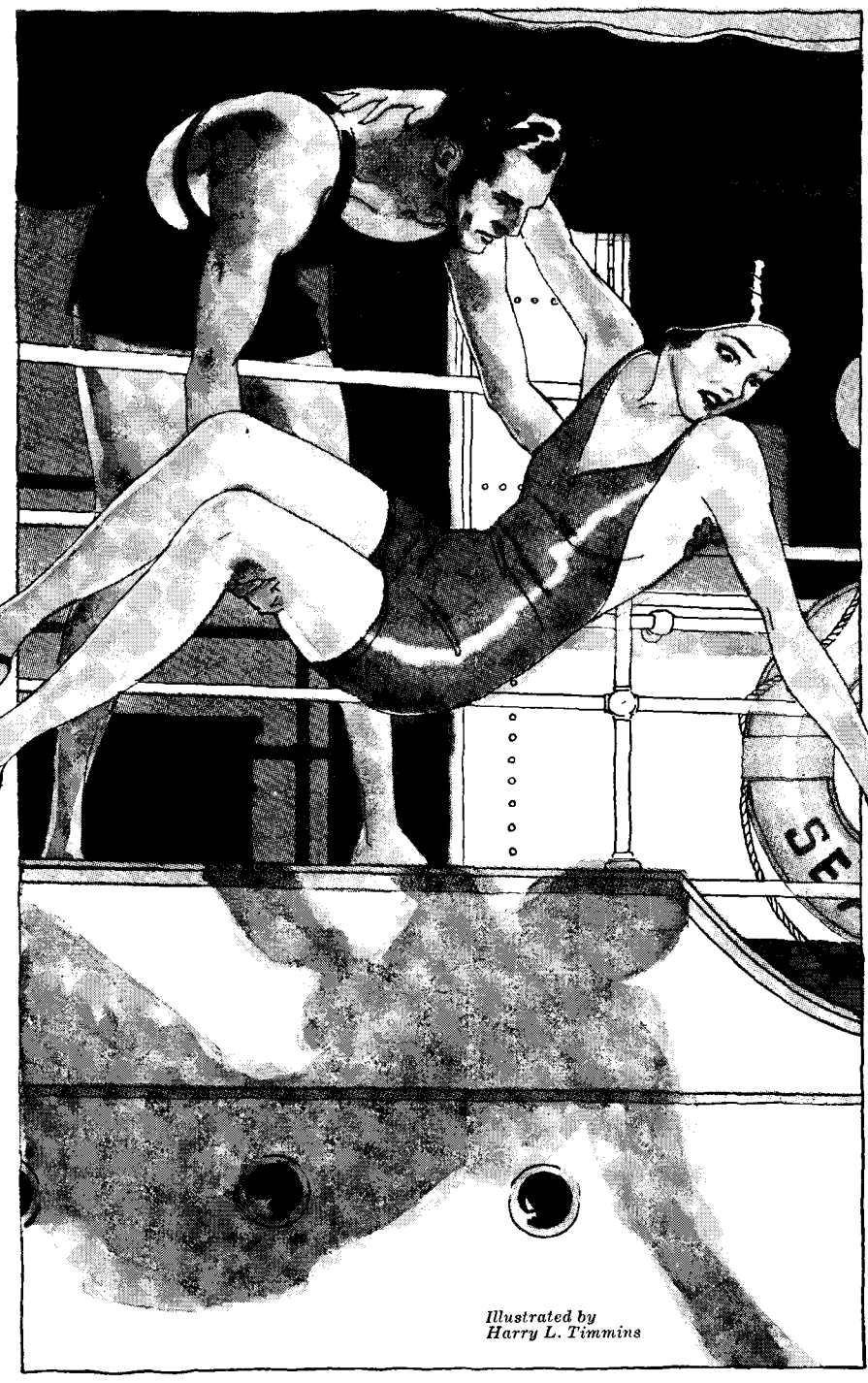
Love makes a Difference

By Phyllis Duganne

The story of a small but snappy war—started by a girl and fought to a perfect finish by a student of old Bill Shakespeare



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

Martin stepped forward and dropped her over the rail

MARTIN HEATH was singing a ribald Russian song, in Russian, and feeling inordinately pleased with himself and life, as he hoed his brother-in-law's vegetable garden. Pete, one of the gardeners, hoed silently a few rows beyond; the social consciousness which was so completely lacking in young Mr. Heath was well developed in Pete Pulaski, and though this young brother of the Missus lived in the boathouse and took almost no part in the social life of the Davenport estate, still Pete could not overlook the fact of his birth.

"Pretty husky-looking peas, hey, Pete?" Martin shouted.

"Yes, mister," said Pete.

Martin grinned. Pete Pulaski was conventionally attired in flannel shirt and overalls; there were even socks within his heavy shoes and a felt hat upon his tawny head. Martin's head was uncovered; in fact, his costume, in its entirety, consisted of a pair of khaki pants and rope-soled alpargatas he had bought the previous winter in Mexico.

Something came rolling between the rows of peas and stopped at his feet; a young voice commanded, "Pick up my hat, will you?" and Martin looked up at a Valkyrie.

SHE was riding a white horse; her red hair was blown by the wind, and she stretched out a slender, gloved hand, imperiously.

"Hey!" cried Martin. "Look where you're going! Get your horse out of the garden!"

The Valkyrie's eyes, which were almond-shaped to begin with, narrowed as she looked at him. "My hat, please," she said.

Martin grinned. *Please,* he reflected, is commonly a term of politeness, but as this young woman used the word it seemed to mean, "At once and without comment, you low and menial fellow!" Her horse side-stepped, trampling young shoots, and Martin dropped his hoe and seized the bridle.

"Are you going to pick up my hat or not?" demanded the girl. In the course of his life many women had looked at Martin, but never before had he seen such a look as this. Utter disdain, and a mingling of astonishment and rising anger. . . . "And take your hand off my horse!"

Not the empress of all the Russias, not the highest-paid movie star in Hollywood, could achieve greater arrogance, thought Martin.

"Pick it up yourself!" he retorted. He saw her hand tighten convulsively about her riding crop— "Just go ahead and hit me," he thought—and he could cheerfully have choked Pete Pulaski for scampering forward and offering the girl her hat.

"Thank you," she told Pete, and with a last incredulous sweep of her eyes over Martin, she wheeled her horse about and galloped toward the house.

Charles Davenport and his wife, Lucy, were relaxed on their veranda; Charles, comfortably stretched in a wicker chair with a whisky-and-soda at his left hand and a yachting magazine in his right, emitted a low groan as the Valkyrie hitched her horse to a tree and clattered up the steps in her riding boots.

"Why, hello, Kit," said Lucy Davenport. "How are you?"

The girl spoke to Charles: "You've got a workman on this place who ought to be thrashed! Of all the insolent, impertinent—"

"What'd he do to you?" Charles Davenport demanded.

"I said he was insolent, didn't I?" the girl retorted. "He ordered me out of the garden. My hat blew off. He wouldn't pick it up!"

Lucy Davenport giggled. "Kit! What did he look like?"

"Look like! I didn't look at him!" She tapped her boot with her riding crop. "I wish I'd whipped him! A great big hulking fellow. Enormous. Red hair and blue eyes. Polack, I presume—half naked—" She wheeled upon Charles. "Well, what are you laughing at?"

"I thought," said Charles, "you didn't look at him!"

LUCY'S amused eyes met her husband's. "I suspect," she told the girl, "that our impudent workman is my little brother Martin."

"Your brother!" Kit echoed. "What would your brother be doing—"

Lucy continued to smile, while she attempted to justify the existence of Martin Heath to Miss Kit Kendrick.

"You must have heard of him, Kit—he's quite well known. He's written a lot of books, and he gives lectures on economics. He wrote Hyacinths and Machines—don't you remember, the book-of-the-month club took that? And The Day in Russia, and—"

"Oh, sort of a Socialist," Miss Kendrick dismissed him.

"I don't know what he is," his sister admitted. "Charley says he's a nut. But he's a nice nut and my only beloved brother!"

"Brother or not," said Kit, "he was darned rude!" She held out her hand for the glass which Charles was offering her, in much the same gesture with which she had held it to Martin for her hat. "Say, that's a crazy rig you've got on your boat!" she told him.

Charles Davenport exploded. "Crazy! What do you mean, crazy?"

His wife smiled faintly and looked away. Criticize Charley's business or his mental processes, his courage or his honor, but his boat was sacred, and Kit ought to know that, by now. . . .

"I can't bear that girl!" he said, when she departed. "I've never seen her yet that I haven't wanted to chew tacks before she left!"

"She's awfully pretty," Lucy murmured.

"Pretty! She's a shrew, that's what she is!" He made himself a highball, glowering, his face still red with anger. "What are you smiling about?"

"I was thinking of her and Martin," she said. "Don't you think they'd be a funny combination?"

Charles sniffed. "He'd probably kill her!" he answered, and smiled at that pleasing thought. "No, at that, I'd bet on Kit!"

"I'm not so sure," said Martin Heath's sister.

AFTER dinner she strolled down to the boathouse, where her brother was supping in elegant solitude on canned beans and the sonnets of Shakespeare.

"I hear you had a run-in with Kit Kendrick," she said.

Martin grinned.

"Is that her name? Who is she? Tell me about her."

There was plenty to tell. She was, Lucy said decidedly, the most spoiled and arrogant young woman she had ever known. Her temper was legend. People trembled beneath her tongue, which was often as witty as it was biting. "She's been engaged half a dozen times and always breaks it off. Charley can't bear her—he says she's a shrew."

"A shrew, eh?" said Martin. "She's darned beautiful."

Lucy raised her eyebrows. "Beautiful, Mart? She's pretty, of course—striking."

"I'll stand by beautiful," Martin said. "She's the first human being I've seen down here—with all due apologies to your friends, Luce—who interests me."

"Would you like to meet her?" Lucy asked. "Why don't you come for dinner tomorrow? Oh, Marty, you're such an idiot! Why do you sit down here and eat beans, when you might just as well be having decent food with us?"

"Beans," he answered gravely, "are the food of genius, Luce. Many a better man than I—" He smiled, suddenly, and patted her hand. "You're a good sister, Luce!"

He walked back, across the clipped lawn, to the house with her, but he declined to go in. Charley was a good egg, but a bore, and anyway he had promised to come the following evening. Lucy thought that he was crazy, but she was awfully decent about it. In the six years since her marriage to Charles Davenport, brother and sister had met seldom;

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the roads of the world had twisted and turned beneath Martin's restless feet. Russia, China, Mexico, Greece—when Lucy had spoken to him, after a lecture on Indian art, last spring, he had been fed up with all of it.

It had been good to dine alone with her, to remember their Middle-Western childhood, to evoke pictures he had not thought of in years. "You look tired, Mart," she had said. He had been tired, tired of traveling, tired of the very impact of new impressions. When she first suggested that he spend the summer on Long Island, he had been amused. He had never seen his brother-in-law's place, but it was easy to picture. Yachts and yachtsmen, horses and riders, contract and champagne. . . . "Now you're talking!" he had cried, when she suggested the boathouse. A summer in America might be good for him; he might even write a book about it. At twenty-nine, he was suddenly sick of foreigners and foreign countries.

HIS thoughts returned to Kit Kendrick. He had never known a girl of her type, sheerly American, pure product of the American idea. She would be interesting to study. . . . A shrew, his brother-in-law described her. Well, shrews were not dull. He grinned to himself as he ran his finger along the shelf of books in the boathouse and took down a volume.

"We'll just see about you, Miss Kit Kendrick," he murmured to himself.

When she entered his sister's living-room the next evening the only thing he could see about her was her loveliness. She was not, decided Martin, really a Valkyrie; she was Oriental—Javanese or Burmese—for all her red hair, rather than Scandinavian. He could imagine her in one of those conical, pagoda-like headdresses, with her fingernails and toenails stained scarlet. Her skin was white and tightly drawn over delicately prominent bones, and her jade eyes slanted like a cat's eyes. Exquisite, straight nose; the mouth perhaps a little too thin in repose—if one could call any of her attitudes reposeful. There was about her a tenseness, the feeling of a tautly drawn bow.

"Come over here, Kit—I want you to meet my brother," Lucy called to her.

She moved like a dancer, and again it was of the Orient that Martin thought, of century-old steps and conventionalized postures. He did not speak or smile, merely stood, watching her come toward him.

"How do you do?" she said. "You write books about the poor working classes, don't you?"

Off from the start! thought Martin. His bright blue eyes traveled deliberately over her, up and down, a long look as insolent as her own.

"What did you say?" he asked, suddenly.

Her eyes flickered. "I said I'd heard that you write," she murmured. In just the same tone, she might have said, "I'd heard that you were a pickpocket."

"You did?" said Martin. "Well, I've heard of *you!*" His voice deepened: "*'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen; and now I find report a very liar; for thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous—*"

She interrupted him smoothly, no color staining her pale cheeks: "You are fond of Shakespeare, Mr. Heath?"

He nodded. "Of course you would know the quotation."

Kit Kendrick shrugged, and turned away.

"Marty!" said Lucy. "What in the world—"

"*Her name,*" said Martin, "*is Katharina, renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.*" He bowed gravely. "The Taming of the Shrew, by William Shakespeare," he added, in his best lecturing voice.

BARBARA WAYNE, standing beside Charley, laughed and looked at Martin curiously. All of these people, thought Martin, regarded him indulgently, as though he were some species of strange animal. A writer; some said he was even a Communist! "Are you planning to tame Kit, Mr. Heath?" she asked.

Martin's glance gauged the distance between Miss Kendrick's white back—and shell-like ears—and himself. "I might write a book about her," he said.

"I'll buy a copy, if you do," Mrs. Wayne promised.

At the dinner table he had ample opportunity to study Miss Kendrick's milky back; finally, she turned toward him.

"Isn't it against your principles to be sitting here, eating duck, when so many people in the world are starving?" she inquired.

"What a lovely speaking voice you have!" murmured Martin. "Do you sing?"

Charley, who had been listening, snickered, and Kit Kendrick looked across the table at her host, coldly.

"Are your brother-in-law and I supposed to provide the evening's entertainment, Charles?" she demanded.

There were twelve at dinner and, though conversation rose and fell in spurts throughout the meal, there were ten people acutely conscious of the remaining two. It was, Charley told his wife later, like watching a cock-fight; from the instant they were faced, Kit Kendrick and Martin Heath flew at each other. And, like blooded gamecocks, they did not have to be urged to the fray. They insulted each other with enthusiasm and industry all evening.

"Good night—sweet Kate," said Martin, when she rose to go.

"My name isn't Kate," she said.

"Miss Kendrick to you!" said Martin, and chuckled.

"You know," she said, "I don't think you're funny."

"I think you're very funny," said Martin.

SHE shrugged, and Martin Heath, watching her, reflected that it would be exceedingly pleasant to kiss her.

"Well, you've made a life enemy all right, young fellah," Charles told him.

"Think so?" inquired Martin.

He did not think so. Martin Heath was not a conceited young man, but he knew that whether she admitted it or not, Kit Kendrick liked him. And, after all, she did not have to be at home, when he called at her house the next afternoon.

She appeared on the veranda where he was waiting, and looked at him speculatively out of her almond eyes. She did not offer her hand, merely stood, looking at him, and he looked back at her.

"Have you come to give some more recitations?" she asked at last.

"Shall I?" he said. "I've got a lot of numbers."

For a moment longer they stood, alert, on guard, like two strange animals surveying each other. Then she smiled, and put out her hand.

Martin jumped back. "Don't hit me!"

She laughed. "Shall we call it off? And be friends?"

(Continued on page 51)

"May I interrupt?" Kit drawled. "Or is this a private fight?"

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Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING a quarrel between Lon Magoon, a cattle thief, and "Horse" Dunn (who manages the 94 ranch for his niece, Marian Dunn), a blood-stained saddle belonging to Magoon is found. And Magoon has vanished!

Dunn, who protests his innocence, is surrounded by enemies—Link Bender; The Kid, Link's son; Pinto Halliday, Rufe Dean, Sam Caldwell and many others. He feels sure that the murder is merely part of an intricate plot aimed at his downfall. To Billy Wheeler, a young cattleman whom he trusts, he confides that the ranch is facing bankruptcy; that, to save it, he has sold his own outfit in Arizona. But his partner, Bob Flagg, en route with the proceeds, he says, has failed to arrive—has mysteriously disappeared. And the bankers (who will certainly not lend money to a man suspected of murder) are beginning to press him.

Wheeler resolves to stand by the old ranchman. But he is miserable. He is in love with Marian Dunn, must be near her constantly. And the girl does not love him. . . .

While Marian is near by, Link Bender's son, The Kid, and Wheeler have an altercation. The Kid, a deputy sheriff, draws his gun. Wheeler, in self-defense, rides him down, injures him severely. Whereupon he is taken to Inspiration, the county seat, and tried on a number of charges. Sheriff Amos (who hates Dunn) handles the prosecution. Marian, it appears, had not actually seen what occurred during the fight. But a conviction appearing certain, she takes the stand, and so testifies that Wheeler is acquitted!

Another man—Cayuse Cayetano, a half-breed tracker—is murdered on 94 land! . . . Summoned by Dunn, Old Man Coffee, noted for his ability to follow trails with hounds, has been working for some time. He now amazes the men of the 94 by announcing that the man who was killed in Magoon's saddle *was not Lon Magoon!* He adds that he is tired of being lied to by the 94 bunch. Dunn, insulted by this last statement, orders him to leave. Coffee does so. But to Wheeler, whom he likes, he confides that he is not out of the case. "I'm going to find the murdered man," he whispers. "Be up on Lost Whisky Butte tomorrow morning an hour after sunup. Come alone. You'll see something interesting!". . . That night, a bullet, fired from the brush behind the ranch-house, crashes into Marian's room. Wheeler gathers some men quickly, and rides out—on the trail of the hidden killer.

VI

BEHIND the 94 layout the buckbrush stood ragged, much of it shoulder high to a mounted man; in its crooked breaks the hard, sandy ground showed barren in the light of the near stars. Two or three times in the history of the brand the 94 had burned off that brush, but it was hardly worth it, considering the lack of grass roots, and the brush had always come back. A smart horse could sometimes hide himself in that brush in broad daylight. There was practically no chance at all of finding a man there at night.

With some difficulty Billy Wheeler restrained Gil Baker and Steve Hurley from spurring their ponies headlong into the brush.

"Stick together, move slow, and keep stopping to listen," Wheeler said. "That's our only chance."

Tulare Callahan thought it would be better to fan out, covering as much ground as possible as quickly as they could. But Wheeler saw the disadvantages in this. "That way no man can count on anything he hears," he said. "We'll be cracking down on each other next."

They trailed into the brush slowly, single file, Wheeler in the lead. He had accidentally mounted a horse that believed in ghosts, and it moved sidelong, stretching its nose warily at the brush shadows, blowing long, uneasy whoofs. Repeatedly they halted to sit listening. It was a silent, windless night, but because the brush country has a hidden population that moves at night, they were led this way and that by faint stirrings, distant scratching of twigs.

"If anything moves," Wheeler said, "fire and ride it down."

Perhaps it occurred to none of them that a rider who fired upon a prowling man in that brush would himself be an unmissable mark against the sky, but other things made that hunt an eerie one. A low word could carry a long way in that echoless space. In their certain knowledge that someone was in that brush—probably very close at hand—they knew that they were heard without hearing, seen without seeing. For an hour they combed the dark brush, alternately walking their horses and listening.

NOT until they came out at the foot of a barren rise did they realize that they had wandered almost a mile from their starting point. When you have seen one thicket of buckbrush by starlight you have seen them all. They had pushed through a hundred thickets, in which a man could have hidden under the very feet of their horses—yet in that mile of country there were a thousand thickets more. The riders were grim and tight-mouthed. To shoot from cover into a man's layout by night is an intolerable outrage, not to be borne; but they were helpless.

"We should've worked closer to the house," Tulare thought.

"What's the good of that? Give me two minutes' start in this country and you'd never see me again."

"We might's well go on back."

Horse Dunn met them at the corrals. He had been prowling all over the place, rifle on his arm. He spoke low-voiced, but no one of them would have crossed him then, any more than they would have fooled with a fourteen-hand silvertip. His words came out as hard as pieces of rock.

"Go on and turn in," he told them. "This is most likely all for tonight."

"Where's Val Douglas?"

"I told him to stay with Marian."

Naturally, Billy Wheeler thought, Val Douglas would be with Marian—yes, of course, always.

As they went into the house Wheeler saw that Marian had taken up the glass from the shot-smashed window and fitted a cardboard into the broken pane to keep out the blow of the sand.

Horse Dunn said, "Go on and turn in, Val."

WHEN the wagon boss was gone Marian still stood waiting, watching her uncle. Her eyes were bright, and it seemed to Wheeler that there was more color in her face than usual.

"I suppose," Horse Dunn said to her bleakly, "you'll be packing up to be going back home."

"Home? Back East?"

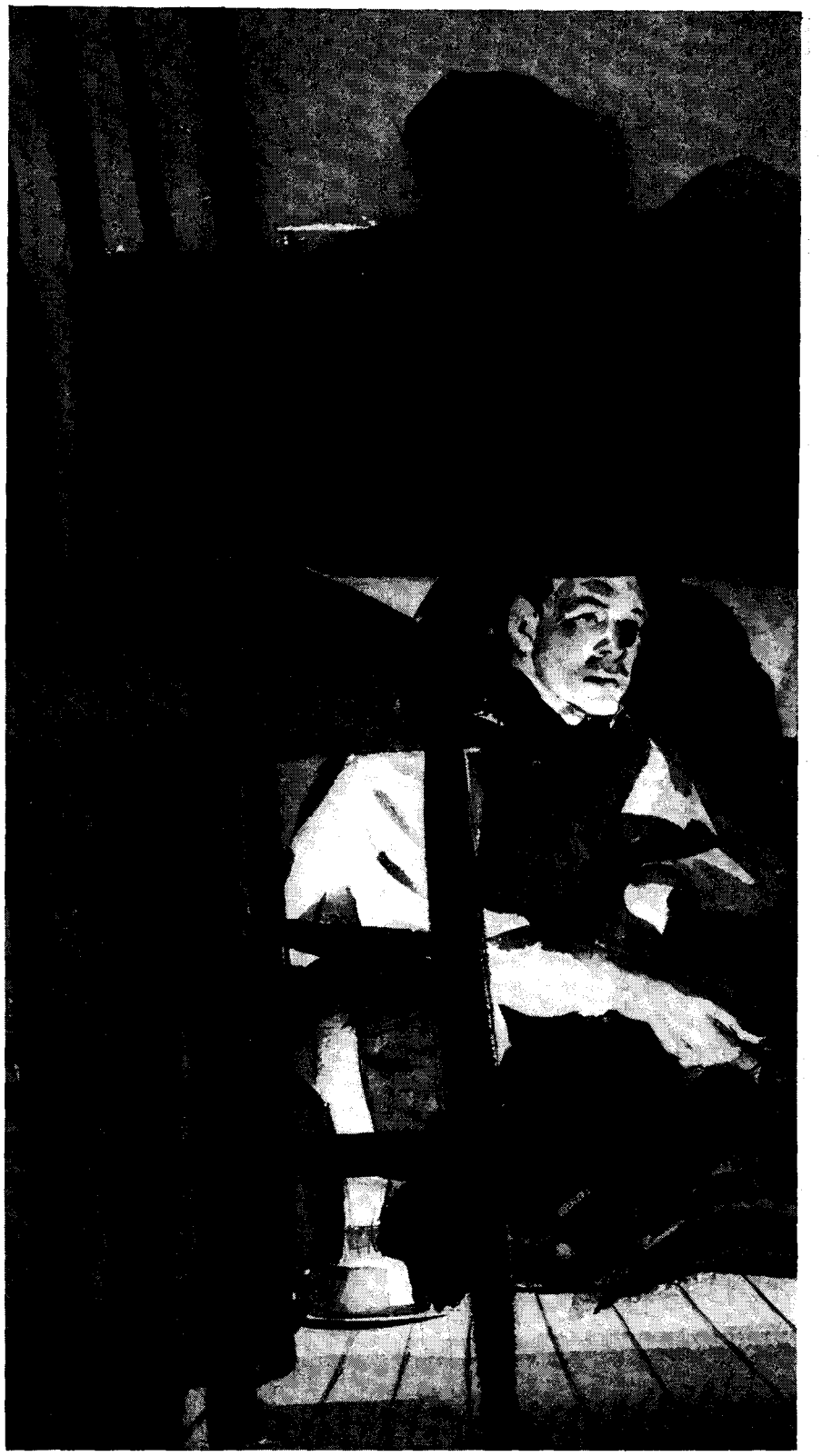
"Naturally. I wouldn't expect you to be staying here. I'm sorry you found your outfit in such bum shape. But it couldn't be helped, I guess."

"But I'm not leaving," Marian said.

"Huh?" said Dunn. "You're not leaving?"

"Of course not."

Horse Dunn stared at her. "I'd sure like to know," he said at last, "just what you think of this—this thing that happened tonight."



"These stirrups are too long for me to ride," Wheeler said.

"I think Western marksmanship has been greatly overrated." They looked at each other for a moment; then Marian smiled, apparently entertained by the blank dumfoundment on Horse Dunn's face. "I'm going to bed," she announced. At the door she turned and grinned at them both. "Don't worry about it so much," she said.

When she was gone Horse Dunn turned to Billy Wheeler, very much at a loss. "Now who the devil would have thought—"

"You got to pack her out of here," said Billy Wheeler.

"That's up to her," Horse Dunn said.

"Up to her, hell!" said Wheeler. "This is no place for her, and you know it."

The old man shook his head. "We'll lick this. If she stays here she'll see it all straighten out. But if she leaves here now she'll never come back."

"But it isn't safe for her here! The shot that took out that window couldn't have missed her six inches."

"You know no man in the world would shoot to hit *her!* The bushwhacker most likely just saw somebody against a window, and took a chance, hopeful it was me. They couldn't make that mistake twice in a thousand years. Ain't enough resemblance, what with the whiskers."

WHEELER saw that the old fighter still could not face a withdrawal of the girl from his life. "Next," he said with disgust, "you'll have 'em shooting apples off her head."

"What the devil got into Old Man Coffee?" Horse demanded.

"Whatever it was got into him, it's going to cost us plenty."

"I don't believe he knows a horse track from a hound's ear," Dunn declared angrily. "He puts me in mind of some old mosshorn—he paws and blows and hollers, but what's he know about it when he gets through? Nothing."

"I'm not so sure," Billy Wheeler said.

"Name one thing he found out!"

"He figured out that the murdered man was not Magoon."

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John Gannam

"Horse, the man that rode this saddle was over six feet tall"

Horse snorted his disgust. "I don't believe it. Coffee thought he had to say something, so he said the first thing come into his head. Every sign we got points to the fact that Lon Magoon was killed, in his own saddle, and on his own horse, and at Short Crick."

"I'm thinking now," said Billy Wheeler, "that we can prove that one way or the other—right here and now."

"How?"

"We've still got his saddle, haven't we?"

"It's still under my bunk."

"Let me see it."

Horse Dunn stared at him irritably for a moment, then picked up a lamp with a jerk and led the way to the clean, bare room in which he lived. By the yellow light of the lamp the fine old saddles on their racks against the wall glinted cleanly from silverwork and steel. Dunn sat down on a chair and hooked his elbow on the table beside him.

"Horse, how big a man is this Lon Magoon? About my size?"

"Hell, no! Not by eight inches. Little, short, wiry feller—put you in mind of a grasshopper or a flea."

Wheeler hauled out Magoon's saddle. There is something mournful and faintly sinister about a saddle in which a man has died, but they were not thinking about that now. Billy Wheeler measured the length of the stirrup leather with his arm—stirrup in armpit, fingers upon the tree.

"I stand five-eleven," Wheeler said. "Yet these stirrups are too long for me to ride. Horse, the man that rode this saddle was over six feet tall."

HORSE came across the room in two strides and dropped to one knee beside Billy. "Damn it, I *know* that's Magoon's hull!"

"You mean it *was* Magoon's hull. You can see the short-rig bends worn into the stirrup leathers. But since then the leathers have been let down long, and laced there with rawhide whang."

Horse Dunn measured the stirrup leathers against his own arm. Then he forked the saddle where it lay, jamming his feet into the stirrups. "Tall as me," he breathed, unbelieving. He stared at the saddle incredulously for several moments. "Do you reckon," he said at last, "that infernal old lion hunter would let down those stirrups, just to get us balled up?"

"Look at the wear on the stirrup leather. The saddle has been ridden since the stirrups were let down."

Horse Dunn got up slowly and went back to his seat at the table. For a long time he sat staring at the floor. When at last he drew a deep breath and got up, his movements were those of a man preoccupied.

He got out a roll of adhesive tape, pulled off a boot and woolen sock, and began to tape up the outside of his ankle bone, which appeared to be skinned. "I've got to take a hammer to those spurs," he said, his mind on other things. "Seems like they—"

"Horse—Coffee was right! The man that died in this saddle was not Lon Magoon."

Suddenly Dunn stood up, a shaggy, towering figure, staring redly at Billy Wheeler.. *"Then, in God's name, who's dead?"*

WHEELER regarded him without expression. Within the hour, a shadowy hunch had come over him. He knew that he had no proof for the thing that was in his mind; yet somehow it stood clear and plain. He went to the fireplace, and picked up an old branding iron that had been in use as a fire poker. He squatted on his heels, and with this sooty iron began to make marks on Dunn's clean-swept floor.

"Saying that the 94 is here," he said, making a cross, "and Short Crick over here; then here lies that broken badlands called the Red Sleep. Seems to me there used to be a trail across the Red Sleep, leading over to Pahranagat."

"Yes, sure. But—"

Horse Dunn waited; Billy Wheeler studied the floor. "Where would a man be coming from, passing over Short Crick toward the 94? Maybe—Pahranagat?"

"Could," Horse admitted dubiously.

"That little railroad spur ends there."

"Sometimes," Horse Dunn made a sudden contribution, "Lon Magoon has shipped a few stolen beef carcasses out of Pahranagat."

Wheeler nodded. "From Pahranagat the spur runs down the Little Minto to Plumes, then—let me see—"

"Cheat Creek, Monitor, Sikes Crossing," Dunn supplied; "and so to the main stem."

"And so to the main stem," Wheeler repeated. "And maybe an old-timer, a saddle man, working toward the 94 by train, would figure it was better to come by Pahranagat—and there pick up a horse?"

"He wouldn't gain anything. He'd lose time, even."

"But a saddle-minded man?"

They were silent, and the background of the outer night seemed uncommonly still—perhaps because Old Man Coffee's hounds were gone.

"A saddle-minded man," Wheeler repeated, "coming from—say—Flagstaff." He threw the branding iron into the fireplace; it sent up a puff of white ash, against the black opening. "Horse, where was Bob Flagg last heard from?"

Dunn's voice came out thickly. "Flagstaff," he said.

Horse Dunn sat relaxed, staring morosely at the floor. In his eyes a dark fire glowed. Wheeler wondered what ugly and shadowy things the old man was seeing. Perhaps, Wheeler thought, he would not wish to see in his life the like of what Horse Dunn was seeing, as he sat looking at the floor. He waited what seemed a long time, but still Horse Dunn did not speak; until the silence became unbearable to the younger man.

"It isn't so far-fetched as it seems," he defended his theory. "Bob Flagg is long overdue on this range. He was supposed to be bringing with him better than fifty thousand dollars—in some form. Since Link Bender's crowd has been tampering with the mail, it's pretty likely they knew about Bob Flagg being expected—and what he was carrying. If Bob Flagg is dead—and he sure seems to be missing—it's easy to see where more than one in the Inspiration crowd could have had two reasons for killing him—the fifty thousand for itself, and the bust-up of the 94."

DUNN said tonelessly: "He probably wouldn't bring the money in cash."

"They'd take a chance on that."

"If this is so," Dunn said, "this is the end of the 94."

"Not necessarily. If it's true, we'll at least know where Bob Flagg is."

Horse ran a hand across his eyes and shook his head sharply, as if to clear it. "But still we wouldn't know where the money is," he said finally.

"We have a good chance of finding out. Probably he was bringing the money in some sort of paper, such as a cashier's check. In that case it's safe. This thing has gone against us ever since it started. But it can't go against us much more. Once we get the stampede turned the other way, you'll see the whole thing come clear."

Horse Dunn jerked to his feet with an abrupt impatience. "This is all pipe smoke," he said. "For a minute you threw me up in the air with that bunk. But hell! You figure Bob come here a way no man would ever think of coming. He didn't even let me know—but you figure Bender's crowd knew of it, and headed him off. There's better than a hundred million people in this country, and Bob Flagg is one of 'em, so you figure that maybe it was him got killed."

"Well, we might anyway check up at Pahranagat. There isn't so much travel up the Little Minto but what we could find out if Bob Flagg came that way."

"I'll send Val Douglas over there tomorrow. I sure don't aim to leave any stone unturned. But if a guess is an inch long, you sure jumped a mile."

"Maybe," Wheeler admitted.

"I GUESS I'm getting old," Horse Dunn said disgustedly, "old and nervous. And I suppose that's what Link Bender's pack is figuring on—that I got no fight left. By God, I'll show 'em fight!"

"How?"

He paced halfway around the room, like a great bear seeking a way out. Wheeler saw his eye slide over the guns on the wall. "Force that crowd and they'll break," he declared. "That's been proved time and time before. Once their key men go down, the others will cut one another's throats trying to take cover. Then pretty soon the story begins to trickle out. If we can bring it to that we can bring it to gun play. By God, this thing began with the guns, and it'll end with the guns—you watch and see!"

Wheeler was unable to see any point to this. "That would have worked once. It won't work now."

Horse Dunn took a turn of the room and the fighting spirit that had flared up in his eyes burned low and smoky again. "This country's gone to hell in a hand-basket. I've never asked for any more than justice, and I've dealt out nothing less. But where can you get it now? A man's hands are tied. There was more honesty in the

(Continued on page 38)

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A Fighter must Eat

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Roy Trent

CIGARETTE smoke, shuffling of feet, whispered innuendoes, slapping of flesh, hoarseness of voices, odors of liniment: dressing-room. In a far corner, Willie Fleming, old with the age of the ring; scarred with the traces of forgotten combat. Beside him, Davey Andrews, manager.

"I can't even bandage that mitt, Willie. You'd never have sneaked by the examination with it if the doc hadn't been a good egg. He knows I'm on the level. So when I told him why you needed this fight so bad, he just says, 'Okay. What's a busted knuckle to an empty belly?' Money wouldn't have reached him, but my way of puttin' it did the trick. He all but bust out cryin'."

"Yeah. That was good work, Davey. I gotta have this money. I ain't even got carfare home!"

"I've shot it full of dope. If we can git a glove on it you oughta git by, all right. Don't hit with it till you git a real groove."

Davey attempted again to bandage the purple, broken hand. Futile. A boxing glove never would go over it. Suddenly he straightened.

"Keep that lunch-hook out of sight, Willie," he snapped. "I'm goin' to have a little talk with this whirlwind you're fightin'. I've heard he ain't a bad guy."

He wheeled away, and hurried to a second dressing-room. A glance showed him the corner occupied by Dynamite Jason, newest knock-out phenomenon of the prize ring. He went to the man. Jason smiled at him in good nature.

"Hello, Davey. Wanna see the hands?" He lifted his bandaged hands for inspection.

"No. I want to tell you somethin' about Willie Fleming."

Dynamite shrugged carelessly. "I don't care how good he is. . . ."

Davey interrupted sharply, rested a friendly palm upon Dynamite's huge shoulder and whispered into his ear: "He can't work, Dynamite. If he wasn't starvin', he'd never be in there tonight."

Dynamite laughed "You ain't springin' that gag, Davey?"

"I swear, Dynamite! His right hand is a plum. Mashed purple, thick as an orange, and full of cocaine."

Dynamite, grinning, said, "Yeah?"

Davey turned suddenly away and returned to Willie Fleming. He caught the veteran by the arm, dragged him to the hall.

"WE'LL show 'em, Willie. He ain't a bad guy, this Dynamite. We'll let him see we ain't puttin' the double X on him. You just walk in like you're wishin' him luck. I'll do the talkin'."

"If the promoters git wise, Davey . . ."

"How can they git wise?"

"I gotta have this dough, Davey. I'm flat."

"You'll git the dough. I'm tryin' to save you a beatin', that's all."

"I'm used to beatin's."

They were at the other dressing-room. They entered and crossed it. Dynamite grinned up at them. Willie Fleming made as though to shake hands with this opponent he soon would face. Dynamite saw that hand. Understanding flashed in his eyes.

"Good luck to you," Willie said evenly.

"Yeah," Dynamite nodded vaguely. "Same to you."

"See fer yourself," Davey whispered as Fleming left the room. "He couldn't hit you with that hand if you was a cream puff!"

Wonderment replaced the smile in Dynamite's eyes. "Why does he go in there like that? Why don't he call it off?"

"The dough! He ain't got twenty minutes' interest on a worn dime!"

"Fightin's a business," Dynamite said thoughtfully. "He's on his own when we git in the ring. The mob wants kayos. Sorry. . . ."

He turned away. Davey left the room with an imprecation on his lips. He wrapped a single strand of thin gauze over Fleming's injured hand. "You can't tell, Willie," he muttered. "Mebbe he'll go along with you but don't dare let us know it. I can't hardly believe a guy would slug a cripple an' collect heavy sugar fer it."

Willie said, "It's the racket. I been around a long time, Davey. I know how it goes."

DAVEY puffed a cigarette. Willie sat silent. In due course the caller summoned them. Together they wrapped a bathrobe about Willie. They stood silent in the center of the ring for instructions from the referee. Dynamite kept his eyes lowered. They took their corners, came out fighting at the bell. Dynamite feinted and Willie stepped back. Dynamite threw a wide hook from a crouch. Willie blocked it with his right forearm, but winced with pain and gave ground. Dynamite followed him; backed him into the ropes at will; flailed his ribs with ponderous shots. Willie was helpless. The referee separated them. They sparred a moment. Willie stepped in with a straight left. Deliberately, Dynamite took this blow to the face. Under it he lifted a terrific uppercut. His glove landed flush on Willie's chin. Fleming's knees crumpled. He fell. In the rosin he lay still. The crowd roared appreciation of a clean knock-out. Dynamite carried his victim to his corner; there he met the accusing eye of Davey.

"A great champ!" Davey sneered. "I got a grandmother you might belt out next time!"

Dynamite made no answer. He left the ring amidst acclaim. Dressed, he went to his manager.

"Did we collect?"

"Right in the kick, Dynamite. Two grand."

"Gimme five hundred."

"Now?"

"Yeah."

He took this money and went to Willie Fleming. To the fighter himself he handed it. "There ain't no cut for managers in this, Willie," he growled. "Live on it till the battle-axe heals. Then you'll git another shot at me."

FLEMING took the money. He grinned broadly. "What a guy!" he exclaimed. "I was just tellin' Davey, Dynamite, that you was the whitest guy I ever seen. This dough is swell. But there's more than dough. Only you an' me know about it. Managers don't see such things. Neither do crowds. Only fighters. Over there on the ropes I couldn't even block with my right arm. You knew that. You could have pasted me plenty. But you waited. Waited till you had a clean shot I never even felt. Then you give it to me easy an' gentle. I like that, Dynamite. That's a champ at heart!"

Dynamite said simply, "Soak that bunch of fives in lead an' opium, Willie. Then git it X-rayed. . . ."

From the door came the voice of Dynamite's manager: "What's the idea, kid, a love feast? Wish him luck an' let's scram!"

When they were together in the hall the manager laughed coarsely. "What was the argument?" he asked. "I suppose they was sore 'cause you didn't carry that bum! What the hell did he expect?"

Dynamite was smiling again, gently. "Nothin'," he answered. "He didn't expect nothin'. Mebbe that's why he got it."

Then they went on out of the club arm in arm.

Illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr.

"Good luck to you," Willie said evenly. Dynamite nodded vaguely

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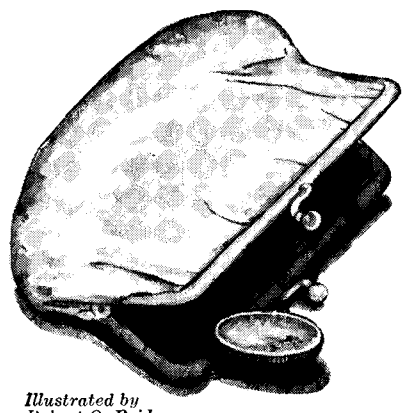
Cut to Order

If your meat bill is high, don't blame the butcher. Here's the reason why—together with such tasty remedies as lamb stew, the delight of the George Drexel Biddles, and Hungarian goulash à la Albertina Rasch

By Ruth Seinfel

MAYBE you turn your well-bred nose up at any meat dish that smells remotely like hash or stew. Maybe you would feel that a stigma had attached itself to you for life if one of the neighbors overheard you asking your butcher for any but the most exclusive cuts of beef, veal, lamb or pig. Maybe you, Mrs. John Jones, like eighty-five out of a hundred other Mrs. John Joneses, habitually behave in the butcher shop as though you thought an animal consisted only of steaks, chops and prime rib roasts. And then go home and complain to old J. J. about the scandalous cost of meat.



Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

Careless buying costs many a housewife's dollar

Well, in the stately dining-room of her upper Park Avenue apartment, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, her banker husband, their three sons and any guests whom they may have brought home with them are probably sitting down this evening to a fine, juicy pot roast.

Farther down the same aristocratic avenue, Mrs. George Drexel Biddle, young matron of one of New York's and Philadelphia's first families, is rejoicing to see that cook has prepared a favorite Drexel Biddle dish, lamb stew.

Across the town on the West Side, in that section inhabited by another New York aristocracy, that of the theater, in a huge apartment furnished with the art, old and new, of almost every country in the world, Mme. Albertina Rasch, her husband Dmitri Tiomkin, and sundry artist guests are partaking with obvious enjoyment of a steaming, savory Hungarian goulash.

Says Mrs. Harriman, who has dined with emperors and presidents, shaking her queenly white head in gentle reproof, "It is a shame that American housewives pay so little attention to their kitchens. Why, I don't believe most of them know how to cook anything but a steak!"

Says Albertina Rasch, whose dancing girls have made her one of the most successful women in the theater, who can go out into the kitchen herself and serve you the most exquisite delicacies, "But it is both extravagant and lazy not to take the trouble to cook appetizing dishes out of inexpensive foods!"

Says Mrs. Biddle, young and insouciant, but very serious about the matter of food, "I should think it would be frightfully dull always to have the same kind of meat cooked in the same way!"

A little kitchen ingenuity will produce big dividends in meal enjoyment

Lest you find this triple rebuke unmerited, we may as well say here and now that we have the goods on you. In fact, you've been investigated. Not long ago a corps of sharp-nosed snoopers trailed you and ninety-nine other Mrs. John Joneses to your favorite meat emporiums and listened in while you ordered the main course of J. J.'s dinner. And this is what they found:

Thirty-two of you asked for chops, thirty-one for steaks, twenty-two for roasts. Only fifteen seemed to know that there were other and less expensive cuts of meat.

As to quantity, thirty-six said brightly, "Oh, give me twenty or twenty-five cents' worth," or something equally sketchy. Twenty-four wanted "Enough for three or four people." Seventeen left even more to the butcher with a request for "a steak" or "three chops." Only nineteen ordered by weight.

Part three of this newsreel showed that women are far more trusting with other men than their husbands might care to believe. Forty-one, having stated their wishes, resigned all responsibility and gazed serenely around the shop. Thirty-seven genial souls gossiped. Only twenty-two watched the scales.

Park Avenue Cooking Tips

It would look as though poor old John Jones had no right to care what Mrs. J. did with his money just so long as she provided him with something each evening to stay his hunger. The thing begins to assume serious proportions when you realize that the money spent in the butcher shop is from one sixth to one third of an American family's total food bill.

Well, without pointing the moral too unpleasantly, we'll go back to Park Avenue.

Mrs. Biddle, tall, Junoesque, with hair the color of dark fire, is known less as a housewife than as a merry-hearted member of the merry-hearted younger set. Yet when she introduced her Southern cook for our further enlightenment, she spoke feelingly of May's tender care of the Biddle food budget.

May came forward then, and in her soft voice told us some of the secrets of the Biddle kitchen. There was her recipe for the lamb stew which is the delight of the Biddles, a matter of shoulder of lamb, numerous vegetables —she mentioned carrots, onions, peas, potatoes and tomatoes— and slow cooking for two hours or so in enough water just to cover the meat.

Mrs. George Drexel Biddle takes food budgets seriously

There was her artful way of making breast of lamb into a brown stew. With seasoning and flour she browns the meat in a pan, then transfers it to a deep saucepan with onions, bay leaves, and barely enough water to cover, and lets it simmer for two hours or until tender.

So much for the lowlier cuts of lamb. There were still beef and veal and pig to be taken up in our research, but May had the Biddle dinner to get, so we hurried uptown to Mrs. Harriman.

Mrs. Harriman, despite her busy social life, despite the time she devotes to her favorite enterprise, the gigantic Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries, keeps a close eye on the family food bills and does the ordering every day of her life.

She called her blue-eyed Irish Julia out of the kitchen, and Julia gave us a discourse on kitchen economics. We wish we could give it verbatim, brogue and all. In substance, Julia explained how she saves the Harriman money by buying, not for one meal, but for two or three or more.

"Spareribs of pork with cabbage—that makes a nice dinner," mused Julia, "and when it is cold it tastes just like ham. For a pot roast I get lean brisket of beef and I save bacon fat to cook it in—bacon fat is very good—and I put in every vegetable I have in the house and cook it slowly about two hours. When you cut it cold, you wouldn't know it from a slice of roast beef."

Veal stew, for which Mrs. Harriman confessed to a special fondness, comes off the shoulder. Julia cooks it with a bit of salt pork, "because veal is kind of dry," and she puts in carrots, green peppers, onions and potatoes. Two

(Continued on page 37)

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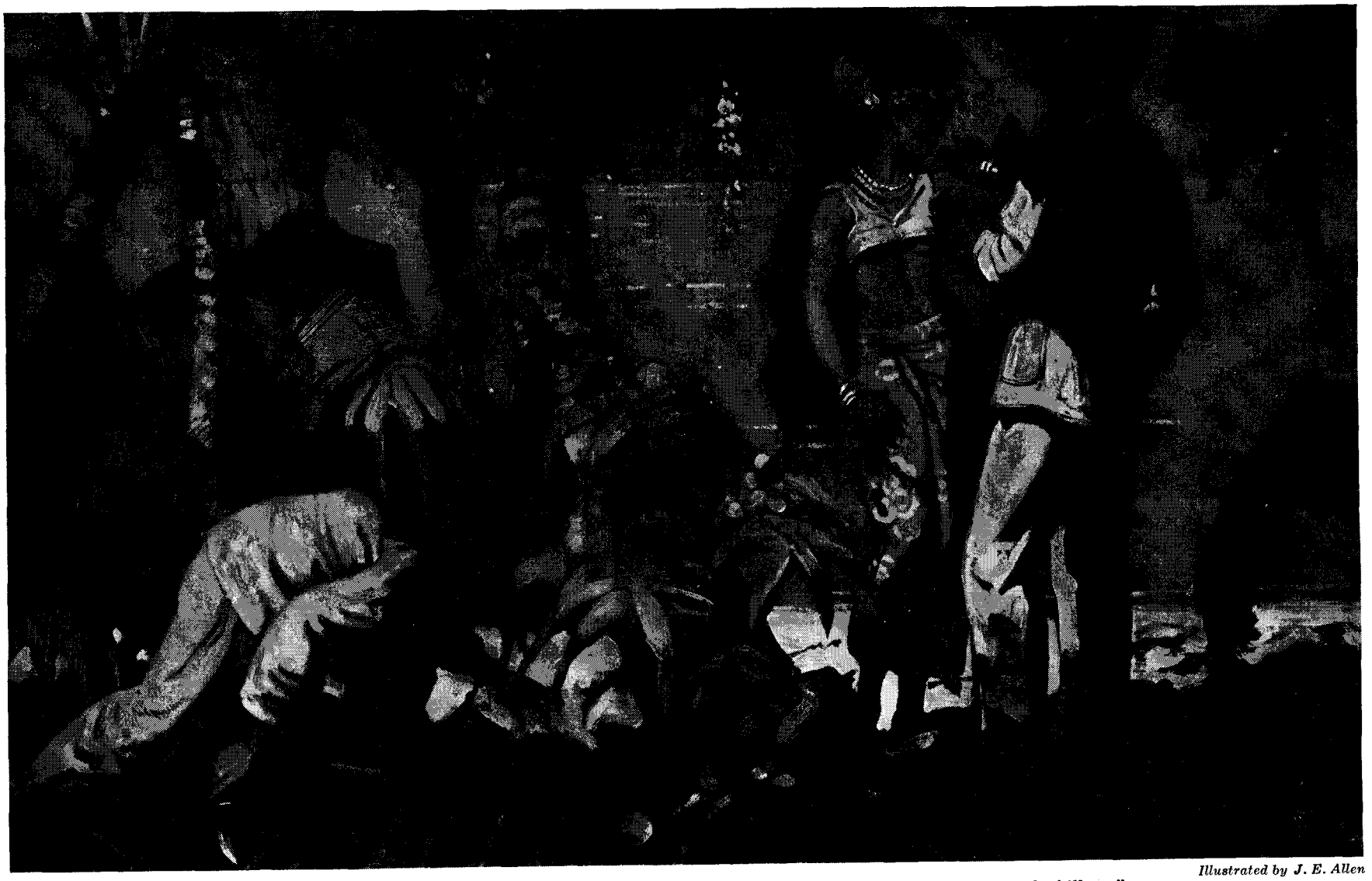

Illustrated by J. E. Allen

"You mean you're afraid to tell me?" "Yes," she whispered, "I am afraid. Bull Martin would kill me"

Ten Matched Pearls

By Albert Richard Wetjen

A stranger came ashore at Tiafura Beach. He stayed eight hours. And this is the story

THERE was an oath. Then a table crashed over and there was the roar of a gun. The tinny piano in Stance's bar stopped abruptly and a Kanaka girl screamed. Everyone turned to look. A man was lying on the floor, some playing cards gripped convulsively in his hand. Above him stood a lithe, lean man with a smoking revolver. His face was hard and lined, his black eyes like burning coals.

"I told him he'd try his funny stuff once too often," he said harshly. "Anyone got anything to say?"

He scanned the mixed assemblage of mates and masters, traders, *bêche de mer* fishers and prospectors, grinning a little and without mirth, but no one answered him. After a moment he gave a contemptuous shrug, holstered his gun, stooped to pick up a wad of bank notes and, calmly pulling aside the grass curtain that covered the doorway, went out on the veranda that faced the sea. A perceptible sigh went up and men relaxed. After a few uncertain starts the piano began again. A half-caste girl began a dance and someone called for more whisky. Tiafura Beach was tough and life was short anyway.

Stance, fat and good-natured, flicked sudden sweat from his forehead and, leaning on his bar, beckoned one of his houseboys.

"Clean up the mess," he said with an oath. "Shove Collins in the trade-room. We'll bury him at dawn."

The houseboy flashed betel-stained teeth in a laugh and went away. The tall stranger who was leaning on the bar finished his drink and smiled a little, his white-topped captain's cap pulled low over his gray eyes.

"Short and sweet, eh?" he drawled.

Stance stared at him and grunted.

"Short and sweet's right," he said sourly. "Been that way ever since Bull Martin blew in. I ain't no angel but I ran the beach halfway decent before that. Now it's just plain hell!"

"Was that Bull Martin?" inquired the stranger.

Stance tugged at his mustache and looked curious.

"That wasn't. You must be new to these parts, Captain."

"It's a bit north of my usual runs," the other admitted. "I just came up from Brisbane."

"SO?" said Stance, pushing over the gin bottle. "The shooting gent was Chet Waring. Maybe you've heard of him?"

"Killed old Banning on Ponape," agreed the stranger. "Shot up Wilson's place at Samarai. Wanted in Australia and New Guinea. Yes, I've heard of him. He's bad."

"Too damned bad," Stance grunted. "Bull Martin brought him in to take care of little things like that." He jerked a thumb to where the shooting had taken place. "Bull had it in for Collins. Sent Waring here to tangle with him. I warned Collins but he wouldn't listen. Gamble any time. Didn't suppose Chet would pull any thing here."

"Was Collins cheating, do you think?"

"Maybe. Makes no difference anyway. He's smeared."

"Seems like you could stop that sort of thing in your own place," observed the other, pouring another drink. Stance shrugged.

"I ain't as young as I was and I don't like trouble. Martin'd clean me out if I gave him any sort of excuse. He runs the Bird of Paradise down the beach a ways and he'd like to hog all the trade. But I been here fifteen years and the old-timers'd stand by me if he pulled anything too raw."

The stranger considered his glass for a moment.

"Why not ship in someone to take care of Waring?" he suggested. "Two can play the same game."

Stance laughed.

"Ship in who? There ain't anyone in th' Islands as'd stand up to Chet Waring, nor to Bull Martin for that matter. Maybe Wallaby Jim or Bill Gunther might, but they ain't the sort you hire out fer killings."

The stranger nodded and lighted a cheroot. Stance saw his face more clearly in the sudden flare of the match, etched with strong lines, heavily tanned. He noted that the other wore a gun belt, that his ducks were of the finest material and that his shirt was silk. He was obviously a shipmaster, possibly an owner of some standing.

"I'VE seen Bill Gunther shoot," he said after a pause. "He's good. I don't know about Wallaby Jim."

"Nor do I," Stance admitted. "Except talk. The Islands are full of that. But they do say Wallaby's the fastest gunman since Gotch died. He cleaned up Balata Beach anyway, and he shot it out with the Gunderson brothers off Cape Nelson. They was supposed to be something too."

"Speaking of killings," drawled the other. "Ever hear of a fellow named Carstairs?"

Stance went a little rigid and leaned his elbows on the bar.

"What about Carstairs?" he demanded softly. The other stared at him, smiling.

"I was just curious. Used to know him once and they told me in Brisbane he was up this way."

Stance was silent for a long moment.

"Carstairs was here six weeks ago," he said at last. "Pearl buyer up from the Paumotus. Came with McCluny of

(Continued on page 45)

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Let's be fair. There *are* a number of good tooth pastes—all made by reputable manufacturers, who feel a responsibility to the public as well as to their own pockets.

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Reward of Virtue

By Clinton W. Gilbert

WHEN President Roosevelt chose Cordell Hull as one of his chief advisers he didn't do the obvious thing. When we were picking a great Cabinet for the new administration we nominated the obvious men—Owen Young, Newton Baker, John W. Davis, Bernard M. Baruch, Governor Ritchie, Al Smith—but none of us thought of Cordell Hull. Yet here is a man who has spent his whole life preparing for just this moment in the world's history, just this deadlock in international trade. He knows every tariff barrier as old Hindenburg, called suddenly from obscurity in 1914, knew the Masurian Lakes region, where before the eyes of an astonished world he won one of the great victories of the war.

Luck has been on Cordell Hull's side and luck now and then points its finger at its man. When he decided not to stand for his old congressional district in 1930 but to run for the Senate from Tennessee, his friends in Washington shook their heads sadly and said, "Poor Cordell." They had in mind what happened to Finis Garrett, another old-fashioned Democrat of ability from Tennessee, who decided to quit the House and have a try at the Senate two years earlier and who was beaten easily by Senator McKellar.

"Poor Cordell!" Some demagogue would surely enter the race for senator and Hull, like Garrett, would be beaten for the nomination. Joseph W. Byrns, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, did become a candidate against Mr. Hull, and Mr. Byrns, while far from being a McKellar, is artful in playing the jazz tunes to which a dozen minorities may dance together. Mr. Hull was going at least to have a hard fight of it. But illness led to Byrns' withdrawal before the primary was held, and Hull became senator from Tennessee.

It is thus to an accident, perhaps, that President Roosevelt is indebted for the presence in Washington of one of his soundest and most honest-minded advisers, one with his roots deep-set in the old Democratic party.

The Scientist of Politics

So far as I know there has been only one Cordell Hull in the national capital in many years. Popular sovereignty is not geared to erupt Cordell Hulls on the national scene. Look at him. He is thin and pale and worn with too much study. He is a man of the closet rather than of the hustings. He is undramatic, being devoted utterly to the chemical analysis of the facts of political experience in an effort to isolate the atom of truth. If he ever told a funny story or cracked a joke, that story or joke has not survived in the memory of Washington.

I never heard Hull say a disingenuous thing, or a thing calculated to catch votes—which is proof enough that there is only one Cordell Hull in Washington. The art of politics consists of the ardent embracing of half truths or the passionate assertion of whole untruths that are popular. He pursues truth like a scientist engaged in conducting a research.

As a result of his scientific habit of mind one criticism that I have heard of him from his associates in Congress is that you never get a positive opinion from him, that whatever he says is hedged about with qualifications. And the one story that they tell about him down in Tennessee is that when he was

C. J. Post

Cordell Hull: his great opportunity finds him prepared

riding along in a train a friend of his, looking out of the car window, said, "That's a fine flock of sheep."

Hull studied the landscape. "It looks like it," he said.

"It's been sheared," said his friend.

"Certainly on this side," said Hull.

That is obviously an invented story, but invented stories illuminate personalities. His caution about facts and appearances does not spring from moral timidity. No one who was morally timid would have gone on as Hull has, indifferent to the changing habits of political life which favor the demagogue and the faker. On the whole, politics must be distasteful to him.

His hardest political experience was appearing on the platform at the Chicago Democratic Convention to argue for the minority plank on prohibition, the plank favoring resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment as against the one for outright repeal. He is not a popular orator. His voice is thin and high. His personality does not reach the audience. He cannot ingratiate himself by a joke or a funny story.

The great crowd in the stadium booed him incessantly. I met him as he came down from the platform. It was the first time I ever saw his impassive though essentially sensitive face betray emotion. He was distressed by his experience on the platform. And the best I could think of to say to him was that he had done as well as could be expected with his side of the question before so hostile a crowd.

And the sad part of it was that the Tennessee delegation had, while he was on the platform, swung over from resubmission to repeal. Once, however, the party had voted for repeal, Hull was for repeal, for he is faithful to his party. He is like the scientist who has to reconcile science and religion. In his case the religion is the Democratic party.

I asked an ex-congressman, not a particular friend of his, what he thought of Hull. "The ablest man I have known in Washington," he replied. The majority of men here will say something like that about him. The rest, looking at ability from a different standpoint, find him somewhat ineffective because he lacks both the eloquence and dramatic skill of a Borah and the address in managing men of a John Garner or a Jimmy Byrnes. His speeches read better than they sound, which was also true of Edmund Burke. In committee in the Senate, Hull talks over the heads of his fellows. He is interested in principles and the long view of issues. They are interested in shaping a measure to get votes on the floor and votes for themselves back home. To them he seems impractical.

But there is a certain practicality in principles and the long view. Hull's whole career leads up to this administration. In very important respects he is the man of the hour. He is a good enough politician to have attached himself early to the Roosevelt candidacy. He is one of the new President's most trusted advisers. Mr. Roosevelt called him to New York as one of five senators for a consultation on taxation. Just before leaving Warm Springs for a yachting trip, Mr. Roosevelt had him there for a long conference on war debts and the tariff situation.

Specializing in Tariffs

No one in the United States knows more about the tariff of this country and the tariff of other countries than Mr. Hull does. And no one knows more, in principle at least, about the international debts as they affect world trade than he does. He has been studying these questions endlessly for years. He has been making speeches, fortified with carefully prepared statistics, about the destructive effects of tariffs upon international trade. He has not yielded to the temptations which have made most of the Democrats in Congress low-tariff men in theory while voting for protection on the industries in their districts and states. The President committed himself in his campaign speeches to the lowering of tariffs by international agreements. The country, which has been protectionist for years, is beginning to doubt protection.

Cordell Hull has lived for years for the moment that has arrived, when his own party would come into power to right the mistakes of the Republican party on the tariff. And he has prepared himself for his great opportunity as nobody else in the history of American politics has ever before prepared himself. For this he has given endless hours to study. For this he has cut himself off from all social life. For this he has been content to seem impractical to his more topically minded colleagues in Congress. He is the old Cato of the tariff. Cato used never to make a speech in Rome without ending with the words, "Carthage must be destroyed." Hull's Carthage is the tariff.

Never has a career been more pointed, consciously or unconsciously, toward one of the great moments in history than has Hull's. The world stands at a decisive juncture. Either it is going to turn its back on a tendency that has been going on since before the discovery of America—a tendency that with the improvement of communications has been drawing the nations closer together—or it is going to pull down the recently erected barriers and move toward closer relations of trade and mutual understanding. Hull is a spokesman of international coöperation.

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Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Rossiter turned the key and pushed back the heavy lid with firm fingers. Everyone leaned a little forward

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING a visit to his old friends, Lord Edward Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's Home Secretary, is kidnapped and taken to a mysterious house in Norfolk by four masked men. There, placed on a gallows, he is told that, unless he will grant a reprieve to Cecil Brandt, a condemned murderer, he will himself be hanged. A brave man, he yields only when told that Brandt's wife has new evidence to offer. Then, released, he hears Katherine Brandt's story—and faints. Before he comes to, Brandt is hanged!

Scotland Yard takes the case. A series of thrilling episodes follows, and Sir Humphrey and Katherine Brandt both disappear! Working feverishly, Sub-Commissioner Matterson and numerous operatives—notably one Pank, a detective—learn, to their amazement, that the leader of the kidnappers, the leading spirit in a sinister plot of which little can be learned, is—*Lord Edward Keynsham!* . . . Sir Humphrey and Katherine Brandt reappear. They had, they say, been induced by Lord Edward to disappear "to save their lives." . . . A key, marked "Grimmett 1431," had been sent to Sir Humphrey by Brandt, just before his execution. Keynsham's conspirators make desperate efforts to obtain it. They fail. . . .

Let us now journey to France—to the beautiful Château de Lusigny, near Bordeaux. Lord Edward Keynsham is there, with four other members of a vast and mysterious "syndicate": the Marquis de Lusigny, and three Americans, Van Pleyden, Bowman and Sam Clowes. All are greatly excited, worried. In the course of their discussion these facts are brought out: Following the war, a vast syndicate (with Keynsham at the head) had been formed, its purpose being to export wine and spirits to America. It had netted untold millions. Then Brandt, a scoundrel, had been admitted; and killings had followed. When executed, he had had in his possession a key—the *one* key to a safe containing matter which, in the hands of the authorities, might mean death to every member. That key he had refused to hand over. Instead, he had sent it to Sir Humphrey, whom he hated, hoping thereby to bring about his death. Keynsham (who has, it appears, done everything to protect Sir Humphrey) sums the situation up. Then—"We cannot get that key. If it is used, we are lost. But, gentlemen, it will never be used. I am going to London—leave it to me. Goodby!"

Conclusion

CURIOUS passers-by came to the conclusion that the Home Secretary must either be giving an evening party to commence at a later hour, or that he was entertaining the foreign delegates from a particularly restless country who were making London their headquarters for the moment. There were two plain-clothes policemen outside each of those long, low windows abutting almost upon the street, which had been the cause of so much trouble; there were two uniformed policemen at the front door, and if they had been able to see into the court, they would have found another two guarding each of the back entrances. For once the house in Chestow Square was amply protected.

In the library was an atmosphere of storm. Two men—Colonel Matterson, the sub-commissioner of Scotland Yard, and Sir Humphrey Rossiter, the Home Secretary—both desperately angry, faced each other in significant silence. There were coffee, cigars, cigarettes and liqueurs spread out upon the sideboard. Not a thing had been touched. Neither man was smoking. Sir Humphrey stood on the hearthrug in a characteristic attitude, calmer than his companion but with his mouth set in rigid lines, and a steely look in his eyes. Matterson, with less self-control, was also standing, his face flushed, his hair a little disordered, a dark frown upon his face. Traffic in the square outside was usually negligible towards nightfall, and the silence in the room was all the more noticeable in the absence of any sound from without. It was Matterson who at last resumed a very heated discussion.

"May I take the liberty of asking, Sir Humphrey," he demanded, "what would be your course of action if I should give orders for the arrest of Lord Keynsham on his arrival?"

"I should look upon such a proceeding," the Home Secretary replied, "as an act of insubordination on your part. I should at once order your men to release Lord Edward, and if they refused I should impose upon them the same penalty as I should certainly exact from you. My authority in this matter must not be disputed."

"Do you realize, sir," the sub-commissioner proceeded harshly, "that the box which you have in your possession, which Lord Edward is so anxious not to have you open until his arrival, contains, without a doubt, the clue we need to enable us to hunt down the Lombard Street murderers?"

"WHAT it contains is not, for the present, your business," was the firm rejoinder. "That box is part of the estate of a man for whom I am acting as executor. I intend to accede to Keynsham's request and open it in his presence. The administration of justice can be in no way affected by a few minutes' delay."

"You have forgiven his lordship, then," Matterson inquired cuttingly, "for putting you through that degrading exhibition at Norwich which brought on your illness?"

"The matter is in abeyance," Rossiter replied. "I require a fuller statement of his motive."

"You have forgiven him for your second disappearance, during which your house and the apartment of Mrs. Brandt were burglariously entered and ransacked?"

"My second disappearance was entirely voluntary," Sir Humphrey explained. "My impression is that Lord Edward, whether rightly or wrongly, acted in good faith with a view to saving my life and the life of Katherine Brandt."

"The situation is absolutely impossible," Matterson declared angrily. "Do you realize, sir, that the young man who made his way into this house by means of a stolen key and who shot

(Continued on page 42)

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WHY does Dr. Jacobson, one of the leading medical experts in Denmark, make the above startling statement?

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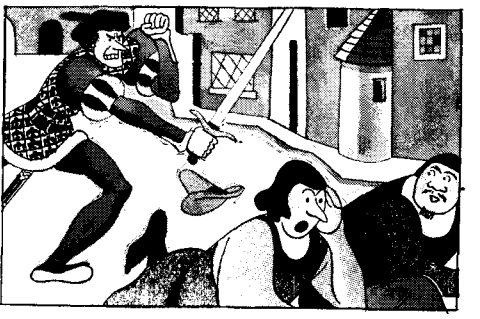
What Happens to Grouches

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by Ray Rohn



She says to him, "Well, hero, there's a pansy; that's for your thoughts"

WELL, I went to see Hamlet not long ago, and I regret I never seen that play before, for there is a moral lesson in it for them that is not too blind to see; and the moral lesson is what happens to a grouch.

This young feller Hamlet is a prohibitionist and a crape-hanger. When the old king is taking a drink like anyone naturally would Hamlet sticks up his nose at it and says to his friend Horatio that it is a custom more humored in the breech than the observings; which was a nasty crack to make.

The curtain goes up and everybody is jolly and cheerful but this Hamlet. What the hell, they are all thinking, why not have a good time?—the old king is dead and buried and the new king is married to his widow, and everybody should be happy. But this young Hamlet is setting around in black clothes acting like he was better than anybody else, and making mean wise-cracks. You can't be pleasant with a grouch like that around the place. Everybody he had anything to do with all through the play had to suffer because he was such a grouch.

THERE was an old coot by the name of Polinarius; a silly old goat with a beard, but he had a kind heart. Hamlet gets a grouch against him and sticks a sword through his stummick. He done it just because he could not stand it to see anybody anywheres who was jolly and sociable and kind-hearted and having a good time.

Then there was Polinarius' daughter, a bright, happy little flapper. All she wanted was to be jollied along by this Hamlet and maybe a petting party now and then; but he was such a stuck-up grouch he couldn't bear to think of a good time, even for himself. Anybody else would of said to himself, "Oh, what the hell!" and took a few drinks and led her to the altar. Practically everybody gets married more or less at some time in his life; it's one of them things that you ain't a man unless you face it and go through with it. A real man will brace up and put a few shots of hooch under his belt and face the music and make some good woman happy.

BUT this Hamlet just hated the idea of making anybody happy. So he jilted the girl and she went and drowned herself, but before she done so she gathered some flowers and give to her friend and she says to him, "Well, hero, there's a pansy; that's for your thoughts."

And he was hanging around the graveyard when they buried her, even making his gloomy wise-cracks about the skulls they dug up. He was the prize crape-hanger, that feller was.

Along comes a couple of nice young Jewish fellers he had went to school with, Rosenberg and Guildstein, and they tried to cheer him up. "Just for the sake of argument, Your Royal Highness," they says, "let us eat, drink and be merry; maybe we ain't going to die tomorrow after all!" Which made him sore and he had them framed by some racketeers down by the waterfront.

Well, after he killed Polinarius and his daughter and them two nice young Jewish fellers and Heaven knows how many more that wasn't on the stage at all, Polinarius' son comes home and finds most of his family connections in the grave. This son was a fine, upstanding, cheerful young feller, the kind that would spend money with the gang as long as he had it, and no underhanded stuff about him unless it was necessary to get even with somebody that had done him dirt, and he says it is his opinion this feller and his grouch has went far enough.

Check, says the king. So they framed Hamlet in a sword fight, and they got him, too; Shakespeer could always be depended on to slap a moral into his shows, and the moral of this one is that sooner or later a grouch will get what he has been laying up for himself.

Before he died he managed to kill the good old king and Polinarius' son, and the poor queen got hold of some bad hooch and passed on also, just to make it an even dozen. And I suppose Hamlet felt as happy as that type of man can ever feel when he seen all them corpses he was responsible for laying around the stage. And when they carried him out cold I says to myself, I hope he goes where his dad is and they can have a nice cheerful time setting on a pile of cinders talking it over; he was one of the worst examples of prohibitionist that ever went on from bad to worse.

If all my good resolves to mend
Were tied together end to end
And lowered as into a well
They'd reach the paving stones of hell.

Things even in Hollywood are seldom as bad as they screen.

Literature is an accident that sometimes happens when a writer is engrossed in trying to tell his story.

The thoughtfullest man I ever met
Was wondering what he just had et.
Says he, "Should it a toadstool be,
Bury me under the sycamore tree;
But should it be a mushroom, then
Tomorrow let us dine again!"

STEADY WORK!

MY FRIEND Jackson was bragging to me yesterday about his business acumen and worldly foresight.

I wondered a little because Jackson hasn't struck me recently as being in much better situation than all the rest of us in this world of wailing and baffled financial hopes.

"But look at my three boys," said Jackson.

I knew vaguely that all three of them were lucky enough to have jobs and I commented on this and congratulated him.

"Yes," said Jackson, with a grin of self-complacence. "But what kind of jobs have those young fellows got, huh?"

"Well," I said, "I'll bite; what kind of jobs are they?"

"Jobs," said Jackson, with another egotistical smirk, "which their wise old dad began to educate them for as far back as 1927 and 1928. I saw that boom wasn't going to last and I knew what sort of a collapse was going to follow. I don't claim to be especially wise, for everybody should have seen that it was a false condition and could not last." But Jackson's manner made the claim for him that he *was* especially wise.

"I made all three of those boys take special courses in law and business, so that their future is assured. No matter what happens to the country, those boys are O. K."

"Well," I said, "what *are* they working at? Come through with it!"

"They are all receivers! I prepared them for it. Yes, sir, there aren't three men in the country who know any more than they do about handling receiverships."

Some persons are likable in spite of their unswerving integrity.

Justice is something which humanity has always loved . . . to talk about.

For a long time government in America has consisted of spending money to elect politicians to spend money to . . . etc.

When a man can find nothing else on earth to laugh at, there is always himself.

Some of us are so lazy we won't even bother to hunt up a comfortable place to loaf.

Of course, it hasn't narrowed down to that yet—but if you were called upon to name your choice for Dictator of the U. S. A., which one would you vote for, Archy or the Old Soak?

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Announcing
NEW AIR-COOLED ELECTROLUX
Uses No Water

From this remarkable advance in the science of home refrigeration you can

EXPECT MORE

New Low Prices—Permanent Silence—Continuing Economy

You get lowest operating costs. The new Electrolux uses less gas than formerly, and uses no water at all.

You get silence, utter and permanent. Electrolux has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame does all the work!

You get constant crisp cold, by the simplest freezing method, next to Nature's! Ordinary air cools the simple refrigerant that a tiny gas flame keeps in circulation. Two-temperature chilling unit gives more uniform cold with wide variation in room temperature.

You get a conveniently located temperature dial, which means plenty of ice cubes, at all times. Electrolux's new temperature regulator permits speeding the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.

You get more food space. The new Electrolux has a split shelf. You can put tall bottles, or even a large roast, in its extra-size interior.

You get perfect spotlessness. Electrolux's porcelain interior has no seams or corners where dirt can collect.

You get non-stop defrosting. The twist of a dial, conveniently located, allows the temperature to rise just enough to defrost, without interrupting the cooling process.

You get trigger-trays that automatically release. Expect to have seen the last of struggling with trays that freeze tight.

You get notably efficient service from the gas company that promptly and willingly services the other gas appliances in your home. The new Air-Cooled Electrolux is easier than ever to install. Can be operated with bottled gas where there are no gas mains.

You get the enthusiasm of all new owners—when you see the Air-Cooled Electrolux in the showrooms of your local gas company or dealer.

And then · · EXPECT MORE!

USES NO WATER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc.
Evansville, Indiana

NEW *Air-Cooled* ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

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Once I was a Billionaire

Continued from page 11

post-war crisis had not done to Germany of itself was done by the staggering blow of the reparations demanded of the Germans by the nations which had beaten them. Though the government and the Reichsbank succeeded for a while in staving off collapse, the inflation snowball had gathered irresistible headway.

By the end of 1923 the printing of emergency paper money had reached such astounding proportions that 133 printing offices and 1,783 printing machines were exclusively occupied with the manufacture of Reichsbank and other forms of emergency currency, and over thirty factories were working full time in a mad endeavor to make the paper required for this avalanche of notes!

Not only the Reichsbank but a number of the German states, as well as a large number of provinces, townships and even private concerns, were engaged in printing these enormous quantities of paper money to meet the fantastic demand for it.

This insane state of affairs brought great suffering to most Germans, especially the middle classes. Since the paper money depreciated with increasing speed, eventually almost from one hour to the next, every German who came into possession of any of it tried to get rid of it as soon as possible. When a worker got his paper wages, or a clerk his paper salary, he rushed to exchange it for anything with a value which would not fade away while he was looking at it.

Take the case of Gretchen, lady's maid at the home of my friends, Herr and Frau Müller. Gretchen was a typical industrious German domestic. From her father, a peasant, she had inherited the typical law-abiding spirit of prewar Germany. "My father says that all Communists should be shot," Gretchen told me, "and I think he is right."

The Birth of a Communist

Before inflation she was getting, beside her keep, twenty marks weekly (just short of five dollars), which enabled her to meet her modest needs and give a few marks now and then to her aging father.

Suddenly the mark began to slide. Gretchen's wages were no longer enough to buy shoes and stockings and hats; she found herself entirely dependent on cast-off belongings given to her by her employers, and there was nothing left over for her old father.

The mark continued to drop. She demanded higher wages, and she got them —but the small increase in her pay was far from offsetting the big decrease in the mark's purchasing power.

Gretchen's wages went up to thirty marks a week—fifty per cent higher—but what good did that do her with the cost of living rising one hundred and two hundred and three hundred per cent?

"My father has become a Communist," Gretchen told me, "and I think he is right."

Then, also, there was Franz Stein, bank clerk. When I first knew him, shortly after the war, he was still jovial, in spite of the considerable burden of cares which had been suddenly dumped upon his shoulders. But when I saw Franz in 1923 his joviality had died.

"Remember that savings bank account I told you about?" he blurted, buttonholing me on one of the main streets of Berlin. "Well, I ran it up to 5,000 marks. Then I lost my job—the bank found that one post-war German could do the work of two prewar Germans. I couldn't find another job. I had to eat. So I turned to my savings. Five thousand marks a little while ago was real money. I had expected to live on it for a long time, if I should ever be unemployed.

"But now? Five thousand marks!—five thousand nothings! A dish of soup, a sausage, a loaf of bread, a glass of beer, a coat patched, a pair of shoes half-soled, and—gone! Every bit of it gone!" And Franz, too, as he shuffled away, seemed headed for Communism.

"Listen," said Otto Salzmann, grocer. "I had a good business—small but good. Then comes inflation and people crowd into my place like lunatics, trying to give me paper money. I raise my prices. I raise them again. But what's the use? The mark drops, it drops again, and still again, and every time the drop is worse than the last one.

"I go out and talk to other shopkeepers. We hit on a scheme. We add what we call 'supplements' to our prices, based on the latest quotations on foreign currencies; then, when that doesn't work, we introduce the 'multiplicator' —we multiply the posted price of an article by a certain figure, which we change often, so as to arrive at a new price, in closer relation to the decreased purchasing power of the mark. But—nix! We can't multiply fast enough!

"So we cut loose completely from the mark and demand payment in foreign money.

"'How much is this?' a customer asks. 'One dollar,' I answer. 'Take it or leave it!' And then there is a riot and a mob smashes into my store and steals every bit of my stock! Inflation! Ach, mein Gott!"

The Penalty of Thrift

Typical also of the plight of the middle classes was the case of two brothers who inherited equally from their father, who died before the inflation period. The first brother, who had always been thrifty, invested his inheritance in mortgages. The other, who had always dissipated, spent his money in stocking an excellent wine cellar.

When inflation hit Germany the first brother was wiped out financially. But the other, after he had drunk up, with the aid of boon companions, all the fine wines in his cellar, sold the empty bottles for a good round sum, which he likewise spent in riotous living. No wonder crime and loose living increased alarmingly in Germany during the inflation crisis! What use, after all, was it to have been thrifty and sober during the preceding years?

Bread-lines were everywhere. Hoodlums roamed the streets spying out opportunities for plunder. Shops of all sorts were pillaged.

Holders of foreign currencies reaped enormous harvests. A few dollars sufficed to buy valuable paintings and jewelry, big mansions and desirable building lots. As inflation dragged the mark from one low to another, there was a rush to convert the doomed currency into foreign money. Outside the banks in German cities, long lines of Germans gathered, impatiently waiting to get inside and swap millions of marks for currency of genuine and stable value. Since the banks soon became unable to cope with the demand, the so-called "black exchanges" appeared—groups of unauthorized dealers in dollars and pounds, who often charged usurious rates.

Long before the mark began to be quoted in the fantastic figures of the summer and autumn of 1923, it had begun to lose value so steadily that farmers grew reluctant to exchange their produce for marks. Hungry townspeople, who had rushed to the countryside to buy meat, eggs, vegetables and fruits, were compelled to return empty-handed. Rather than accept marks, the farmers let their produce rot, or burned it, or fed it to their pigs.

Eventually a system of barter arose. Townspeople would give farmers whatever they had of actual value—especially clothing and shoes—in exchange for farm products.

"Inflation destroyed our whole economic structure," an intelligent German business man, now in this country, who went through it from start to finish in Germany, told me. And when I reminded him that some Americans believed that inflation would benefit the United States, he spread out his hands in a gesture of horror, and exclaimed:

"God forbid! Once has been enough for me! Never again!"

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Going to town is an expensive event for the bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana. They are stopped on the outskirts of the community and made to rent a pair of trousers or a dress for the day's visit.—*By B. Skipp, Stamford, Connecticut.*

Cruft's International Dog Show, held annually in London, is the largest exhibition of its kind. This year 8,564 entries, ranging in weight from 2 to 224 pounds and comprising 80 breeds, competed for 1,338 prizes before 60 judges from several countries.

Helium, the gas that is satisfactorily imprisoned in airship gas bags made of linen and goldbeaters' skin, can be made to pass, under pressure, through heavy quartz glass—*By Paul Faris, Conway, Arkansas.*

The first successful mail-carrying flight of a glider has just been accomplished in Austria. Starting from a height of 5,000 feet above Vienna with a heavy load of mail, this motorless airplane glided through bad weather and over ice-covered mountains to Semmering, a distance of 62 miles.

Before the Christian era Egyptian temples used coin-in-the-slot devices to dispense holy water, and in seventeenth-century England saloons used organs to regale their patrons with music.

After 43 years' work, a Connecticut artist has just finished coloring 100,000 illustrations of the birds and trees of North America.—*By Robert Blackstone, Atlanta, Georgia.*

During the eighteenth century in France, one of the chief amusements of the people was roaming through the royal palace at Versailles. They were even allowed to stand in the roped-off section of the main dining-room and watch the King and Queen eat dinner.—*By William Penman, Anahuac, Texas.*

An X-ray tube, now being installed in a Chicago hospital for the treatment of cancer, has a radiation output equivalent to radium worth $75,000,000.

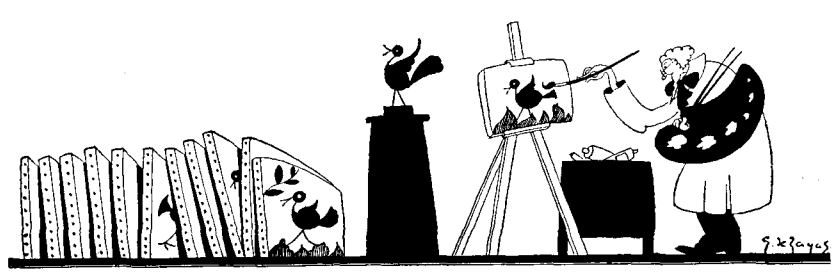
Africa has birds that are habitually intoxicated through feeding on fermented fruit, fish that swim upside down part of the time, and large snakes so sluggish that they are sometimes nibbled to death by mice.

Compared with giants, dwarfs are generally longer-lived, more intelligent and relatively stronger.

This year as usual the total cost of the spring training trips of the sixteen major league baseball clubs will approximate $800,000.

Owing to the presence of a magnetic field set up by an electric power house next door, a certain restaurant in New York City requests patrons sitting at the tables affected by it to check their watches at the cashier's desk so they will not be magnetized.—*By G. L. Nellis, Brooklyn, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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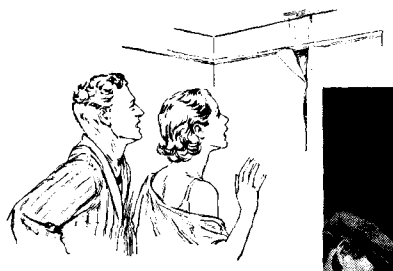
...*Interesting* NEWS *about* COPPER *and* BRASS

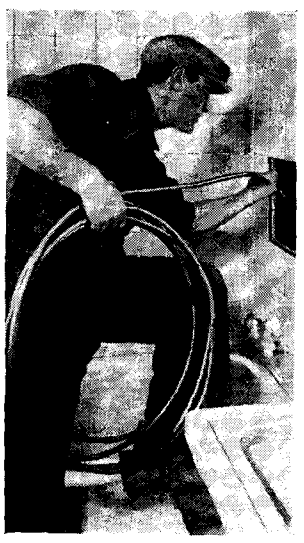
TIRED OF handing out money for REPAIRS?

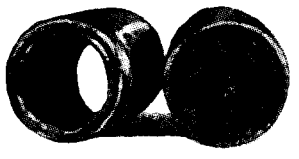
OF OUR annual repair bill *at least half a billion dollars is needless.* Needless because it's caused by rust! *And rust is needless.* The plumbing, heating and roofing contractors, into whose hands you put your money for these very same repairs, would much rather do a real job for you. They'd much rather use copper and its alloys, brass and bronze. These long-lasting materials can't rust. Hence no more rust-repairs!



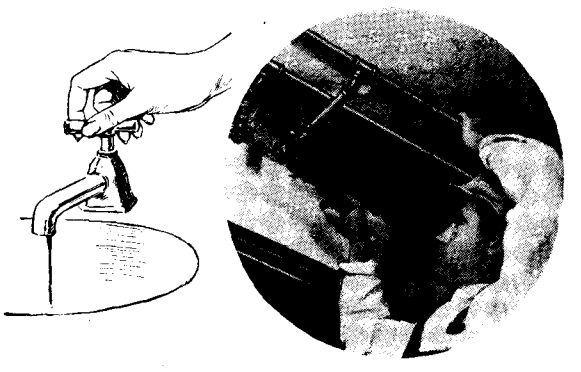
TIRED OF PAYING DAMAGES TO RUST?..... You may know the story: It was 'way up under the chimney. Nobody ever saw it, or thought about it. It was just a piece of flashing forgotten—until it rusted through and the rain came seeping into the bedroom. Then it was a source of many dollars' expense . . . *Copper flashings can't rust.*

TIRED OF TEARING OUT WALLS JUST TO REPLACE a few leaking lengths of water pipe? First place: If the pipe had been brass or copper it would have been safe from rust. Second place: You needn't tear out the wall. Nowadays flexible copper tubing can be fed in through a small opening. The old useless pipe merely stays where it is, unused—junk inside the walls!

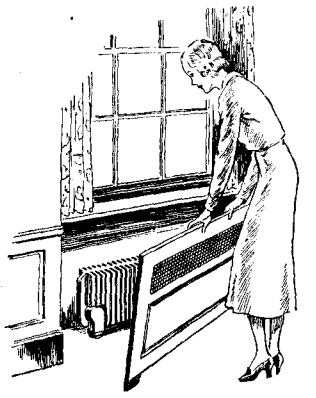




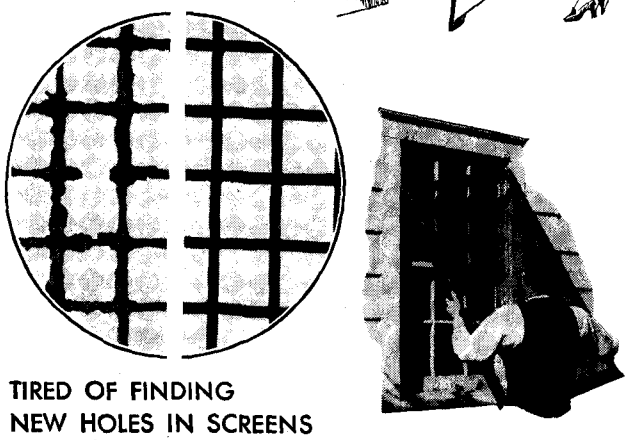
Here's the difference between non-rusting pipe and rusting pipe—after five years.



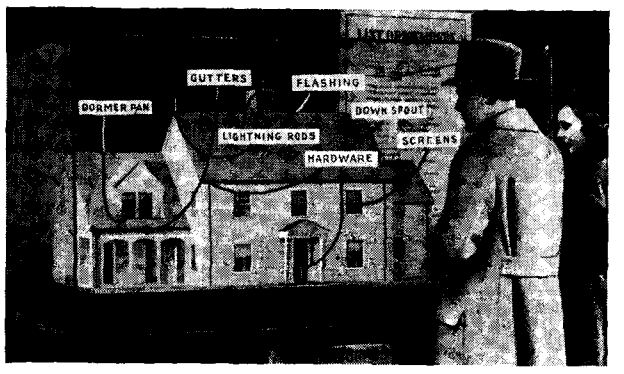
TIRED OF WAITING FOR THE WATER... OF CALLING THE PLUMBER—and paying the emergency repair bill? That's what that trickle may mean. First, the pipe clogs. Then it leaks, or bursts. *Before* walls, floors or furniture are damaged, is the time to install brass or copper pipes, the world-recognized standard of water pipes. No rust-repairs after that!



TIRED OF LOOKING AT CLUMSY, OLD-FASHIONED, space-consuming, heavy, slow-heating radiators? Then consider the new *copper* radiator. It's fast heating—gets the most out of your present furnace quickest. It's compact—hide it away *in* the wall. A marvelous development that's cleared up many a room and many a heating difficulty.



TIRED OF FINDING NEW HOLES IN SCREENS every spring? The two magnified sections above help to show why bronze screens (half-circle, right) have been known to last, *without repairs*, 25 years and why rustable screens (half-circle, left) don't last long. That's what both kinds of screen would look like, if magnified, after the same exposure to weather. (Be sure to ask for *standard-weight* bronze screen cloth.)



SOME PEOPLE, OF COURSE, BEGIN AT THE beginning on this matter of repair bills. No rusting metals to begin with, no rust-repair bills to end with... Build your new house with the metals recommended by thousands of architects who have endorsed model home exhibits like the one above. Copper and brass throughout!

COPPER & BRASS RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
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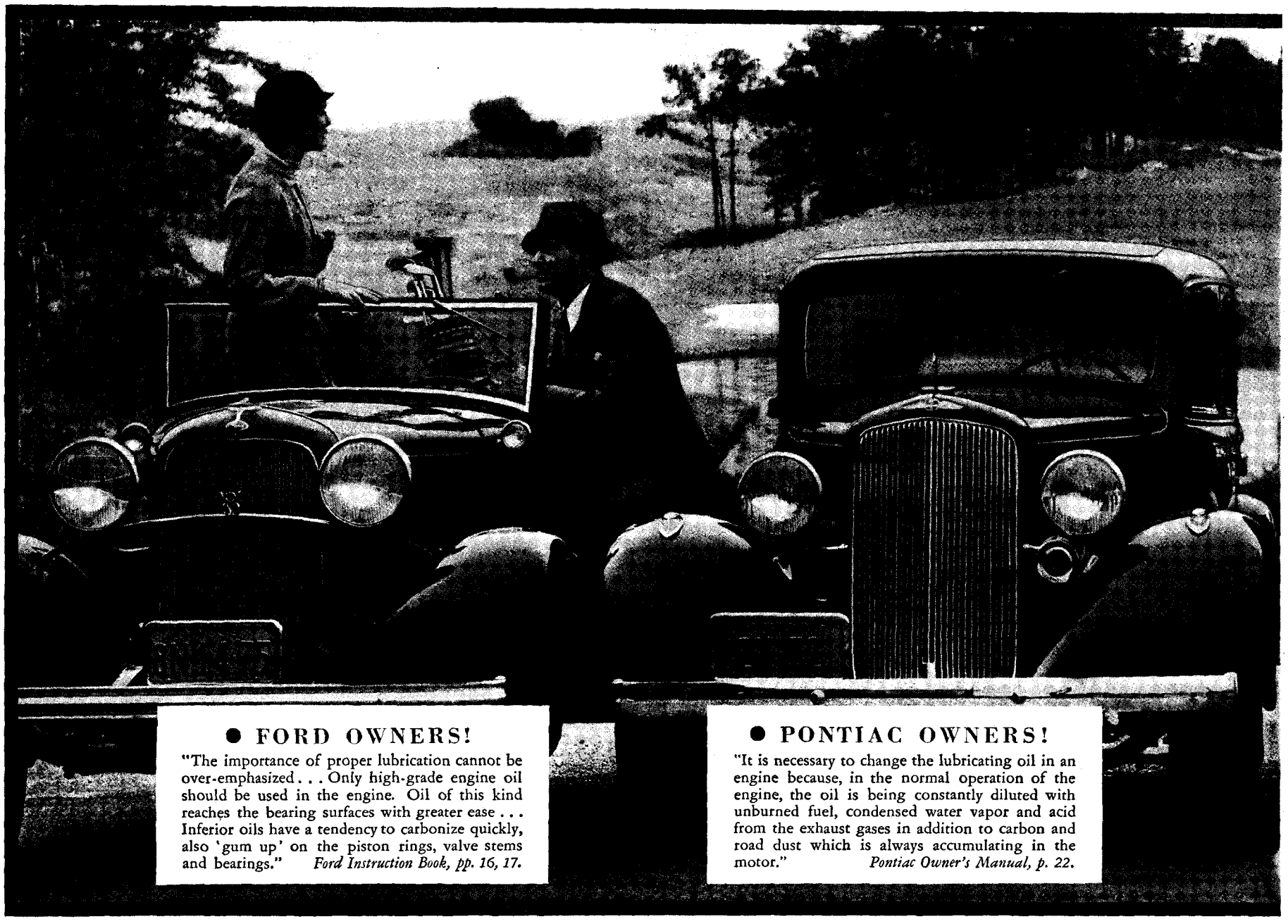
When you Change follow the advice


● FORD OWNERS!
"The importance of proper lubrication cannot be over-emphasized . . . Only high-grade engine oil should be used in the engine. Oil of this kind reaches the bearing surfaces with greater ease . . . Inferior oils have a tendency to carbonize quickly, also 'gum up' on the piston rings, valve stems and bearings." *Ford Instruction Book, pp. 16, 17.*
● PONTIAC OWNERS!
"It is necessary to change the lubricating oil in an engine because, in the normal operation of the engine, the oil is being constantly diluted with unburned fuel, condensed water vapor and acid from the exhaust gases in addition to carbon and road dust which is always accumulating in the motor." *Pontiac Owner's Manual, p. 22.*

CAR makers agree! The makers of the nine largest production cars make equally emphatic statements. Lubrication with clean oil and oil of the highest quality is vital to the life of your car—to its smooth performance, and most important—to the actual dollars and cents which it costs you to run it.

Warmer weather, faster, longer trips are here. Follow this advice *now!* Drain out your old oil today. And refill with fresh clean Mobiloil!

The oil in your crankcase may be diluted with raw gasoline from use of the choke. It may be contaminated with road dirt that has entered the crankcase through the breather tubes. Dirty oil or thin oil cannot protect your engine properly.

Because Mobiloil has brought lower oil and gas consumption, fewer repairs and longer car-life to millions—it is the largest-selling oil in the world today. It has proved its dollars of savings to a world that wants to save dollars—that wants to save cars.

Let the extraordinary stamina of Mobiloil save *your* car and save *your* money. Ask for Mobiloil wherever you see the Mobiloil sign. And for your transmission and differential, ask for Mobiloil "C"—famous for quieting and protecting gears.

Tune in on the Socony-Vacuum radio program, "The Inside Story of Names that Make the News," every Friday Night at 9:30 E. S.T., Columbia Broadcasting System, coast-to-coast.

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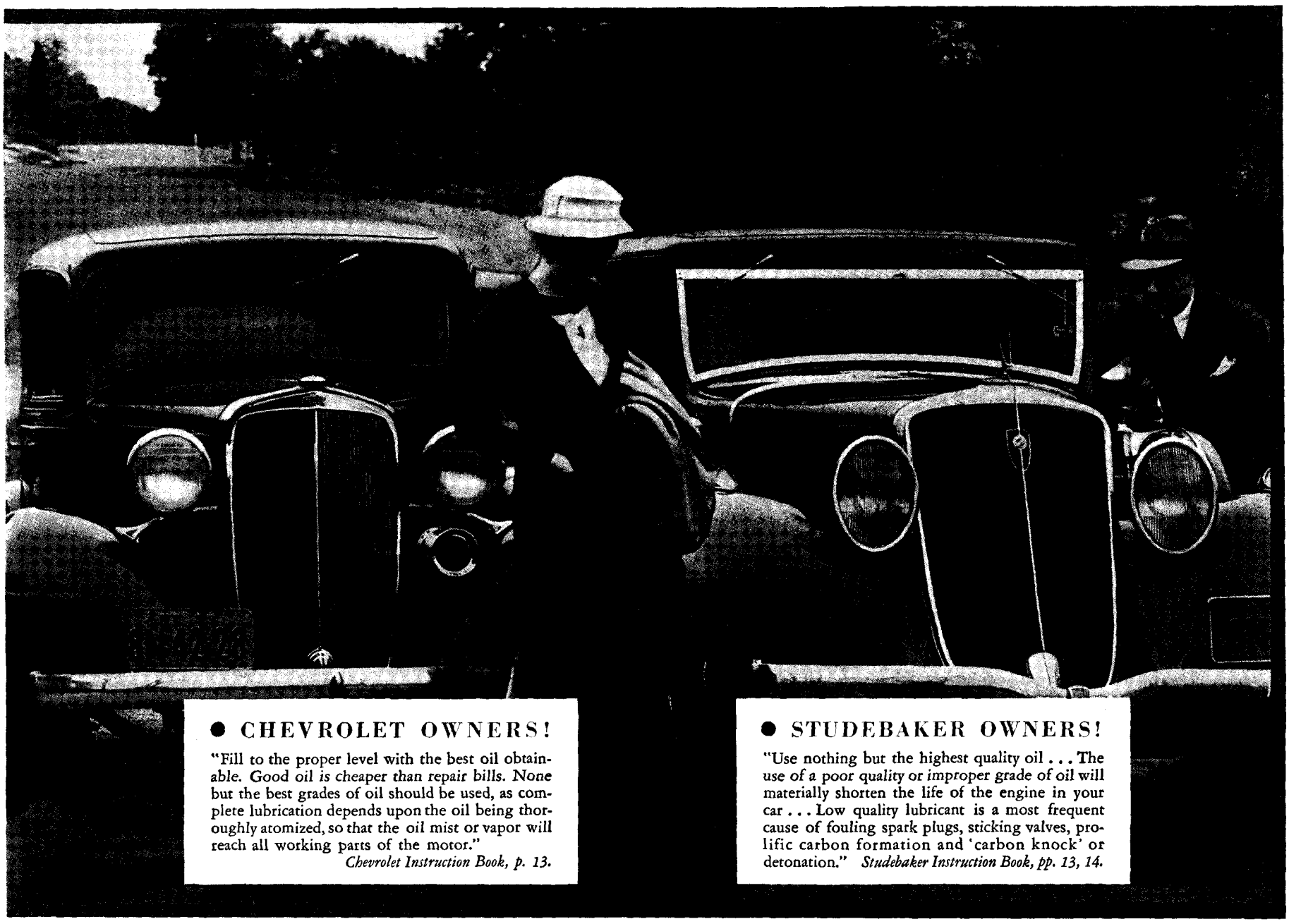

● CHEVROLET OWNERS!

"Fill to the proper level with the best oil obtainable. *Good oil is cheaper than repair bills. None* but the best grades of oil should be used, as complete lubrication depends upon the oil being thoroughly atomized, so that the oil mist or vapor will reach all working parts of the motor."

Chevrolet Instruction Book, p. 13.

● STUDEBAKER OWNERS!

"Use nothing but the highest quality oil . . . The *use of a poor quality or improper grade of oil* will materially shorten the life of the engine in your car . . . Low quality lubricant is a most frequent cause of fouling spark plugs, sticking valves, prolific carbon formation and 'carbon knock' or detonation." *Studebaker Instruction Book, pp. 13, 14.*

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The Stars that Flickered

Continued from page 15

"Sure, you're the man we need," said Charlie Day.

At the end of the third game, Manager Charlie Day sat for a moment in his dugout, watching, studying his new second baseman going toward the clubhouse; his new second baseman walking as though his thoughts, his very being, were far, far away.

"Hmm," said Charlie Day.

Manager and newest player dressed and came out of the clubhouse at the same time.

"Ride downtown with me," said Charlie Day. "My manager should be waiting somewhere along here, in the car."

"Your manager?" said Roy.

"Yes," said Charlie Day, and a smile crinkled his face. "There she is." And he indicated a girl sitting at the wheel of a car drawn up to the curb.

She did not have what one would call picture beauty, and yet there was something in the quality of her features that would have caused anyone to look at her the second time—the wide-set gray eyes, the tip-tilted nose with a number of freckles across the bridge, the generous mouth that had in it so much of character.

"Hello, Dad!" she greeted.

"Hello, Honey!" said Charlie Day. And: "Louise, this is Roy Sawyer. Roy, this is my daughter. We're all going to ride downtown together."

THE two men started to get into the car, and then Charlie Day turned and said "Huh?" Somebody was calling his name.

It was a bareheaded man who had come out from the ball grounds.

"Hey, Charlie," he said, "Clem's rung up from the railroad station. Just got in, and he's coming on up to see you."

Charlie Day made a humorously wry face. "And he'll talk for an hour. I never had a scout that could talk longer. All right, you young people go on down in the car, and, Louise, I'll get in touch with you later."

Louise Day worked the car out into the traffic, settled herself at the wheel, and then, after a quick glance at Roy, said: "Why are you in baseball?"

The suddenness of the question—the question itself—jolted back Roy Sawyer's head. He blinked as he peered at her.

"*Why?*" he said.

"You don't play it as though you really loved it."

"Don't play it as though . . ." Roy Sawyer looked at her harder, and a new tone came into his voice: "Say, I've played it all my life! And nobody likes baseball any more'n I do!"

"You didn't show it today," went on the girl, "nor in the other two games that you've played for us."

Roy Sawyer crimsoned and thrust forward his head, belligerently. He started to speak; then stopped. For he knew that she had spoken the truth. . . . But how could it be otherwise? How, with only half of himself there, and the other half away off on another diamond? But how could he make anybody understand—least of all a woman? And—he flamed—what was it to her, anyway?

They rode in silence for a block. Then the girl said: "You hit for three-sixty on the Coast last year. Mighty good hitting for an infielder."

Still Roy Sawyer said nothing.

The girl spoke again:

"I shouldn't think it'd be any harder to make double plays in this league than in your league of last year."

Roy Sawyer found himself blurting out words even before he was aware of them: "Yes, but don't you see, Ernie Evans isn't in this league! He . . ." He stumbled to a stop. "I guess you wouldn't understand," he slowly concluded.

"Maybe I wouldn't," agreed Louise Day. "And . . . maybe I would."

The big, lean-faced young man at her side slowly pondered this. And then, illogically enough, he chuckled. "Your father—he called you his manager, didn't he?"

She nodded, then paused for a moment. "You see, he and I are pretty close together. I'm the only one he's had really close, to talk to, for a good many years."

Roy Sawyer looked out through the car window upon the busy city streets. Somebody to talk to. . . . He had had Ernie once. . . .

Slowly he began to find words. The words filtered through the tight-built walls of his being, opened crevices, gaps, and the walls began to go down.

Louise Day brought the car over to the curb, turned in the seat, and regarded Roy Sawyer.

"Do you know, I think we talk the same language. Now, you needn't think me the forward young thing—or you can think it if you want to. But there's a perfectly good steak up in the refrigerator of our apartment, just waiting to be broiled. And there are a lot of trimmings that can be sort of whacked together—" and she smiled—"and if you'd like to come along . . ."

When an untalkative man finally becomes communicative, he is as hard to stop as a runaway truck.

"I gather," said Louise Day, finally, "that you like my suggestion. Let's go!"

At the end of a meal upon which Roy Sawyer bestowed almost garrulous praise, a Roy Sawyer who within the hour had changed from a sunken submarine to a balloon in the stratosphere, found tongue for further words.

"Say, I'll bet there's at least one good movie in this town tonight, and if you'd like to take it in . . . And listen, Miss Manager," and here a gleam came into his eyes, "I'd like to talk some more baseball with you. . . ."

"Now blow hard!"

Fritz Wilkinson

"Say!" he exclaimed, "something must have woke that guy up!"

An equally keen-eyed girl in the stands reëchoed her father's thoughts.

And after a couple of weeks Charlie Day said to his daughter, "That fellow Sawyer's headed back for the big time."

"As if I didn't know that!" said the daughter. "He's a wonder." . . .

THE next evening Louise Day looked across the table to where Roy Sawyer sat.

"Well," she said, "this will probably be one of the last steaks that we'll have together."

Swift concern went across the lean face opposite.

"You're going away?"

"No," said Louise, "but you'll probably be."

"I? What for?"

"Big league again," said Louise.

"You mean . . . I've made good?"

"I wouldn't be surprised." She paused. "Are you glad?" And for a brief period of time in that room there was silence. Then Roy Sawyer was speaking, gesturing awkwardly as he did so, with a new look on his face as his eyes held the girl's. "But . . . it'll mean . . . leaving this." He indicated the table . . . abruptly rose and strode to look out of a window.

Louise Day's hands were trembling as she began to remove the dishes. . . .

As he dressed for the game the next afternoon, Roy Sawyer hummed a tune. He straightened from lacing his shoes, his eyes far away and glowing . . . and he found himself looking into the eyes of a well-dressed young man carrying a suitcase. Ernie Evans!

For a moment Roy Sawyer told himself that he was seeing things—and then he was saying: "Why, Ernie!"

Swiftly he stepped forward.

With equal swiftness Ernie Evans raised an interposing hand.

"Now, I don't want any sympathy! Where's the manager?"

Sympathy . . . manager. Roy Sawyer started to open his mouth.

"Yeah!" went on Ernie Evans, voice taut. "Me—booted into the sticks!" His voice rose: "All right, I'll show 'em! You bet I won't stay in this dump of a league for long! Say, I asked you where the manager was."

Roy Sawyer took the field that afternoon as though only a part of him were there; the rest was . . . He didn't know where the rest was. Everything was a jumble. All that he knew clearly was that Ernie had been sent down from the big league; Ernie, not good enough. And the thin, cold edge of fear, forgotten these many weeks, thrust and thrust again with renewed force—if Ernie wasn't good enough to stay in the big league, how could he, Roy Sawyer, ever hope to go back?

His play reflected his thoughts; he was a man trying to field, to bat, in a fog. And Ernie—Ernie playing his position with the speed and flash of old, racing all over the field; but his voice as it came across the diamond was different . . . was hard, flat, stinging.

IN THE ninth inning, with two out and the tying and winning runs of the enemy team on second and third, the batter lifted a pop fly back of second. Second Baseman Roy Sawyer went after it desperately, trying to atone for his wretched showing of the afternoon. Out of nowhere flashed a figure, covering, it seemed, two strides to Roy's one—Ernie Evans.

"My ball!" cried Ernie Evans.

Roy Sawyer threw himself aside; collision was avoided by a hair. . . . The ball struck the ground just beyond Ernie's hands.

Both runs scored.

For a long moment Ernie stood regarding Roy, eyes as small as pin points.

Then the stands caught his thought and voiced it: "The big dumbhead, Sawyer—got in his way. Yah!"

That misplay lost the game.

The next day Roy Sawyer's play was no better, nor the next.

That evening, Manager Charlie Day, in the freedom of his own apartment, voiced unrestrained comment:

"That Sawyer! I don't know what's come over him. Blown right up in my face, and the toughest series of all coming up next week when we take the road. Say!" On and on went Charlie Day.

When he had finished—or rather, when he had stopped for breath—the gray-eyed girl, who had been listening, opened lips that had been compressed in a straight line.

(Continued on page 36)

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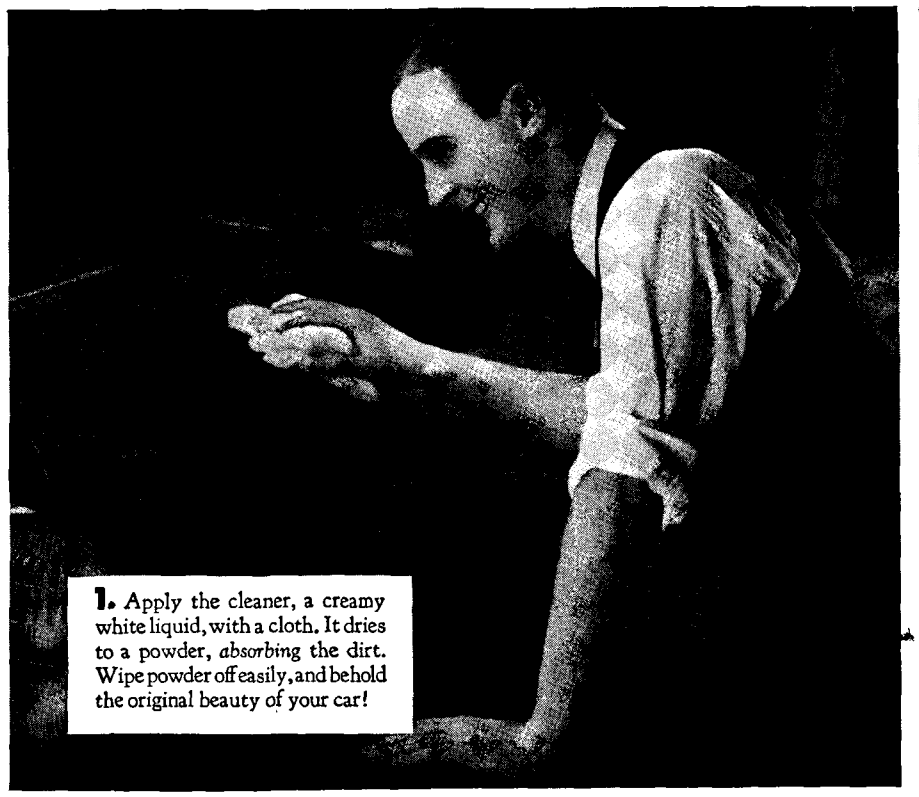
Does your car look DULL AND SHABBY?

THEN READ ABOUT THIS AMAZING NEW WAX METHOD


1. Apply the cleaner, a creamy white liquid, with a cloth. It dries to a powder, absorbing the dirt. Wipe powder off easily, and behold the original beauty of your car!

2. To maintain that beauty, apply the new auto wax. It shields finish against wear and weather. Goes on easily—takes about ½ former waxing time.

NOW IT'S EASY TO KEEP YOUR CAR BEAUTIFUL—

completely protected against sun, weather, road film—with half the work, at very little cost. ● Here is an important message every automobile owner should read carefully.

• If you have an old car (and most of us have!) that looks dull and drab, then here is an amazingly simple, new method by means of which *you yourself*, with very little work and at little cost, can *bring back the beauty of your car*—and keep it looking beautiful and protected with a bare minimum of effort.

• If you have a new car, or fairly new one, this same method will enable you to keep the finish perfectly protected, and gleamingly beautiful, over a long period of time.

Do the work yourself. Cut car washings in half! Add $50 to $200 in trade-in value! ● These statements may sound exaggerated. You can prove them for yourself—simply by sending in the coupon.

These amazing results are accomplished by two new scientific products from the famous Johnson Wax Laboratories.

The first is Johnson's Auto Cleaner—an entirely different kind of cleaner—embodying a new principle. Takes off *all* the dirt, scum, dullness and road film—*without scratching* or injuring the finish. The safest cleaner to use. Restores lost beauty. Yet it takes but half the work and time required by other cleaners.

The second is Johnson's Auto Wax—a new wax polish that is remarkably easy to use. Takes about one-half former waxing time. Made by a new, scientific formula especially for outdoor use. Puts a coat of hard, tough wax between your car finish and the sun, weather and road dirt. Adds $50 to $200 in trade-in values.

• The wax method is the safe, economical way to protect the finish of your car. Now this *new* auto wax makes it by far the easiest. First, the car is cleaned, then waxed. Thereafter a small amount of wax applied regularly maintains the protection. Dust does not collect on a waxed surface. Rain doesn't get through. A simple rubbing with a cloth keeps the wax polish gleaming. Washings are cut in half.

Read what users say!

The cleaner and also the wax can be applied and removed with such little effort and with such astonishing results, that I shall never put another drop of any kind of polish, cleaner or wax on my car again but Johnson's Automobile Cleaner and Johnson's Special Automobile Wax.
GEORGE ROTHANG, Santa Rosa, Cal.

No less than three dealers have offered trade-ins of from $100-$200 more than before the car was waxed.
ISYLA POWERS, Meriden, Conn.

Your cleaner does a wonderful job in taking off road film and dirt, and the wax is far better than anything I have tried.
H. HOEHNE, Stanton, Nebr.

FREE POLISHING CLOTH

• To introduce you to this new beauty treatment for cars, we are giving a bolt of polishing cloth Free with every purchase of these two products—Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. The Cleaner sells for 75c, pint size. The wax is 35c, enough for 5 waxings. That makes one waxing cost only 7c!

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Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods. Your grocer has it.

The Stars that Flickered

Continued from page 34

"*That* Sawyer is right!" The words cracked. "Why he hasn't taken a punch at that grandstander Evans is beyond me."

Charlie Day gulped. "At Evans?"

"Yes, at Evans!" Louise Day's eyes flamed. "Dad, Roy was getting along tiptop until that little grandstander showed up, and then back upon Roy came the old complex that Evans was the boss."

Charlie Day closed one eye and slowly nodded. "I begin to get you, kid. Go ahead."

"All right, the first misplay that Roy Sawyer makes tomorrow, bench Ernie Evans. If Roy Sawyer doesn't snap into it and play big league baseball with that little team-runner out of the way, then I don't care ever to see him again, that's all!"

IN THE third inning of the next day's game, Roy Sawyer booted one—and Ernie Evans was benched. When it finally dawned upon Ernie Evans that he was benched, flames seemed to play about him as he came off the field, and only by a miracle did the dugout escape taking fire as he stepped down into it.

And Roy Sawyer . . . Roy stood looking, looking, until the new shortstop took position and the game went on.

It went on for several innings with Roy Sawyer playing in a daze, and then, to at least one of the people in that ball park—to an intent, gray-eyed young spectator in the stands—Roy Sawyer began to come out of that daze, to quicken, to play with new life . . . to play big league baseball.

In the dressing-room, after the game, Ernie Evans bristled up to Roy.

"You had me benched," he said hoarsely.

Roy studied him. "No, I didn't."

"That manager!" said Ernie. "That rat of a manager! Benching me when—"

"Shut your face!" said Roy Sawyer. Strangely, he was not in the least surprised at himself for saying this.

"Shut hell!" said Ernie. "Him and that gabby girl of his who—"

And then Roy Sawyer had grabbed him by the arms; had lifted him and jammed him against the wall; was looking at him; looking at him as though really seeing him for the first time.

"Why, you little bum!" Roy cried. "You little bum!" Then he laughed, brief and clear. "Say, I can see through you like a pane of glass. Yeah, and from now on you just don't exist."

He let go of Ernie Evans and walked away. . . .

In the dugout throughout the next day's game, Ernie Evans sat mute and glowering. And the next game and the next, and suppressed rage and venom sat with him; and Roy Sawyer came and went . . . field and bat . . . And if ever there was a big-leaguer who played on that field, it was Roy Sawyer. . . .

The team took the road; the critical series came; the series with the team's chief rival. It was for the pennant . . . make or break. The team won the first game, lost the second—the shortstop was a stride slow in getting the ball on one play. And in anguish Ernie Evans, in the dugout, clenched his hands and looked toward the manager. If he could only get out on that field . . .

It was clear before him, now. If he could only get out on that field and do something . . . team up with Roy . . . work together as they used to do.

In an early inning of the next game, with a runner on first base, Manager Charlie Day suddenly spoke in the dugout:

"All right, Evans! Go in at short."

Ernie Evans almost tripped as he got out of the dugout. He took position. And through and through him raced one single, consuming hope: Hit to him! Hit to him!

The batter did—slashed a screaming liner between short and third. It struck the ground, flashed up and . . . and as it flashed, the streaking Ernie had it. He checked his flight, whipped the ball to second . . . whipped to Roy Sawyer a ball that would have hit a dime.

With flashing turn, Roy Sawyer threw to first. . . . Double play!

For a moment after making that play, Ernie Evans and Roy Sawyer stood, looking across the field at each other; looking as though that ball in passing from hand to hand had conveyed a message. . . .

They went back to their positions.

Their team took the field in the last half of the ninth inning with a one-run lead. The enemy, with one out, filled the bases. The batter smashed a drive over second base.

On the instant the bat sounded on ball, Ernie Evans and Roy Sawyer started running. . . . An outside chance that either might be able to get it and hold the score down to a tie.

And then, even as Ernie Evans started, he changed course with the swooping speed of a swallow and raced for second. At top speed he reached the bag. In full flight he flung out his gloved hand; the ball, snapped by Roy Sawyer where he lay half prone after making the stop, struck Ernie's glove at the same instant his fleeting foot touched the bag. Then Ernie was past the bag, was throwing to first even as he sped. . . . Double play! The game!

Once more that afternoon Ernie Evans and Roy Sawyer stood and gazed at each other. Then they were standing no longer; they were running toward each other, were grasping each other's arms, were gabbling words. . . .

Team-mates once more!

THEY came off the field, and a grinning Manager Charlie Day greeted them. Later, a radiant Louise Day made her own greeting.

Said Ernie Evans, "Me—I was a fool!" He made a happy gesture. "Say, this calls for a dinner."

At dinner the three talked of many things. And Ernie Evans at last talked of Una.

"She'll be a good kid," he said, "if she gets to know her place. If she doesn't—well, if she doesn't—"

He was silent a moment, and then he looked full at Louise Day; turned, and looked full at Roy Sawyer. His eyes were dancing. "And now, how about you two?"

"Us two?" cried Louise and Roy together.

"Yes!" Once more Ernie Evans laughed. Then he rose, picked up the dinner check, and started toward the entrance. "I've got to be going. But if you haven't made up your minds by the time I see you again . . ." He was gone.

Roy Sawyer gazed at Louise Day. Louise Day returned the gaze. What both saw made words unnecessary. Until, out of slow-moving lips, Roy Sawyer said:

"Maybe . . . when we finish dinner . . . we could take a taxi and go somewhere . . . and I could tell you—"

"Finish dinner?" said Louise Day, reaching out her hands. "Dinner *is* finished!"

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Cut to Order

Continued from page 21

hours of slow cooking does the trick for a four-pound stew.

By this time we had caught on to the principle of using other cuts besides the high-priced triumvirate of steak, chop and roast, and we pondered it as we made our way across Central Park to Mme. Rasch's. Studying our diagram of the classic and patient cow, and we hope you will do likewise, we realized that the loin and the rib portions, from which come Mrs. Jones' favorite cuts, constitute only about a quarter of the animal. Further, that these cuts are treated with dry heat—broiling or roasting—as a general rule, before they are put before Mr. Jones on the dinner table.

The Good Cook's Meat

But the rest of the creature, the chuck and brisket, the flank and plate and shank, go wet. They are stewed or braised or boiled (a more accurate word is "simmered"). For these cuts, while they are less tender than the elegant portions from the north-central section of the continent, are at the same time more flavorsome. A poor cook can easily lose tenderness—even the choicest porterhouse can come out of the kitchen looking and tasting like something out of the cobbler's shop. But to a good cook there is no such thing as tough meat. And she knows how to guard all the good flavor a just nature gave to the less tender portions of the animal.

A little water, an assortment of vegetables and slow cooking seemed to be the fundamental rules we had gathered from Julia and May. Milk, cream, meat stock may take the place of water; vegetables may be used in one way or another, or not used at all; and there may be preliminary operations of browning the meat or stuffing it or cutting it into bits. But the fundamentals of economical meat cookery remain about the same. We reached this point and Mme. Rasch at the same moment.

Mme. Rasch has a true cook's reverence for the toothsome stew, the flavor-rich, succulent pot roast. She appreciates the fact that American mouths are accustomed to water for a good thick steak or a slab of roast beef, but she cannot see why it is necessary to limit oneself to these alone and ignore the whole art of cooking in a pot on top of the range.

Consider the pot roast. This is an example of braised cookery, the art which begins by browning the meat in a hot receptacle in a small amount of fat, then putting the cover on and persuading the meat to cook slowly in its own juices, with or without the addition of other liquid. Almost anything from neck to rump of the beef may be pot-roasted.

To begin with, we have:

POT ROAST WITH NOODLES

4 lbs. rump or shoulder roast
3 tblspns meat drippings
2 tblspns chopped onions
1 tblspn salt
1 tblspn chopped parsley
2 tblspns chopped green pepper
2 cups water
¼ tspn pepper
1 bay leaf
1 package noodles

Wipe meat with damp cloth, rub with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, brown on all sides in hot drippings in kettle. Brown onion and green pepper slightly, add water and remaining seasonings. Cover and let simmer—not boil—for about three hours or until done, turning meat occasionally. Cook noodles in boiling salted water. Take out meat, skim off excess fat from stock, return meat, add noodles and let stand a few minutes.

But often we can't spare so much cooking time. Let's braise another cut in a different manner:

FLANK PATTIES

1 flank steak
Salt and pepper
6 slices bacon
2 tblspns lard

Sterilize 8 or 10 wooden skewers by boiling them in water for 10 minutes. Cut diagonal crisscross gashes about one half inch deep in the steak, both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, lay on slices of bacon, roll up to form a long loaf, skewer together and cut between each two fence posts. Sear the patties in the lard in a frying pan until well browned all over. Cover closely and cook very slowly for about 45 minutes.

Beef birds is a dish that takes wings as soon as the family sees it. The flank steak, cut into 4-inch squares, is sprinkled with salt and pepper and spread with pork sausage meat. Carrots are cut lengthwise, rolled in poultry seasoning and placed on top, after which the birds themselves are rolled, tied and browned in fat. A little water is added, the cover goes on and about an hour in a moderate oven sees them through.

Or you might like the idea of barbecuing a shoulder of pork. The oven is used for browning, after which 1½ cups water, 1 cup vinegar, ¼ cup tomato catsup, ½ cup chopped onions, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoon each of salt and pepper are mixed together and poured over the meat. Cover and cook in oven about three hours.

Next time you can, try a ragout of beef, using 2 pounds from the chuck or the flank, cut by the butcher into pieces for stewing. Sear in heavy kettle till browned, then add 4 cups canned tomatoes, 1 large onion, 1 cup sliced celery, 1 cup diced carrots and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer gently for 2 hours or until meat is tender. Meantime, boil up 1 cup rice in salted water till done—about 20 minutes. Drain and pack in ring mold. Unmold to round platter and serve meat in the center, with a tree of parsley set in a gay paprika border.

Booklets Telling All

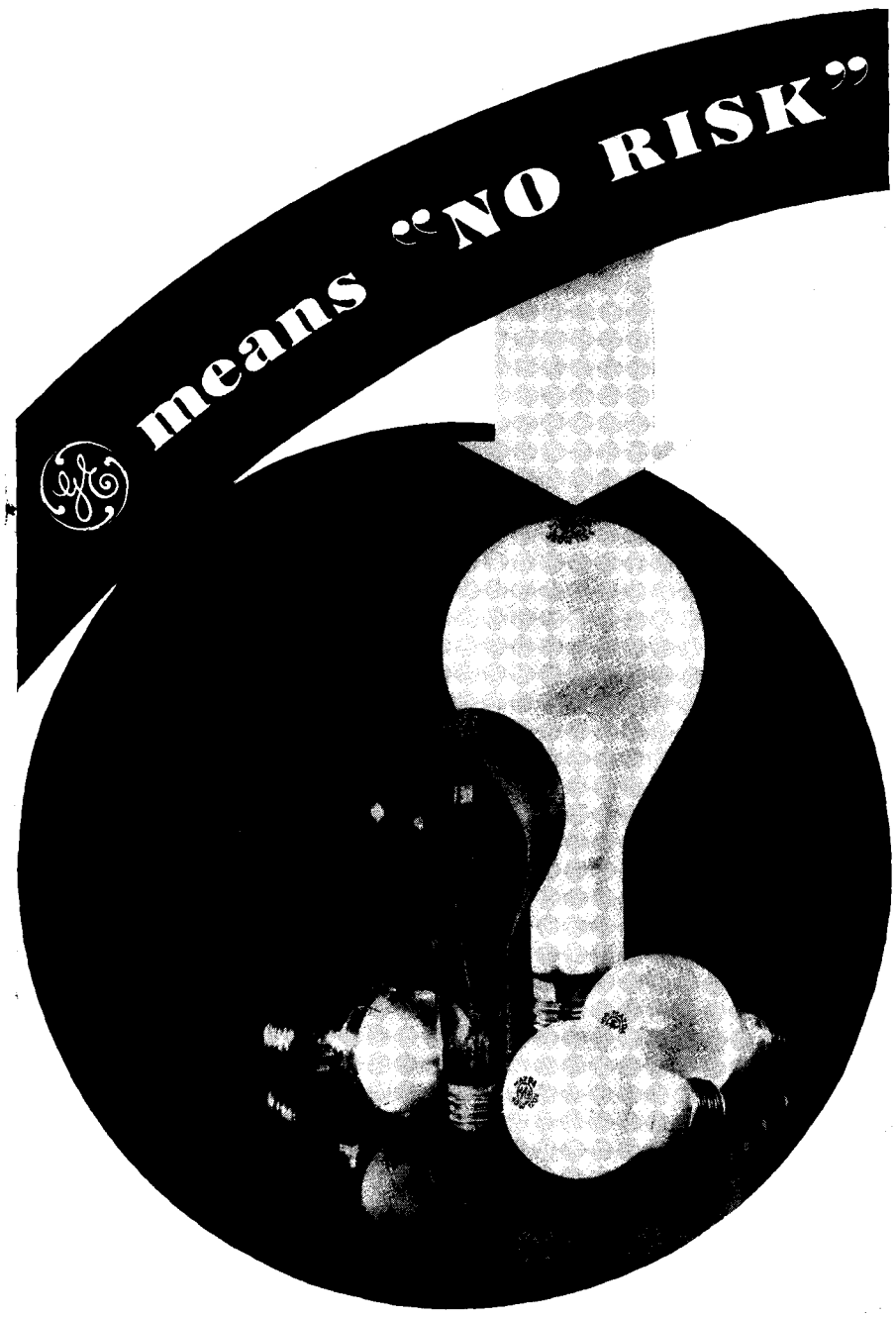
And finally we come to Hungarian goulash. There are dozens of recipes, but since Mme. Rasch comes from Vienna, which is second only to Budapest itself in the matter of goulashes, here is her version:

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

3 lbs. top round and shin of beef (half and half)
2 ripe tomatoes
3 large onions
1 green pepper
2 tblspns bacon fat
1 tspn paprika

Cut meat in one-inch cubes. Chop onions and fry for five minutes in fat. Add paprika, salt to taste, chopped green pepper and tomatoes which have been cut into small pieces. Then add meat to mixture and cook without water for ten minutes. Add one cup of water and cook from one to one and one half hours or until meat is tender. Serve with noodles or boiled potatoes.

But you don't need to go calling on Park Avenue or Central Park West to find out the hundreds of ways to turn a humble cut of meat into a little masterpiece. The big beef and hog men of Chicago pay clever girls salaries just to collect and try out recipes from Danish meat dishes to New England boiled dinner. A little note to them to the effect that you want to know about these things will bring you a deluge of leaflets, pamphlets and booklets telling all.



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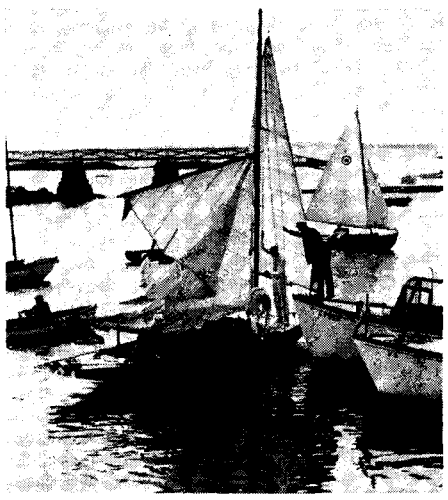

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Cold Trails

Continued from page 19

old six-gun than in a thousand courts of so-called law. I'd give 'em their cock-eyed country. I'd wash my hands of the whole works, and good riddance—if it wasn't for the girl."

It always came back to Marian. The old man didn't dare lose because of what it meant to the girl. He had labored for her too long, in years that for any other man would have been the twilight years of his life. It seemed to Wheeler that certain women were brought into the world for no other purpose than to break up men—using up their lives, giving nothing in return. His own destiny in his youth, like Horse Dunn's in his old age, was twisted out of recognition by this one girl.

SHE came before his eyes now, between himself and Horse Dunn, almost as clearly as if she had really been in the room. Without even closing his eyes he could see each varying shade of the delicate coloring of her skin, the half-veiled depths of her eyes, the pliant flex of her slim body as she rode. He had once seen her hair windblown in the sun, and now the memory of it seemed to drift between his eyes and the light like sun-shot smoke. He could almost feel the soft pressure of her fingers, of her lips—for he had kissed her once, a long time ago, before he hardly knew her at all.

Most clearly of all, though, tonight, he could see her silhouette against the lighted window, as she had stood talking to Val Douglas—about what? Nothing probably—just talking, in order to stand there with the young wagon boss.

Wheeler angered suddenly and uncontrollably—he did not know whether at Douglas or himself. But it was Horse Dunn who was scorched by the powder flash.

Dunn was saying, "Know what I'd like to do? I'd like to cut out for the Argentine. Where a man's cows have a chance to turn around, by God. I'd—"

"Argentine, hell!" Billy exploded at him. "If I'd been running this outfit, this situation would never have come up or started to come up!"

"I suppose you'd have sold out," Dunn said, a hard edge on his voice.

"Maybe and maybe not. But I wouldn't have gone cow crazy, range crazy, until I couldn't afford to work my stock!"

"What do you know about how my stock is worked?" Horse roared at him.

"I'll tell you how your stock is worked! No vaccine against red water in the lower valley ciénagas, where it's wet in spring. A third of the calves unbranded and without guard against blackleg. No calves weaned, no heifers kept clear of the main herds, no salt on half the uplands; not a branding chute or a dehorning iron in a hundred miles. Nowadays every calf counts—and you don't even know how many you own!"

"I'll hire no mobs of dudey cowboys to play nurse girl to cows!" Dunn thundered.

Wheeler already knew Dunn's dream of a reëstablished cow kingdom, vast and open—cattle and horses under one brand over half a dozen counties—halfway across a desert state. He could see the grandeur, the raw power of that dream—its homesick reaching back for great things that were gone.

But he saw the other side of it, too. New methods had come to fit new days. Saddle and rope were as important as ever, but beef grades, cow finance, marketing—these were different now.

"Look at the result," Wheeler slammed at him. "Death losses of near thirty per cent last year! Runt bulls in your breeding herds; cows dropping a calf one year out of two or three; the hills full of coyotes, and the Spotted Range full of Texas tick! In another ten years the 94 brand will mark the poorest beef in the West. That's what's the matter here!"

Strangely, Horse did not anger. Wheeler saw that the Old Man thought his tirade was merely based on youth and ignorance, which he had seen in unlimited quantities before.

"Maybe," Dunn said now, "you'd have kept the 94 a little one-horse spread—in the best of shape. But that ain't the question now. We're where we are, and there's no use fighting over what went before."

"I can save it yet," Wheeler told him rashly. "I can throw a hundred thousand into the 94."

"I didn't know you could swing that much. You got it, Billy?"

"What I haven't got of it—I can get."

Horse Dunn studied him, sadly, a long time. "That's an offer, is it?" he said at last.

"On one condition: That you give me a free hand, to hire, fire, buy or sell land or cattle, for three years."

"I believe," said Dunn, "I'd even do that."

"It's a deal, then?"

"No! You and me'll never make a deal like that!"

"It's your out," Wheeler told him, "and it's your only out. Let me take the finance and the outfit—and all the other ruction falls to pieces."

And now Horse Dunn's eyes blazed again, and his voice crackled: "You'll never put a dime in this brand!"

"It's her brand," Wheeler reminded him. "You willing to let it bust up and go down, and the girl and her mother without a cent?"

"Let 'er bust—before it ever hangs on your dough!"

"But damnation—*why?*"

"YOU want to know why? I'll tell you why! Because you want that girl! You want that girl—you think I'm blind? But she don't want you. I'd no sooner put her in your debt than I'd sell her to you outright. You're only making the offer because you're in love with Marian."

"You're crazy! I'm making the offer because I think I can come out on it."

"You want the girl," Horse persisted.

"You old fool—" Wheeler held his voice down—"do you think I'd ever expect to get her that way? Do you think I'd want her on the basis of—"

"No, Billy, no. You're not such a fool as that. But you can't help yourself. You couldn't help her feeling that she owed you. Not only for herself. Her mother's mixed up in this."

To Wheeler it seemed that Horse Dunn's viewpoint came out of the worn-out conventions and illusions of another day. But there was no use arguing with the old-timer. He tried one more card:

"You've got it wrong, Horse. I don't care any more about her than any other girl out of luck."

Horse Dunn snorted.

"That's all over and done, two years back," Wheeler lied. "Once she could have had me body and soul. But that's all over. I wouldn't tie myself up, not now, to her or anyone else."

"You lie," said Horse calmly.

"Horse, if you'll let me take—"

"Never a dime of your money in her brand," Horse said with utter finality.

Wheeler turned in that night feeling old and grim; and he was wondering why he had fought so hard to build a stake that was useless to him now.

HORSE DUNN'S cow outfit, shorthanded as it was, never wasted much daylight, but Billy Wheeler was anxious to ride out to join Old Man Coffee unquestioned and unaccompanied. Setting a mental alarm clock, he was afoot an hour before the rest of the outfit. It was still dark as he let himself noiselessly into the cook shack and lighted a lamp. He found a few cold biscuits; and in a huge pot on the back of the stove he found bitter coffee above a banked fire.

He had about finished washing down his cold biscuits when he was annoyed to discover that another early riser was about. Someone was walking quietly toward the cook shack. Hurriedly he blew out his light, gulped down half a cup of dregs, and let himself out of the kitchen, anxious to be on his way without conversation.

Then, rounding the corner of the cook shack, he almost ran into Marian.

"Morning, Billy." He saw that she was wearing belted overalls and boots.

"Isn't this pretty early? Couldn't you sleep?"

"Not very much. Aren't you going to help me find some breakfast?"

"You bet I am." They went into the cook shack, and he lighted the lamp again. "I'm sorry you had a punk night. But naturally, after that thing that happened, where the—window got shot out—I'm sorry it happened. I'm sorry we couldn't—"

Marian almost whispered, "I'm not sorry."

He stared at her. He would never have guessed, by the lamplight, that she had not slept well. She looked as fresh as dew on wild clover, as clearly fragrant as mustang mint. Only the dark blue of her eyes was misty; and there was something new in her eyes that he did not remember, and did not understand.

"Maybe some day I'll tell you why I'm—glad. I can't tell you now."

Moving slowly, as he quietly shoved wood into the banked fire, got bacon into a skillet, he wondered if she was friendly to that bullet because it had put her in Val Douglas' arms. "I'm sure sorry I can't stay while this cooks," he said. "But I've got to make a ride."

"Maybe I'll go with you."

"I'm afraid," he said gently, "you wouldn't want to do that."

"You mean you don't want me."

"It isn't that. But—"

"If you had any imagination you'd know I got up at this unearthly hour because I want to talk to you."

He waited, disturbed. She stood close to him, talking almost in whispers. He knew he must get going, but he could not bring himself to move away.

"You see—I heard part of what you and Uncle John said last night."

"You heard—what?"

"Uncle John has a voice like old Rock in full cry," she explained. "My room isn't next to his, but it isn't far away. And when he's angry, I'll bet he can be heard ten miles back into the Tuscaroras. I couldn't help hearing what you said about Bob Flagg being dead. And if that's true—"

Wheeler was startled. "Marian—" he looked at her squarely—"what else did you hear?"

Her eyes did not waver. "That was all."

He thought he detected a faint,

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wicked gleam in her eyes, but he kept his face expressionless and stood pat.

"We've got to find Old Man Coffee," she said.

"Seems like he's left, Marian."

"We've got to find him. I don't think he's gone so far that it can't be done. I can't imagine his leaving the country until he knows more about this case than he does. The curiosity in that old man is simply terrific."

"That may be," Wheeler admitted. He was worried; dawn could not be far off, and the whole 94 would begin to stir with the first light. He kept listening for sounds of rousing in the bunkhouse.

"If Bob Flagg is dead," Marian said, "it's a terrible thing for Uncle John."

"It's you will be the loser, Marian, when the 94 goes down."

She made an impatient gesture. "Mother and I will get along all right. Thousands of girls make their own way in this country. Do you think I'd be afraid of it?"

"I don't think I ever saw you afraid of anything."

"But Uncle John is old. We forget that; on a horse, working cattle, he seems like a young man. But he's really old—very old; he's just one of those men who keep going full speed to the end of their lives—and at the end just suddenly break up, all at once. And Billy, the 94 is everything he has in his life."

BILLY WHEELER looked into her grave, sweet eyes, and thought of telling her that she might be mistaken: that she herself perhaps meant more to Horse Dunn than a million cattle, or the rise and fall of ten such brands as the 94. For Horse Dunn could not have built his cow-kingdom dream into an all-absorbing religion if the whole project had not been given light and color by her own existence. Wheeler was certain that if Marian ever definitely turned her back upon Horse Dunn, the 94 cow kingdom would go to pieces of its own accord.

"It can't be true that Bob Flagg is dead," Marian said almost passionately. "We've got to find out the truth and prove the truth."

"Not so easily done, Marian."

"Old Man Coffee can do it. And you can find him, Billy."

"What makes you think so?"

"Can't you?"

Wheeler hesitated; what Old Man Coffee had told him had been told in confidence. Yet, invariably, he found it almost impossible to speak untruthfully to this girl.

His hesitation was fatal. "You know where he is," she said suddenly.

He picked up his bridle. "I've got to get out of here."

"Billy—you're riding out to meet Old Man Coffee!"

"Tell your uncle I'll be back tonight," he said abruptly, and moved toward the door.

"I'm going with you."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you're not. You're a pest, that's what you are! Go on and eat your breakfast."

Yet he knew that he could not bluff this girl, nor control anything that she did; and what was worse, she knew it too. As he left her she was writing a note to her uncle, telling him where she had gone; and she was with him, mounted on her own pony, as he left the layout.

They rode an hour in silence, and a second hour, while the sun came up and drenched the gaunt hills with unbelievable color—crimson, rose and dusky blues edged with clean gold. There was a clean, cool smell in the air, as if the pounding heat of the summer would soon be gone; and nothing in the bright quiet of that country suggested the smash of guns and the acrid sting of powder smoke, or the dark, angry struggles that this range had seen, would see again.

Wheeler pressed his pony along steadily, eyes to the front; and he was combating his keen awareness that the girl was at his side. He had loved this gaunt, clear-colored country of blasting sun and sharp shadows; differently than he had loved the girl, but as a man loves his home. But now he knew he would need another different country, a new type of grazing land, if he was ever going to forget this girl who rode beside him, whom he could never possess. There would always be a mocking loneliness in these desert spaces, something sad and mad in the empty, shimmering dance of the heat devils on these red rocks; and he promised himself that when the 94 difficulties were settled—one way or the other—this land would never have a chance to torment him again.

They were almost in the shadow of Lost Whisky Butte when she broke the silence between them.

"Billy—I told you something that wasn't so."

He waited.

"It was when we were talking about Bob Flagg, and how I heard what you and Uncle John said about that. And I said that was all I heard. Well—that wasn't all."

"What else did you hear?"

"I heard—it all."

Unexpectedly he found it difficult to tell himself that it didn't matter. He was able to hear again his own words of last night to Horse Dunn: "Once she could have had me body and soul; but that's all over. I couldn't tie myself up, not now, to her or anybody else." He wondered why he was so sorry that he had ever spoken that lie at all. Things being as they were, it couldn't make any difference. But now he realized that she was waiting for him to answer, and he managed to say, "That's all right."

"Isn't it better," she said, "that we both know now how things really stand—between us, I mean?"

He made himself say, "I guess so, Marian."

"It *is* better," she said, and he wondered why her voice seemed so sad. "Because—don't you see?—there's nothing to keep us from being friends now—really friends. And each of us—all of us—are going to need what friendliness there is left in the world, I think."

"No doubt of that," he said, just because it seemed he was supposed to say something.

"For some reason—I can't tell you why—I have the strangest feeling about this day; as if there's something terrible ahead of us, so terrible that nothing is ever going to be just the same again."

THIS time he didn't answer. In the sharp light of the morning his own reasoning seemed clearer and stronger than it had seemed the night before; and he thought he knew what was ahead.

She swung her horse nearer his, and though no more than the leather of her tapadero touched his stirrup bow, he put his hands together on the reins, to steady them.

"Can't we be friends, truly, as if—two years ago had never happened?"

He tried to relax the grim set of his face, but something behind his face was dark and bitter. "Why, of course, Marian."

"You promise me?"

"Sure."

She held out her hand, and he took it as he would have taken the hand of a man. For a moment her fingers pressed and clung. Vaguely, he knew that she had need of him, in her own way.

(To be continued next week)

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Bostonians

QUALITY SHOES FOR MEN

High Life

Continued from page 13

direction. Slap! Again he goes rolling, this time in the direction of home. A third whack spins him into the nest and there he remains with something to remember.

Gulls seem to have adopted fundamental rules for their children and stuck to them. Even the parents seem to understand them. The older gulls never feared what might happen while they were away foraging supper.

A Lady with a Past

Take a look through your daily paper; it is quite likely that somewhere in it you will find some wrenching little tragedy for which no reason is assigned. In fact, it says so in so many words: "The friends and relatives of the deceased insist that there was no reason at all, that the victims had every appearance of happiness and contentment."

Well, once Mr. Finley set up a bird house in an attic, breaking a hole in the clapboards for any bird who might choose to occupy the box. Presently a white-breasted tree swallow came to inspect. An ideal place, this, for a woman with a secret. She moved in. There was something about that swallow that caught the naturalist's fancy—something that a mere man would not identify at once. Any woman might have guessed, or at least suspected, from the look in the swallow's eye or the hang of her coat or the tone of her song.

It was all natural enough that she should lay four eggs in that attic home and it was to be expected that in due time four small, naked fledglings should take the place of the eggs; but what puzzled the naturalist, lying there in the dark, observing the woman who had fled from her tree friends, was that no male bird ever appeared to view that nestful with the patronizing eye of a father. No man at all—father, stepfather or foster father. Not even a mustache-twisting, scoffing betrayer.

And yet for a while she was cheerful enough, even merry at times, sustained by her faith in his promises perhaps, like Madame Butterfly or a Thomas Hardy heroine. Too, there was lots of work to shove apprehension and fear into the background. But the evenings were pretty brutal. With all the chores done, the children fed and soothed into sleep, she had time to think. Very bad for the morale—thinking.

One day the naturalist noticed that a great change had come over her. She was a crushed bird, a woman from whom hope had been wrenched by facts. She sang no more and began to beat the children when they fretted or dallied over their meals. The young ones were half-feathered now, entered upon that difficult adolescent period when both parents and children do little except feel sorry for themselves.

Now as never before the young ones needed a father to share with the mother the duties of feeding them and hovering them to keep them warm. Alone she simply couldn't do both. And if the children aren't hovered and thereby kept warm, they can't eat. So with a sneer in her heart she grimly let them die, pity driven out of her doubtless by disillusionment and hatred of every reminder of the man who didn't come home.

A streak of the Borgias took the place of the faith that once filled her. Over the bodies of her dead children she built a floor in the same nest—a floor of twigs and grass so tightly woven that none could see what horror lay beneath it. Her tragic past wiped out, she went calling. In a day or two she reappeared with a male bird who, if appearances carry a grain of truth, was frightfully in love. At any rate they settled down in that haunted nest and raised a magnificent family before leaving for Florida for the winter.

A pretty doleful tale; but then the world's too full of the fabled and sustained joyousness of birds. Just where, in any of the mystery stories you have read, have there been more baffling circumstances than the homing-pigeon murders that Mr. Finley tells about?

It happened on the Hudson River and for weeks the Audubon societies and a number of insatiable ornithologists lost nights of sleep and handfuls of hair pondering the few known facts, watching through glasses and seeking clues on the ancient Palisades at the risk of their necks.

A number of homing-pigeon owners had carried their birds far up the river and released them. Bets were laid on whose pigeons would arrive at their cotes first and a variety of experiments were being made on the vaunted instincts of the birds. And off the pigeons went, flying straight and high and swift. Of the first flight none reached home; of the second only a few. And this ruined precedent because, say what you will about homing pigeons, they will return to their base in time if given half a chance. So here was mystery that was to be solved only by the trial-and-error system, inasmuch as you can't very well question a bird, trapping it into revealing any damning admissions. And one had no motive to work on—no unsigned wills, priceless rubies, lost mines or similar reasons why humans do away with one another.

But the pigeons didn't get home and the mystery was not solved until, long after the racing had been abandoned, an amateur naturalist, climbing around the Palisades halfway down the pigeon course, found the nest of a duck hawk containing a heap of piratical trophies—metal identification bands from homing-pigeon legs.

Racketeers on Wings

There's a bird for you—that duck hawk. He weighs from two to three pounds but every ounce of him is murder. If you find where they nest, spend a day or two watching them. They're falcon-like, spotting teal or pigeons from their ambuscade and setting out after them like a war flier out to get an enemy plane. Swift, powerful, magical in maneuvering, they'll get above their quarry and then plunge. They strike like lightning, usually killing their victims with one swift thrust of their talons.

This killer has a cousin, the red-tail hawk, who, like so many of us, is forced to go through life with an unmerited reputation. He is commonly known as the chicken hawk because, his reputation has it, he is a barnyard raider. As a matter of fact, the poor fellow is nothing of the sort. The United States Department of Agriculture, through trustworthy agents like Finley, has examined hundreds of hawk stomachs, discovering that poultry and game birds contribute no more than ten per cent to the hawk diet. It's tough to have to kill a man to prove that he is innocent—well, relatively innocent, anyway.

As soon as a hawk is able to fly it is taught the art of catching food on the wing. If you are particularly lucky you may see a lesson some day. The elder hawk, with the youngsters circling around, will rise with a choice morsel—

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say a squirrel—in its talons—a fresh-killed one. The older bird will rise ten or twenty feet above the children and, calling to them one by one, let the squirrel drop. The young one will then be expected to spear it as it passes him, or at any rate soon after. If the family is fumbling or making a mess of the lesson, the older bird will illustrate, letting the squirrel drop and then diving after it himself, retrieving it long before it reaches earth.

After a few lessons like that the young hawk is expected to grab off his own share of what the world offers, be it in midair, on the water or in the barnyard. The red-tail swoops on its food where the food happens to be. But taking it on the wing requires practice.

All of which gives you but a slender hint of what this man Finley has seen and therefore knows. Have you seen the great blue heron or crane in his feeding grounds? He is a fisherman, a solitary one. He will stand at the edge of a marsh bank or on a shallow sand bar waiting for his fish or frog to pass. He is utterly motionless, his neck vertical and his bill pointing skyward. His background is green and his immediate surroundings the stunted swamp brush. He thinks his camouflage perfect; that in his awkwardly rigid pose he is not to be distinguished from the sticks and branches around him.

Perhaps he does deceive the fish. Or if they do see him perhaps they think the creature is foolishly scanning the skies. They seem never to learn that his eyes are set in the side of his head, rather below the middle, and that he is not looking upward at all but down his neck at the waters at his feet. That's the way he is built and for just such sly purpose. Let the foolish fish try to pass and much swifter than you can swing your hand his spear of a bill has chopped downward and that fish's swimming is all over. And back goes your heron to his stiff pose of unconcern, bill up and eyes peering down his neck, waiting for the next waggling morsel.

A Victim of Hard Luck

Mr. Finley told me of a kingfisher family he became acquainted with. Now, a pair of kingfishers keep a pretty orderly household—a pretty conventional one. The female is the mother and housewife and the male does the bread-winning. Independent souls too, so unsociable as to be almost ostracized by other birds. Kingfisher is a lone hunter, like the heron. He has a passion for being left to his own devices. And he's adaptable, like the woodpecker, digging a home in a clay bank, or a telegraph pole, or even a church steeple.

This particular pair had their hole in the bank of a railroad cut, half a mile from the stream that gave them fish. Something had happened to the male. Mr. Finley saw him dive and emerge with his bill open but without his fish. The upper mandible of his bill had been snapped off almost halfway. And what remained was bent so that he couldn't quite close it upon the lower mandible. Just a cripple. The fellow couldn't have held on to a fish had he caught one.

Properly enough he went home, where there was considerable excitement over the accident. His wife left the six white eggs she was hatching and gave the injured bill a thorough inspection. There was absolutely nothing she could do about it, but there was the future to consider. The children would be along almost any time now and there could be no nonsense about food after that. Nothing left to chance. And with a bill like that the father certainly wasn't to be depended upon.

A New Job for Father

While Mr. Finley was taking the injured kingfisher's photograph, the two birds held a lengthy conference. Clearly the male was objecting, but his wife was insisting that this was no time to flaunt the well-known male ego. The family had to eat and with a bill like that he was in no position to furnish food.

Very reluctantly, his wife chattering at him sympathetically but firmly, he climbed into the nest and, with half-shut eyes, settled down upon the eggs. And there he sat for seventeen days incubating, while his wife did the hunting—and made a beautiful job of it. Of course she was sorry for him, but it surely was good to trade places with him. Pretty dull, housework and nursery tending. And, after all, it would teach him that a woman's life is not all bridge and beauticians, particularly if she has to do her own work. And he was probably quite comforted to realize that kingfishers haven't many social contacts. It would have been pretty tough to have had the other fellows grinning behind his back.

"Any chance that his bill grew back to normal again?" I asked Mr. Finley.

"I don't know," he replied. "He raised the children until they were able to go on their own. Then he and his wife took them to the river and turned them loose. The kids went their way and the parents theirs. And that's the last I saw of them. Who knows? Having tasted of a man's life, she may have divorced him or something now that the children were grown and domestic responsibility ended. Maybe he starved to death. I don't know."

"Pretty human, all this," I said.

"You mean, we're pretty bird-like," Finley replied.

"Look here, Watson—Emma's just had a baby!"
Ludwig Bemelmans

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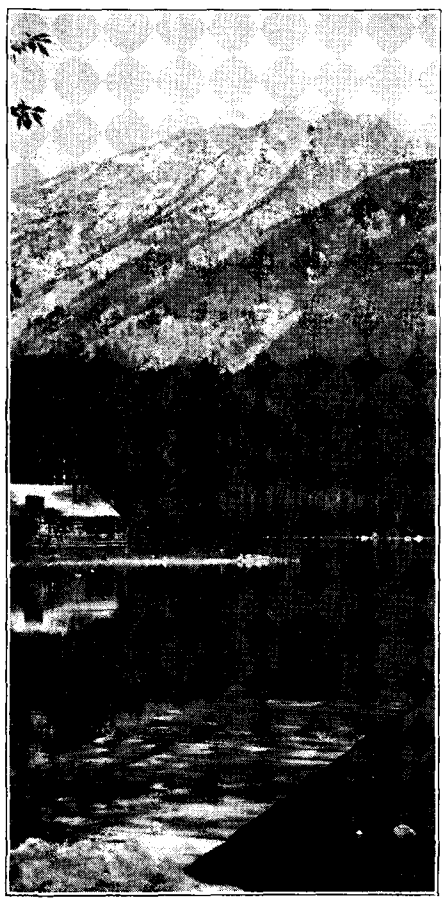

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 26

Pank was in league with Keynsham? Not only that, but the men who brutally murdered Grimmett's manager and the elevator man in Lombard Street were also members of his gang."

"I fear that that may be the case," Sir Humphrey acknowledged calmly. "Nevertheless, I am determined to hear what he has to say."

"Hear it afterwards, then," the other begged. "At the present moment you are under proper and adequate police protection. I take the liberty, Sir Humphrey Rossiter, of saying that it is your duty to open the box and permit us to examine its criminal records before anyone else has a chance to tamper with them. Apart from the official point of view, you are Mrs. Brandt's executor. She has expressed her wish to have the box opened at once."

"She has countermanded it this afternoon. I had a telephone message from her almost at the same moment as I received Keynsham's dispatch, begging me to wait for his arrival, when she herself would be present."

MATTERSON clenched his hands. "Do you realize this, sir?" he demanded. "It would be perfectly possible for Keynsham to produce a small bomb in this room, wreck that box forever and destroy every record it contains."

"It might be possible, but he won't do it," was the bland reply. "In any case you and your men should be sufficiently alert to stop any action of that sort."

The sub-commissioner's expression was for a moment darker even than before. Twice his lips parted and he was on the point of fatal speech. Twice he restrained himself.

"May I ask whether Lord Edward fixed any hour for his arrival?" he inquired.

"No exact hour. The telegram was handed in at Folkestone. He had had to make a forced landing somewhere near Lympington. I understand that he is coming on by car."

Again the two men relapsed into silence.

There came at last the sound of a car stopping outside, voices, footsteps in the hall. The door was opened and closed. Detective Inspector Pank, with his arm in a sling, approached. There was a gleam of excitement in his pale blue eyes.

"Lord Edward Keynsham and the lady are here, sir," he announced.

"You can show them in," Sir Humphrey directed.

"Be careful that they are alone," Matterson added curtly. "Keep a guard on all the doors and, unless Sir Humphrey has any objection, I should like you to remain, Pank. You can use your right arm?"

"Perfectly well, sir. I trust, however, there will be no necessity. Lord Edward does not look very aggressive."

"Don't forget, Matterson," Sir Humphrey pointed out, as Pank left the room, "that this is our one chance of receiving a reasonable explanation of everything that has happened. That's my bargain with Keynsham, and I think it's worth waiting for. The contents of that box, however surprising they may be, might tell us nothing without an interpreter."

The door was thrown open. Lord Edward entered, and by his side Katherine Brandt. Sir Humphrey gave a little start. Even Colonel Matterson forgot for a moment his fury. Keynsham's forehead was bandaged, he was still in his flying clothes, and he walked with the help of a heavy stick. He was paler than anyone in London had ever seen him before, but his voice when he spoke, anxious though it was, was full and strong.

"You got my message, Humphrey? What about it?"

"I have waited," Rossiter replied.

"Thank God!" was the fervent exclamation.

"You will have a good deal to explain today, you know, Edward," the Home Secretary continued. "I am not guaranteeing you any protection or any immunity. All that I am offering you is freedom of speech. You know Matterson? Here he is with half the fighting force of Scotland Yard surrounding us. We have been led a pretty dance by someone and he wants to get his own back. Katherine, do let me offer you a chair."

"It would be much more to the point if you offered Lord Edward one," she begged. "He has come straight up from the south coast after crashing near Folkestone, and he would not even wait to be bandaged. I had to do it in the car. Do be humane and give him something to drink."

"Sit down by all means," Sir Humphrey invited. "Here's your drink, Edward," he went on, mixing a stiff whisky-and-soda. "We will give you five minutes to pull yourself together."

Keynsham lingered for a moment, leaning heavily on the stick which he grasped with his left hand, his right on the back of the chair to which Sir Humphrey had pointed. He had the appearance of a man who had met with a more than ordinary accident. His eyes seemed to have receded farther into his head, the knuckles of the hand which gripped his stick showed white, his lips parted slowly and falteringly.

"You are sure that you have not opened the box?" he asked, uttering every word as though he feared to part with it.

Sir Humphrey pointed to a green baize-covered receptacle which stood upon a table close at hand.

"I have not," he declared. "More than once I have asked myself, Keynsham, why I should have shown you this consideration. Matterson, here, is furious with me. Anyhow, I have done it. There is the box unopened. In five minutes I am going to examine its contents."

Keynsham sank into his chair.

"Five minutes will be quite long enough," he muttered, swallowing half the contents of his tumbler. "Only the second crash I have ever had in my life. The worst of luck, too. I ran into a fog just this side of the Channel. However, I'm here in time. Thank God for that!"

"For your own sake or for ours?" Matterson asked coldly.

"For everyone's," was the curt reply. . . .

THE minutes ticked on. Presently, Sir Humphrey rose quite calmly to his feet.

"The five minutes," he announced, "have expired."

Keynsham dragged his chair to the table and sat down opposite the box. Sir Humphrey lifted off its green baize cover, disclosing a strongly made coffer of oak with brass corners. On the top of it was stamped in gilt letters:

THE KEYNSHAM TRUST

From a groove underneath a handle Rossiter drew out a key.

"I am now about," he said, fitting the key in the lock, "to open the box."

For a moment he paused and glanced quickly around. Matterson and Pank were standing one on each side of Rossiter in an attitude of intense watchfulness. Outside was silence. In the hall a policeman coughed. There was no sign whatever of any impending disturbance. Rossiter turned the key with firm fingers and pushed back the heavy lid. Everyone leaned a little forward. Katherine Brandt was nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. Keynsham, though his face was still unusually pale, was fast recovering his composure. . . . Lying at the top of the box was a large calf-bound volume, also stamped in gold letters: THE KEYNSHAM TRUST. Underneath it were seven bulky packets of American bank notes. Sir Humphrey picked one up and turned it over in amazement. The bills were of the largest denomination he had ever seen.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "I have never seen so much money in my life!"

"Don't bother about the notes," Keynsham begged impatiently. "I can tell you all about those in a few words. There are seven packets there with a million dollars in each. They are a special reserve fund of The Keynsham Trust. It was money we could find no profitable use for, so we locked it away for an emergency."

"And what, might one ask," Sir Humphrey demanded, "is The Keynsham Trust?"

Lord Edward finished the contents of the tumbler of whisky-and-soda, and leaned forward.

"The Keynsham Trust," he explained, "is the largest illicit business that has ever been known in the history of the world. It was started after the war as a collateral branch of the firm of Hamilton, Topps & Company, later Hamilton, Topps & Keynsham. In England and throughout Europe that firm, as you may know, does a large and admirably correct business. In the United States of America we have made some forty million dollars in the industry commonly known as bootlegging."

THERE was blank silence—an utter and profound silence. Sir Humphrey held his head. Matterson metaphorically kicked himself. Pank groaned audibly.

"The commencement of the affair was really very simple," Keynsham continued. "After the war, some of us who still had the fever of excitement in our veins, and the craving for adventure still throbbing in our pulses, happened to come together in New York. To be exact, there was the Marquis de Lusigny, Sam Clowes, a New Yorker named Bowman, and myself. We were all broke and we wanted money, but we also wanted adventure. We have had all we wanted of both.

"De Lusigny possessed the largest vineyards in the southwest of France, and half a dozen steamers, but no ready cash. My firm, which I had just joined, had all the capital that was needed to start with, also a few steamers and a magnificent reputation, with an established business in fruits from South America and the West Indies. We had advantages which none of the others who followed in the same line ever had. We made them look like amateurs. Where other people could land a hundred cases and often have to give away half of them, we landed thousands almost without molestation. We landed them in Canada, we landed them in Flor-

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ida, we landed them in New York itself, in New Jersey and all down the coast.

"I don't want to make too long a story of this, but on account of our wonderful facilities and because we were not afraid to fight when fighting was necessary, we flourished while our competitors, one by one, faded away. When we took stock a year ago each one of us was worth something like two million pounds sterling."

Of all the company in the room, Matterson seemed to be the most bewildered.

"I don't understand," he confessed. "I had an idea of something of this sort once or twice, but I put it out of my head because, after all, it is no crime in this country to supply a thirsty neighbor with drink. Why were you prepared to go to the lengths even of murder to prevent Sir Humphrey's opening this box? You must have known that its contents were perfectly safe in his hands, and that the money would be properly distributed."

"We had no anxiety about the money," Keynsham replied slowly. "What we feared was that Sir Humphrey Rossiter would consider it his duty as Brandt's executor to examine the contents of this book."

HE DREW the volume a little nearer toward him. No one moved. No one spoke.

"On the whole," Keynsham went on, "ours was a company of honorable men. In an evil moment and when we were all worked to death we let in a newcomer whom we all grew to hate as much as he seemed to hate us. To him had been allotted the post of clerk of the organization. He kept an abstract of the accounts, which you will find here, and he kept it with marvelous precision. He kept also a history of our day-by-day doings. I am not going to attempt to excuse any of our actions. I'm not sure that I consider any apologia necessary.

"Twice we suffered, and suffered badly, from informers. They were men whom we had invited to join us, men whom we thought our friends. We held a meeting to decide how to deal with this danger. There were seven of us then. We were all, in a sense, strangers, brought together by circumstances, chiefly by the war. We trusted one another, but we had trusted others and had been deceived almost to the point of ruin. We decided at that meeting to fight our battles as others fought them —to defend ourselves when we were attacked. That we have done. It was impossible to hold together by entirely peaceful methods. When we were struck at we retaliated. When we had to fight we fought."

The light of understanding flashed into Rossiter's eyes.

"Stop!" he insisted.

Keynsham looked questioningly at him.

"Take your hand away from that book," Sir Humphrey enjoined.

"Humphrey," the other pleaded, "that book is better back in my possession. Let it go at that, I beg of you."

"Take your hand away."

Very slowly and very reluctantly Keynsham obeyed. The Home Secretary, with a deft movement, shut down the lid of the box, produced the key and locked it.

"Gentlemen," he begged, "I shall ask you to excuse me for three minutes."

He crossed the room towards the writing desk. The eyes of all of them followed him, but curiously enough, as they thought afterwards, no one asked a question. Sir Humphrey deliberately adjusted his monocle, drew out a sheet of paper and wrote a few rapid lines. These he enclosed in an envelope which he addressed and sealed. He turned to the table and handed the letter across to Pank.

"Inspector," he said, "can I trust you to see that this is delivered at once?"

"Certainly, sir," was the prompt reply.

Sir Humphrey glanced at his watch.

"You have several cars outside. May I take it that it will be delivered within ten minutes?"

Pank looked at the address.

"I can guarantee it, sir."

Sir Humphrey nodded, returned to his place at the table and unlocked the box.

"Now you can go on with your story, Edward," he invited. "Tell us what you were going to say about this book."

"Just this," Keynsham proceeded. "At the meeting I have spoken of it was decided that the best means of keeping us all together, and of guarding against any one of us turning informer against the others, was to place on record in this book of the organization the deeds or misdeeds, whichever you choose to call them, of each of its members. They are recorded there. To us, who lived out in the thick of it all, they were, as we knew, just part of the job. To the ordinary human being who did not understand the conditions, they would amount to a series of confessions. To an English Cabinet minister, controlling the police of his country, they would present an entirely different aspect: they would probably seem to him to contain absolute and vital information of which it was his duty to make use. That is why, when there appeared to be a chance of this book falling into the hands of the Home Secretary, the organization of The Keynsham Trust has striven by every means to prevent it."

"The matter," the Home Secretary pronounced calmly, "begins to present a more rational aspect."

"Sir," Keynsham begged passionately, "I am short of words and breath tonight, but I implore you, for your own sake and for ours, to hand that book over to me as the head of the Trust. It does not form part of Cecil Brandt's estate. It is not part of your duty as Cecil Brandt's executor to look inside it. That it is in that box at all is simply a devilish act of malice on the part of a dead man."

SIR HUMPHREY picked up the book. He turned over the pages carelessly. The sense of strain seemed to have passed from his tone and manner.

"Beautiful handwriting," he remarked.

"Cecil's," Katherine confided, with a shiver. "He used to spend hours writing in it."

Keynsham's features seemed to tighten. There was a sullen fire in his eyes. For a moment he had the look of a wounded animal about to spring.

"Sir Humphrey," he implored, "let the book alone."

Rossiter ignored him. In turning over the pages he had stopped at a printed headline consisting of three words:

ROLL OF HONOR

The first name upon the list was the name of Lord Edward Keynsham, and underneath in Keynsham's own handwriting was one brief and terrible sentence:

"I confess that on January the tenth, 1920, I killed Jake Grogan on Pinder's Wharf, New Jersey.

"Signed: Keynsham."

Rossiter started a little as he read. Involuntarily he glanced across the

(Continued on page 44)

NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
By K. GUNNOR
I'M ALL IN— NOT A WINK OF SLEEP TILL AFTER THREE!
I'M REALLY WORRIED DEAR. WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS.
HE CAN'T GET TO SLEEP DOCTOR—JUST TURNS AND TOSSES FOR HOURS.
HAVE HIM SEE ME. IN THE MEANTIME GIVE HIM SOME OVALTINE, HOT, AT BEDTIME.
IT CERTAINLY TASTES FINE— BUT WILL ANYTHING HELP ME SLEEP?
DOCTOR SAID TRY IT TONIGHT—AND THEN REPORT TO HIM.
10 MINUTES LATER
NEXT MORNING—
NINE HOURS' SLEEP—I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

Sleep... Almost At Once

New Energy All Next Day

Try This Remarkable Food-Drink That You Take, Hot, Just At Bedtime

Do you want to get 8 hours of sound sleep tonight? To wake up feeling really rested —refreshed—eager for tomorrow's work?

Then get a can of Ovaltine tonight. Mix 3 teaspoons in a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed.

You'll be amazed the way this simply prepared food-drink both brings you sleep and builds you up *while* you sleep. So you waken with nerves far calmer, mind far clearer.

What Ovaltine Is—How It Acts

Authorities state the main causes of sleeplessness are: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability. Whether you suffer from *one* or all three —Ovaltine helps you sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head and combats that mental over-activity which delays sleep. Mental calm is invited—your mind "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus lightening the digestive burden of your stomach when "nervous" or over-taxed.

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus—that vital requirement of brain and nerve cells—must be supplied if nerve poise is maintained. Ovaltine furnishes this in abundance, much of it in its easily assimilated food form, lecithin—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus Ovaltine, if taken warm at bedtime, conditions the mind for sleep, combats digestive unrest, and supplies those factors which, if lacking, create irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Commence Tonight

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk—and drink it before going to bed. Then see how quickly you fall asleep—how completely and soundly you rest. How it rebuilds your normal tendency to sleep, when taken regularly.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-4
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person) 955

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula

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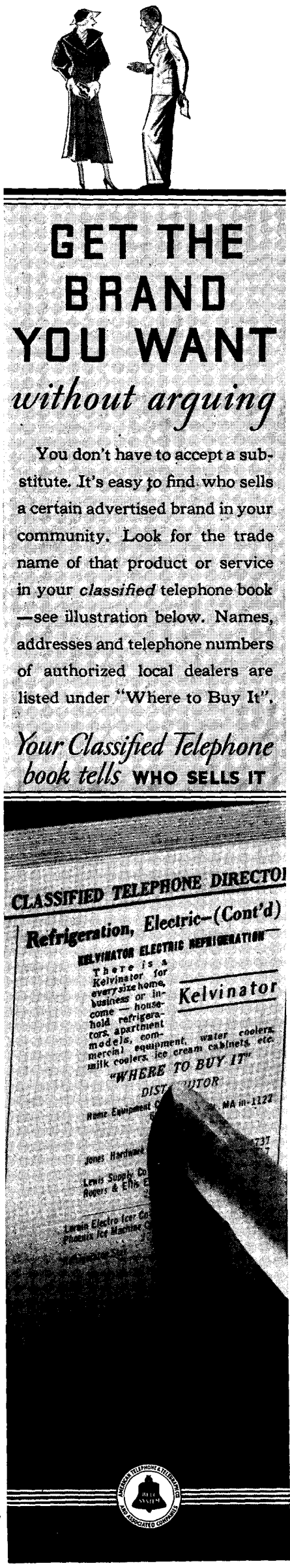

GET THE BRAND YOU WANT
without arguing
You don't have to accept a substitute. It's easy to find who sells a certain advertised brand in your community. Look for the trade name of that product or service in your classified telephone book —see illustration below. Names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized local dealers are listed under "Where to Buy It".
Your Classified Telephone book tells WHO SELLS IT
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTO
Refrigeration, Electric—(Cont'd)
KELVINATOR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION
There is a Kelvinator for every size home, business or income — household refrigerators, apartment models, commercial equipment, water coolers, milk coolers, ice cream cabinets, etc.
Kelvinator
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from page 43)

room. Keynsham was sitting back in his chair with folded arms. He had done his best. The worst had happened. Rossiter continued to read:

"Armand de Lusigny.
"I confess that in a fight at the corner of 122d Street and Third Avenue in New York, I killed the Chilean, Initos, whose body was found at that spot.
"Signed: Armand de Lusigny."

"Richard Van Pleyden.
"I confess that I killed Rawson, who turned informer against us and tried to remove our stores from Merrilees on the Canadian frontier.
"Signed: Richard Van Pleyden."

"Cecil Brandt.
"I confess that I killed Commissioner Dane, who, after having accepted a hundred thousand dollars in bribes from us, threatened to withdraw police protection unless we made him a partner in the Syndicate.
"Signed: Cecil Brandt."

"William Meadows.
"I confess that in a fight on 4th Avenue in March, 1922, I killed Michael O'Corrigan and wounded a man whose name I never knew, so that he died in a hospital.
"Signed: Will Meadows."

"Samuel Clowes.
"I killed Tony Burke on Pinder's Wharf in February, 1923, and he got what was coming to him!
"Signed: Samuel Clowes."

Sir Humphrey closed the book.

"I think," Matterson said, taking a step forward—

Sir Humphrey held out his hand.

"Wait!" he enjoined. "There is no hurry. This matter needs consideration."

He reopened the volume and studied once more the whole six entries.

"Now, supposing you tell me about this little affair of yours, Keynsham," he suggested. "You simply say here that you killed Jake Grogan, whoever he may have been. Tell us about it."

"There's not much to tell," was the bitter reply. "Grogan was one of the old-fashioned type of bootlegger, and he tried to clear us out with hired gunmen. We came up against one another one night while we were landing a cargo. We tried, as we always did, to fight our own way, which didn't include firearms, but it was useless. They were all armed to the teeth. Grogan had two shots at me and missed me by a hair's-breadth. After that I shot at him and I held my gun straighter."

"I see," Sir Humphrey murmured. "And now what about this affair of Mr. Samuel Clowes? He seems to have been rather pleased with himself."

"He had reason to be. Tony Burke was what they call a 'stool-pigeon.' He took bribes from us and gave information to the police at the same time. We had him up and charged him with it. When Sam killed him he had a knife in his hand which was within an inch or two of de Lusigny's back."

"AND de Lusigny's little affair? What about that?"

"Initos started the fight—we didn't," Keynsham declared. "We offered him a friendly arrangement. He accepted it, then he ambushed a few of us and challenged us to fight it out with his cutthroats. He had three shots at de Lusigny—he can't use his left arm even now—and de Lusigny killed him."

Sir Humphrey nodded.

"There's another man here," he remarked with a grimace, "whose muscles I have cause to remember—Van Pleyden. He seemed to me rather a brutal sort of person."

"He's one of the kindest-hearted men alive normally," Keynsham replied. "Rawson was one of our own men who double-crossed us. He brought a trolley-load of detectives down to our wharf and we lost one of the only shipments that ever went wrong. Rawson was carrying a gun and tried to get at me—for fear of what might be coming to him afterwards, I suppose. Van Pleyden shot him and had to swim across the harbor to get away."

"This fellow Meadows, I suppose," Sir Humphrey inquired, his expression hardening, "is one of the two who committed the Lombard Street murders?"

"We have no excuse to offer for that," Keynsham admitted, "nor any explanation. A cold-blooded killing we never encouraged or permitted. Personally, I think it was done in a fit of nerves. Meadows had been terrified from the moment he signed that book."

Matterson could restrain himself no longer. The Scotland Yard fever was in his eyes.

"Sir Humphrey," he pointed out, "of course the whole thing is clear enough now. This book of confessions would be worth its weight in gold to the New York police. You had better give it into our charge at once and we will take the necessary steps."

Sir Humphrey shook his head.

"I don't think so, Matterson," he said.

The sub-commissioner stared at him in amazement. His voice shook with passion.

"Sir Humphrey Rossiter," he said sternly, "you have been shielding these people for personal reasons too long. I am forced to remind you, sir, that you should be the one person responsible for the due observance of the law. Remember that you are Home Secretary of this country."

Sir Humphrey turned towards the fire and thrust the book into the middle of the flames.

"I'm nothing of the sort, Matterson," he confided. "I resigned a quarter of an hour ago."

THEN they all left, and once more Sir Humphrey was alone in his study. Detective Inspector Pank had hurried back to his lodgings and settled down to write a love letter to Amy. Colonel Matterson had gone furiously to his club, tormented by the bald and ugly fact that the thunderbolt which he had come so near to launching had fizzled out in his hand, and that all these weeks of mortification and nervous anxiety had gone for nothing. The departure of Keynsham and Katherine Brandt had been just a little sheepish. Keynsham for one moment had looked his friend searchingly in the face, but he realized that the latter had reached the limit of his endurance.

"You are a great man, Humphrey," he said simply. "If only we had dared to trust you before!"

Katherine had scarcely been so happy in her parting.

"I must look after him tonight," she faltered. "You will never understand what a marvelous thing you have done!"

But Sir Humphrey, watching them both leave the room, thought that he understood very well indeed.

CHESTOW SQUARE seemed to have relapsed into its usual state of calm. Policemen, detectives, watchmen of every description had departed. Parkins came into the library, cleared away and set out the whisky and soda by his master's side.

"Is there anything more you require tonight, sir?" was his stereotyped question.

"Nothing, thank you."

Sir Humphrey helped himself to a whisky and soda, selected a pipe from a rack, filled and lit it. He stretched himself out, enjoying the warmth of the fire. He was in a sense dazed when he tried to think of what had happened. No longer Home Secretary. No longer a Cabinet minister. Very soon, in all probability, not even a member of Parliament. Odd how one's ambitions could fade away in a moment of crisis.

There was the sound of a car stopping outside. He listened and glanced at his watch. It was still only twelve o'clock. Very likely Carthew had heard the news.

The door was opened. Parkins appeared, and behind him a very brilliant vision.

"Lady Louise Keynsham," he announced.

She came forward with a curious smile parting her lips—half of apology, half of subtler things.

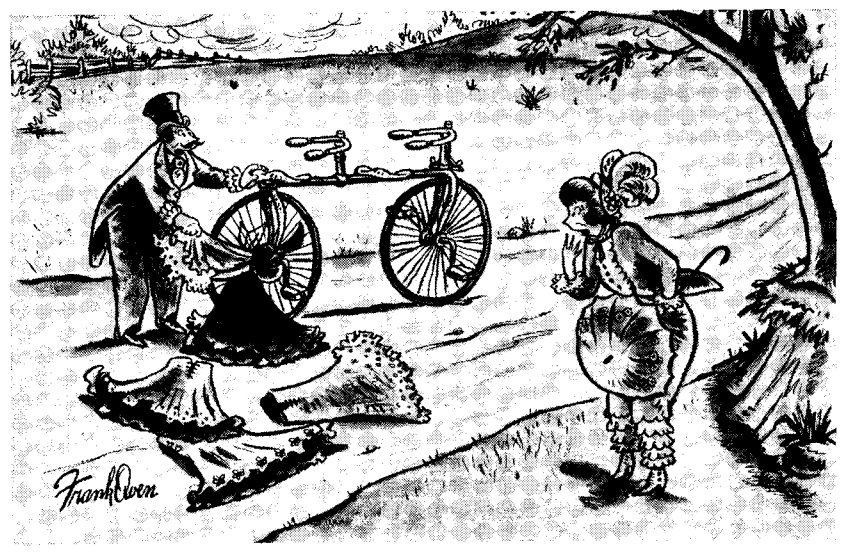
"Don't laugh at me, please," she begged. "I had to go to the show at Buckingham Palace, but I only stayed an hour. I got home meaning to change and go on to the D'Arcys, but Katherine and Edward came in and what they didn't tell me I guessed."

"So you came to console me," he asked, wheeling up a chair.

She held out her hands, and somehow their natural place seemed to be around his neck. Her glance melted into his. Underneath the white satin of her gown he could feel the fluttering of her body as he drew her towards him.

"I thought you might be lonely," she whispered.

THE END



"Be calm, Martha! I've got four of the petticoats untangled already!" *Frank Owen*

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Ten Matched Pearls

Continued from page 22

the Annie S. Going to Batavia, he said."

"And what then?" said the other flatly.

"You're asking questions," grunted Stance with a hint of irritation. "An' you ain't mentioned any name yet."

"I will," the other promised. "But answer me first."

"Carstairs," said Stance slowly, "was found dead in the swamp south of here. He'd been shot through the back."

"Chet Waring?"

"I don't know. They say Carstairs was last seen with a Kanaka girl named Selanga. She works for Bull Martin."

"Selanga, eh? Fair enough."

He picked up his glass. His eyes were hard as ice.

"I'm Wallaby Jim," he said.

IT WAS getting towards midnight when the man all the Islands knew as Wallaby Jim stepped out of Stance's bar, and strode towards the Bird of Paradise bar, the newest and largest and the most gayly lighted on the beach.

He was not recognized. He hardly expected to be this early in the game. He had not anchored the Kestrel until after sunset, and there was not light enough on the beach now to make his features clear. He knew that in this sink of a port there must be men who would know him, for all he was far north of his usual haunts, but so far he hadn't run across any of them. Not that it mattered. He was Wallaby Jim and something of a legend in the Islands. Men thought twice before they got in his way.

The Bird of Paradise was even more crowded than Stance's place had been and was occupied by a far rougher element. Gambling tables were set along one wall. An expansive bar occupied the other. On a raised platform girls were singing and dancing, while other girls moved about the floor between the tables. The place was thick with cigar smoke and the fumes of whisky, while myriads of moths fluttered about the lamps. Wallaby Jim caught a Kanaka girl by the arm and, recognizing her tribe by her tattooing, talked in the dialect. He wished to speak with Selanga.

The girl ran a slender hand up his arm and smiled. He was very handsome. Why did he wish Selanga? Wallaby removed her hand, pressed a coin into it and sent her away on her errand. And presently Selanga came. She was very young, quite light in color, and not unbeautiful yet. Wallaby found a vacant table and steered her towards it, and then ordered drinks. Since it was her duty to entertain she began to chatter pleasantly, but he silenced her.

"Do you want to earn a thousand Straits dollars?" he said shortly.

She stared at him as if he were mad. A thousand Straits dollars! He waited a moment to let it sink in and then he went on:

"You remember a man named Carstairs who was here?"

Her eyes dilated a little and she cast an uneasy glance over her shoulder. There was a Chinaman seated in a chair tilted against the wall near by, but he seemed asleep, his head on his chest and his breathing even. The girl looked back and dropped her voice.

"Yes, I remember." She spoke queer, clipped mission-school English. "But why? He died."

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to tell me who killed him," said Wallaby evenly.

Selanga was obviously frightened. She shook her head. No, she did not know.

"Maybe we could take a stroll along the beach?" Wallaby suggested. She was not sure she could do that. Martin didn't like the girls leaving the bar when it was busy. Wallaby rose, smiling.

"You wait here," he drawled.

He went up to the bar and beckoned the massively built Negro, stripped to the waist, who was wiping mugs dry.

"Where's Bull Martin?" he inquired. The Negro glanced at him and then inclined his head to where a broad-shouldered and muscular man in immaculate duck pants and a silk shirt was standing talking to three or four seamen. Wallaby moved towards the group. Martin looked bad all right: a big man, swarthy-complexioned, teeth too white, a dark, rolling mustache above thick lips, and the usual gun belt about his thick waist. He stared round when Wallaby spoke, removing a cigar. No, it wasn't usual to take one of the girls out, still . . . Wallaby peeled a bank note from a roll that made Martin's eyes widen slightly and then the big man nodded, smiling. "All right!" Wallaby went back to Selanga and took her arm. "Let's walk," he said briefly. "I've seen Martin."

He could feel her trembling but she rose obediently and went with him. As they passed through the door the Chinaman tilted against the wall seemed awake. He got up and shuffled to the end of the room. He must have given some imperceptible signal, for Bull Martin excused himself and joined him almost immediately.

"Selanga go out," said the Chinaman shortly.

"That's all right," Martin assured him. "It's all fixed."

"That man he ask how Carstairs die. Say thousand dollars for she tell."

Bull Martin all but bit his cigar through.

"*What?*"

THE other repeated what he had heard and with an oath Martin turned on his heel and went into a back room where four men were seated at cards.

"Beat it!" he snarled, and after one look at his face three of the men rose hurriedly and reëntered the bar. The fourth man was Chet Waring. He stretched out his legs and yawned.

"What's eatin' you now?" he demanded.

"There's some dude taken Selanga out along the beach!" Martin snapped.

Waring grinned evilly.

"Jealous? I thought you'd quit her for Luala, Bull."

"I'm not talking of that. I said she could go. But the guy's pumping her to find out about Carstairs. Offered her a thousand Straits dollars."

Waring sat upright with a jerk.

"Who is he?"

"I've never seen him before. Stranger here, I guess."

They looked at each other.

"Carstairs was pretty well connected," Waring muttered savagely. "His papers showed that."

"I'm thinking the same thing," snarled Bull Martin. "The administration may be waking up again. Sending another fly cop to poke around."

Waring showed his teeth in a mirthless grin.

"Well, the last cop disappeared," he suggested. Martin chewed on his cigar and walked back and forth.

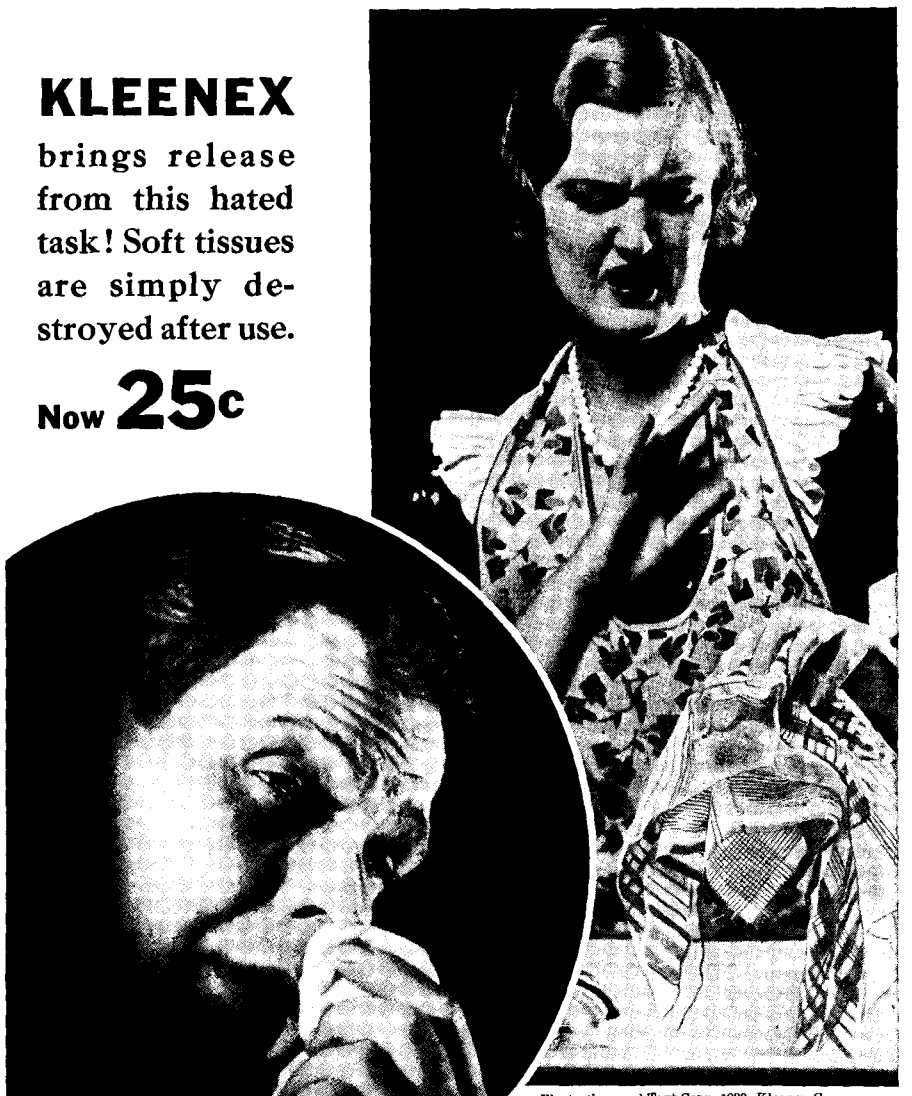
"I had a hunch," he said at last, "we

(Continued on page 46)

Women revolt against washing dirty handkerchiefs!

KLEENEX brings release from this hated task! Soft tissues are simply destroyed after use.

Now **25c**



Illustrations and Text Copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

MADAM, are *you* still washing dirty handkerchiefs? It's so unnecessary! Thousands of women have let Kleenex end this hated task — why don't you?

For 25 cents—the cost of *one* linen handkerchief—Kleenex brings you dozens of handkerchief-size tissues, to be simply destroyed after use.

Kleenex in many forms

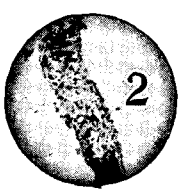
Kleenex is available in rolls and packages, at 25 cents. There is a large-size Kleenex, too—the tissues as large as a man's handkerchief.

You'll find Kleenex a great comfort during colds. The tissues are of softest cellulose. They are very soothing to tender, inflamed skin.

And here's a great health factor. Tests show that Kleenex fibers are so absorbent that they literally snare germs, holding them until the Kleenex can be destroyed. Hands and pockets are not infected, as from a cold-filled handkerchief, from whose fibers germs are dislodged *fifteen times* more readily than from Kleenex.

How Kleenex prevents spread of germs

A linen fiber, highly magnified, from a handkerchief infected with germs. Almost all germs have been dislodged—showing how easily germs are spread from handkerchiefs during colds.



This Kleenex fiber retains germs tightly, defying all attempts to dislodge them. Germs caught in Kleenex cannot reinfect the user or spread infection to others.

Ideal for children

Kleenex is the ideal handkerchief for children, who need especially this protection from colds. Teachers appreciate its use in the schoolroom, mothers appreciate the washing it saves.

Try 'Kerfs, too—smartly bordered handkerchiefs of disposable tissue.

At any drug or department store.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

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SLEEP

SLEEP

SLEEP

COMES QUICKLY
THIS SAFE, NEW WAY

THOUSANDS are trying it—the wonderful new method of ending the tortures of insomnia and winning sleep in a safe, quick, natural way.

And nine people out of ten, who follow these simple directions, report the most remarkable results in a very short time. Here's what you do:

Go to your druggist for a bottle of Absorbine Jr. Just before retiring rub a palmful briskly on the back of your neck with firm steady strokes, rubbing away from the brain.

DROWSINESS QUICK!

Stretch out in bed. Relax. Breathe with long, slow rhythm like a person in slumber. Absorbine Jr. works quickly. Nerves lose their tension. Before you know it, you drift into deep, refreshing sleep.

Let us prove that Absorbine Jr. can do this for you—at our expense. Fill in the coupon below and mail it today, and we'll give you enough for a good night's sleep, with our compliments. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle.

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for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns. cuts, sprains, abrasions

Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

W F. Young, Inc.
357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.
Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from page 45)

ought to have left Carstairs alone. Stance told me he was too big to monkey with and I laughed at him."

Waring got to his feet with an oath.

"You're getting flabby, Bull. I'll fix this."

"You'll fix nothing!" Martin snapped. "We've got to find out who this guy is before we jump. Maybe he's got others with him. I'll see what ships came in tonight and make some other inquiries. You . . . your job's to grab Selanga and shut her mouth."

"Yeah," Waring agreed. "She knows too much, anyway. I told you it was a sappy thing to have her walk Carstairs down to the swamp."

"Well, after what Stance said I didn't want any witnesses. Stance knows the Islands, damn him! No sense in taking a chance if Carstairs was as big a bug as Stance claimed."

Waring shrugged.

"Well, Selanga's got it on us anyway."

"She wouldn't dare open her trap!" exploded Martin savagely. "I'd cut her to pieces."

"Any Kanaka'd smear out his own mother for a thousand bucks," Waring pointed out. "She'll talk if she's touched right. Especially after you throwing her over for Luala."

Martin flung his cigar away with an oath.

"Well, fix her, then," he said at last. "And don't make a mess of it. I'll find out who this guy is while you're busy."

"A THOUSAND Straits dollars is a lot of money," said Wallaby Jim quietly. He was standing with Selanga in the dense shadow of a pandanus grove some distance down the beach from the Bird of Paradise. The girl was shivering and cold with fear.

"I don't know," she insisted with monotonous frequency. "I don't know how he was killed."

"You mean you're afraid to tell me?"

She was silent for a long time.

"Yes," she whispered at last. "I am afraid. Bull Martin would kill me."

"He won't know," Wallaby assured her calmly. "In fact, I don't think he'll know very much at all after tonight."

She looked up at him suddenly.

"You liked this Carstairs?"

He nodded.

"So did I," she said. "He was very handsome. I was sorry when he died. They made me bring him this way, toward the swamp."

"Then tell me who killed him. What do you care for Bull Martin, anyway?"

That struck some fire in her for he was startled at the savageness of her reply:

"Nothing! I hate him! He loves Luala now! But . . . I am afraid."

"I tell you there is nothing to be afraid of. I will put you on board my ship tonight and when I leave you can go with me, back to your own islands."

She laid a hand on his arm.

"You will swear that?"

"Back to your own islands and with a thousand Straits dollars," he promised. "I am Wallaby Jim." She drew a deep breath, her eyes widening with awe. There were Kanaka mothers who used that name to frighten their children.

"Then I will tell," she stammered. "Bull Martin, he send Chet . . ."

There was a swishing noise through the darkness that cut her short. She staggered against Wallaby, fell to the sand. Wallaby spun about and crouched, his gun in his hand, but he could see nothing. He was still for a long minute and then he relaxed and bent over the girl. There was a knife haft between her shoulder blades and she was dead. Wallaby cursed beneath his breath. So they had been followed!

He straightened, his jaw hard and his eyes like ice. He'd go direct to the point now. No more probing and questioning. Part of the truth he already knew, and part he guessed. They had made this girl lure Carstairs away and while she occupied him they had shot him from behind and then robbed him. There was no doubt it was Bull Martin's affair, and Chet Waring had done the actual work. Wallaby Jim went back to the Bird of Paradise.

He was smiling and at ease again when he pushed to the bar. Bull Martin was leaning against it and Wallaby moved towards him, called for gin.

"Pretty nice kid, that Selanga," he drawled, pouring a drink.

"Pretty nice," Martin agreed. "Have a cigar?"

"I don't like that brand," said Wallaby. "Ever try mine?"

"WHAT . . ." Bull Martin began, and then he stopped. Something hard was pressed into his stomach and he looked down to find Wallaby's gun held firmly in the sailor's left hand. Wallaby lifted his drink with his right and his hard eyes held Martin.

"Don't get excited," he said easily. "And don't shout. You and me's having a little talk." He tossed down his drink.

"We'll walk to the back," he said. "I guess you've got a room there sort of private."

Martin stifled an oath and, turning abruptly, led the way. He made one or two almost imperceptible signs as he went and the Negro bartender's eyes narrowed in understanding. Martin and Wallaby passed into the back room. It was empty and Wallaby kicked a chair with his pipe-clayed shoe.

"Sit down!"

Bull Martin sat down, his face congested with blood from his rage.

"How long d'you think you can get away with this?" he choked. "You fool! You'll have half the beach climbing on you before you're through."

Wallaby holstered his gun, smiling a little.

"I won't need long," he drawled. He reached his right hand in his pocket for a cheroot and, with an oath, Bull Martin half rose and drew. He thought it was his chance. But he never completed the draw.

Wallaby Jim's left hand flipped another gun from a shoulder holster with a speed that brought Bull Martin's heart to his throat, and the big man subsided, careful to place both of his hands on the table before him. Wallaby Jim, still smiling, replaced his own weapon and bit the end from his cheroot.

"I wouldn't try that again," he suggested. He lighted the cheroot, his hard eyes holding Martin.

"Undo your shirt!" he said suddenly. Martin stared at him.

"Undo what?"

Wallaby Jim wasted no further words. He leaned forward and with one wrench of a powerful brown hand ripped Martin's silk shirt from collar to waist, exposing a thin cloth money belt.

"They usually do carry them in a belt," said Wallaby dryly. "We don't trust ten matched pearls to strongboxes and safes, do we?"

Martin licked his lips and his florid face had gone white.

"What are you talking about?"

"Carstairs," drawled the other. "Take off that belt and empty it."

Martin made half a move for his gun but he was terrified clean through. There was something in those icy-gray eyes that numbed him. He unfastened the belt, unfastened the buttoned flaps and dropped to the table several folded bank notes of high denominations and also several small packages done up in silk. Wallaby probed into them with his finger, and from them he selected ten pearls of the first water.

"Carstairs was taking these to Batavia," he said. "The rest of the stuff I'll confiscate to pay my expenses and for Carstairs' widow."

MARTIN stared fascinated as the other scooped the stuff into his pocket. He was strangling with speech but he was afraid to speak.

"And now we'll come to the other matter," said Wallaby comfortably. "Who actually shot Carstairs?"

A sudden malevolent light flickered across Martin's eyes.

"So you'd like to know that, eh?" he said.

"I'd like to know that," Wallaby agreed.

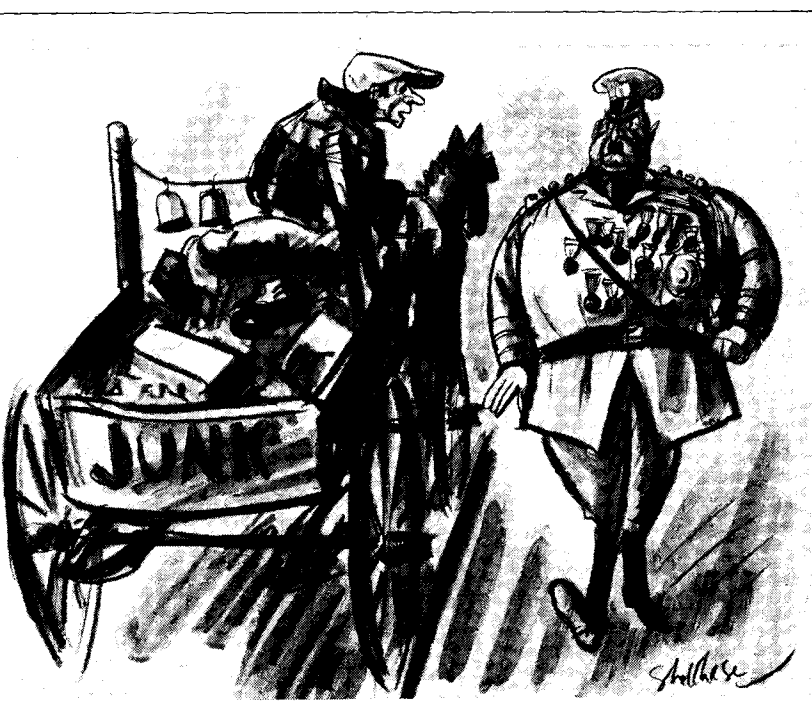
"He'll be here any minute," said Martin. "I sent for him."

"Thoughtful of you," Wallaby observed. "Of course you might get hurt if there's any trouble."

Martin licked his lips.

"Don't be a fool," he said with an effort. "You can't buck Chet Waring. There's not more than two men in the Islands who could."

Wallaby blew smoke towards the ceiling.



"Any old iron, Mister?" *George Shellhase*

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"Maybe I'm one of them," he suggested. Martin laughed harshly.

"Maybe you are," he sneered. His manner changed. He didn't want to be in the way if any shooting started. "Look here, whoever you are, you turn that stuff back and we'll call it a joke. See? Forget it. I don't want any more killings in this joint."

"Kind of you," Wallaby agreed. "But I'm not so particular."

Martin gnawed his mustache and felt puzzled. He had not had time to get any report on this man. Everything had happened so suddenly. His appearance, his taking away of Selanga, his return. All too quickly for anything to be arranged. Was he one of the administration officials after all? He seemed to know a lot. He knew, for instance, that Carstairs had been taking ten matched pearls to Batavia. Martin cursed to himself and wished Waring would hurry up. And at that moment Chet Waring came in, not from the bar but from the back of the Bird of Paradise and through another door of the room where Martin and Wallaby waited. For that reason he had not been warned.

"Well, I fixed Selanga," he began harshly, seeing Martin. "Ah Sing slipped down and did the job before she could say too much. . . ." He broke off short and stared at Wallaby. "Who's this bird?"

Martin stared at him with flaming eyes.

"You damned fool!" he blazed. "Why didn't you come in the other way? I had the boys fixed to tell you. This is the dude who took Selanga out!"

Chet Waring tightened but otherwise made no movement. His black eyes began to glow and his lips drew back from his teeth. Wallaby Jim coolly flicked the ash from his cheroot.

"So," said Waring softly. "So this is th' guy what's snooping around. How come you're sociable?"

"He jumped me in the bar," said Martin bitterly. "Stuck a gun in my guts and brought me here. Now *you* do something. He's got the pearls."

Waring's right hand began to absently twist a ring he wore on the little finger of his left. His dark eyes flickered to the table where the opened money belt lay, and then he glanced at Martin's torn shirt. He grinned a little, without mirth.

"Sort of a smart feller, eh?"

WALLABY JIM'S eyes were fastened on the ring and little knots of muscle appeared on each side of his jaw.

"That's a good ring," he said shortly. "Where'd you get it?"

Waring instinctively glanced down and then quickly up again.

"Who wants to know?" he sneered. Wallaby Jim shook his head.

"Not me. I'm telling you! The stone's a ruby. Cost me twenty quid in Sydney. I gave it to Carstairs ten years ago. You took it after you'd killed him!"

Chet Waring's face went suddenly white. "Who're you?" he whispered, bending forward.

"My name's on the inside of the ring if you care to look," said Wallaby dryly and he got to his feet. Bull Martin rocked up, so hurriedly he knocked his chair over. He backed to the wall, his face twitching and ashen.

"Inside the ring?" he choked. "The name's . . . Wallaby Jim!"

"Ah!" spat Chet Waring and drew, quick as a snake, utter fear in his blazing eyes. There were only two men, the Islands said, who could outshoot him, and one of them stood before him. He dared not hesitate. Bull Martin clawed for his gun, his face ghastly. And then the room rocked to three reports.

Chet Waring was pitching forward with a bullet in his heart even as he pressed the trigger. Bull Martin did not even have time to fire. He slid down the wall, a red stain on his torn shirt, his eyes fast glazing and his gun dropping from his nerveless fingers. There was a sudden pounding at the door and it burst open. From the bar came a surge of men, Martin's Chinaman, two houseboys, the Negro bartender and one or two whites, all armed. They halted for a moment, stupefied, and then with an oath the Negro leaped in.

Wallaby Jim drew hard on his cheroot and backed, guns blazing in each hand. They were facing the best shot in the South and they had no chance. The Negro doubled over and fell. One of the white men crashed, dying, into the Chinaman who was clawing at a splintered arm. The rest turned and fled, anyhow, anywhere to get away from the smiling tall man with the pellets of death. And at last he was alone.

He seemed quite unruffled and, except for a slight wound across his left cheek, seemed unharmed. He reloaded his guns, holstered them and then carefully smashed the three lamps with which the room was lighted. The oil ran over the dry flooring and ignited. By the time Wallaby backed through the door that led to the night outside, the room was a furnace, and Tiafura Beach had gone mad, while monstrous tales of a dozen men shooting up the Bird of Paradise ran from mouth to mouth.

STANCE had just heard the news and was preparing to leave his bar and follow his customers to view the conflagration. He had in fact already jammed his battered old sun helmet on his head when a hand on his arm detained him.

"Just a minute, Stance," drawled Wallaby Jim.

Stance stared at him for a long moment and then wiped his forehead.

"Well," he croaked, "you did a good job, seems like."

"Fair," Wallaby agreed. "Martin's dead and so is Waring. That leaves you boss of Tiafura Beach again." He poured a drink.

Stance nodded, shaking and afraid of this terrible man.

"The Bird of Paradise will be ashes before dawn," Wallaby went on. "But you can save the rest of the shacks if you work." He lighted a cheroot, calm and tranquil as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. "There's just one thing I'd like to say before I go, Stance."

"And that?" managed the other.

"It's none of my business how you run the beach; none at all. But the next time anyone's rubbed out here make sure first he's not a friend of mine. Otherwise I'll be back."

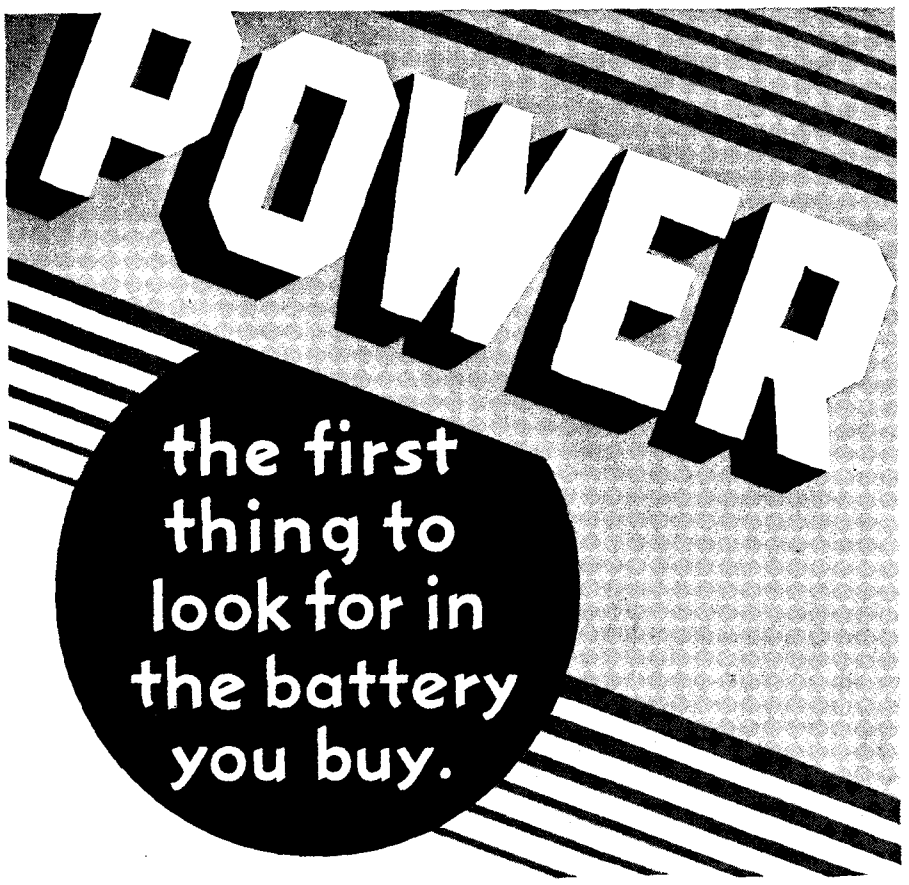
Stance nodded and licked his dry lips.

"You must have thought a lot of Carstairs," he said thickly. "A hell of a lot. He must have been an old friend."

"Slightly," agreed Wallaby, smiling a little. "He was my brother!"

He finished his drink, nodded to Stance and left the bar. Stance, walking as in a daze to the doorway, saw him go down to the water's edge and blow a silver whistle. The false dawn was already flushing the sky and the darkness of the jungle was made bright by the flames from the Bird of Paradise. Stance saw a whaleboat put out from the bark Kestrel, saw Wallaby Jim pulled back to the ship in her and go on board.

Twenty minutes later the Kestrel was standing for the sea; in an hour she was lost in the mists of morning. She had laid at anchor off Tiafura Beach exactly eight hours; had come and gone. As quickly as that Wallaby Jim had settled his debt. That was one of the reasons why he was a legend in the Islands.



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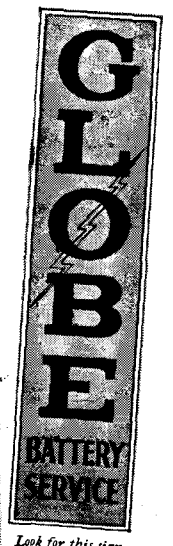

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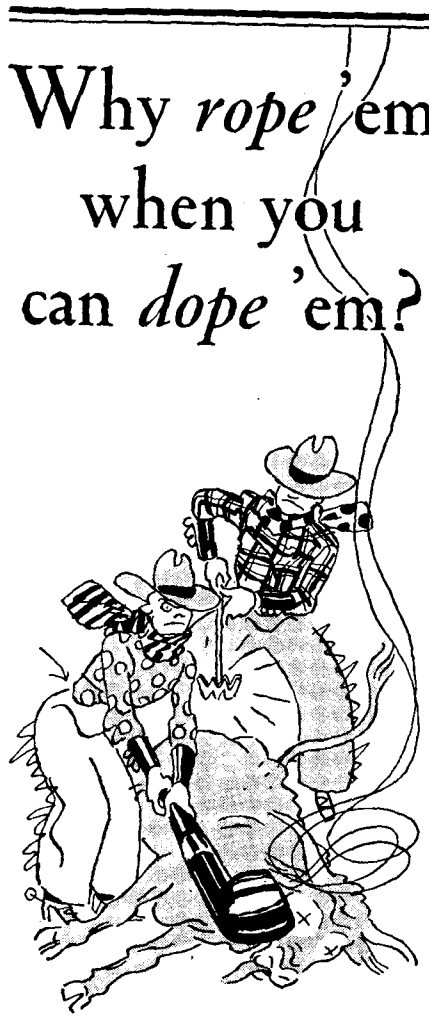

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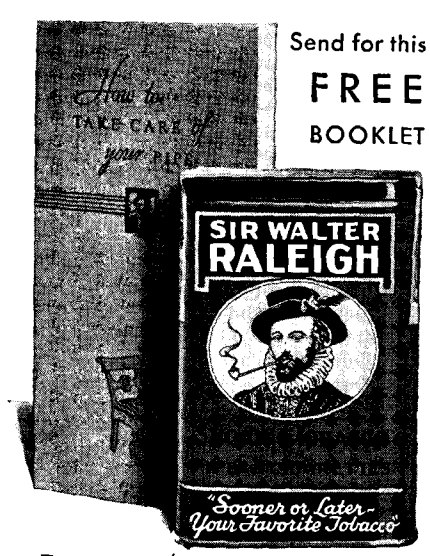

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Slander

Continued from page 9

"How was it?" she asked.

"Perfect," he replied.

"Honestly?"

"Cross my heart," he said solemnly.

SHE swam to the steps and climbed from the pool. She sat down on a stone bench and asked for a cigarette.

"Aren't we silly—all of us?" she asked. "Here am I, twenty-six years of age—"

"You aren't!" he exclaimed.

Her violet eyes widened.

"Aren't you nice? That was spontaneous. But I am, woe is me. And at twenty-six I'm concerned as to whether or not I dive properly. Could anything be more absurd?"

"I suppose that at such an advanced age one's mind should turn to contemplation of the past," he grinned. "But I know two old gentlemen in their seventies who carry private golf pros around the country with them, and scatter largesse when they break a hundred."

"But it *is* silly," she said. "What does anyone care how they dive or play golf?"

"The desire to excel," he began. But she cut him short:

"But in games: In useless things. I mean—I'm ashamed of myself. I find myself diving, not for the fun of the water, for the excitement of shooting through the air, but for the purpose of doing it well. Now that's stupid."

"I think you're harsh to yourself," he protested. "If you take pleasure in doing something, isn't that enough to justify doing it?"

She shook her head. Drops of water flew from her hair. Cranston thought he'd never seen so unselfconscious a girl. Most girls emerging from the water are concerned enough about their appearance to smooth their hair, at least, if they haven't worn bathing caps.

"If the thing is worth while in itself," she argued. "You take pleasure in dashing off to South America and finding out why ancient Indians did such and such. But that's useful. It adds to the sum of human knowledge. But diving, or playing golf—I'd like to do something useful," she ended.

Despite her admission to twenty-six years—and Cranston could see now that she was not in her teens; even her lovely skin could not pretend in this afternoon sun and without cosmetics to such extreme youth—she was ridiculously young in her present mood.

"Beautiful things are useful," he reminded her.

"Oh-ho," she laughed. Her face, that had been serious, became animated with gayety. "So that's why you disappear for months at a time. To think up pretty speeches. Mr. Cranston, I thought you were above such matters. I didn't dream that the serious-minded explorer would descend to flirtation."

"Is it flirtation to remind a girl of something so obvious—that she is beautiful?"

"I should hope so," she smiled. "I'd hate to think that you weren't going to flirt with me. After all, I rate an attempt, don't I?"

"It would be nothing more than that," he said. "I'm sadly out of practice."

"Oh, really? Well, in that case I won't be offended if flirtation hadn't entered your head. What time is it?"

He glanced at his wrist watch.

"Nearly five."

"Gracious!" She slipped from the bench in panic. "I'm due in New York at seven, and this is Sunday night and the traffic will be terrible. And I haven't even arranged for anyone to take me into town."

"May I?" he asked.

She smiled.

"Could you avoid asking me after that hint? But weren't you spending the night here?"

He shook his head.

"I intended going in after dinner. But I'd much rather go in now. Are you dining anywhere?"

She looked at him.

"Why—not exactly. That is—well, I couldn't dine with you—if you're asking me."

"I'm doing that very thing," he said.

"But later," she suggested.

"My evening is at your disposal," he said.

"That makes me feel important. The celebrated Herbert Cranston, Park Avenue's only doer, offers me his evening."

"And I don't deserve derision for the offer," he said.

"Oh, my dear man!" She laid a damp palm on his wrist. "I was flattered. And—if you cared to call me—about ten—or does that seem an outrageous hour to a man who probably rises at dawn, and tramps the jungle all day, and—"

"I'm off duty," he laughed. "There are no jungles to explore in Manhattan."

"Oh, aren't there?" she said. "Jungles and morasses and wild beasts and precipices—but if one doesn't see them, they don't exist, do they?"

"And I suppose you'll tell me that you see those things," he scoffed.

For a moment her violet eyes were almost black, as though some shadow from within obscured them.

"I wish I didn't, Mr. Cranston," she said. Then her eyes lightened. "You'd better go and see that your bags are ready. Mine are all prepared. They need only to be brought downstairs. I'll slip in and get dressed."

At the far end of the pool were dressing-rooms, and without further words she ran toward them. Cranston, looking after her, wondered at the sudden impulse to follow her, to ask her what she meant by her talk of city dangers. But she was merely making conversation. So he shrugged his shoulders and strolled toward the house.

THE bridge game on the veranda was breaking up. Millie Cragin hailed him mischievously.

"If it was interest when you went to the pool, what on earth is it now?" she demanded.

Mrs. Dan Treman chimed in:

"Martha in anything is glorious; in a bathing suit she is supernatural. Do you believe in miracles now, Herbie?"

"What a lot of small-town hicks you all are," he said. "If a man looks at a girl you all get together and clack, clack, clack. Where," he went on, "does a guest find his charming hostess?"

"Leaving?" demanded Millie.

Cranston stared at her.

"Because you'll find it out anyway—I'm driving Miss Blaisdell into town."

Millie reached out a hand and patted his.

"Always tell Aunt Millie everything, Herbie," she said. "Then she doesn't have to guess—and invent. You'll find Trudie in the library."

"Good Lord, do Long Islanders have libraries? Do they read?" demanded Cranston.

"Certainly not. Aristocrats don't have to read. They know all worth knowing. She's working on a jigsaw puzzle. I'll take you to her."

"Thanks," said Cranston dryly. "But you can tell her all about my taking Miss Blaisdell to town later on. I'll go by myself."

And as Millie giggled at him, he went to the library.

Trudie Lemming looked up from the table over which she bent.

" 'Lo, Herbie. Have you eyes? Can you find a T-shaped yellow piece for me?"

"If I could, Trudie, I'd refuse," he said. "You'd discover I had talent for your jigsaws, and keep me here, wearing out my eyes. I've had a swell time, Trudie, and you were an angel to ask me out. May I come again?"

"May you? Why, you grinning idiot, if you don't come out every week-end the rest of the summer—are you leaving? Thought you were staying until Monday."

"That's sweet of you, Trudie, but—"

"Okay, child. We're going in to a theater on Thursday night and want you to come."

"May I phone tomorrow? I've something or other cooked up for the middle of the week—"

"Phone it is," said Trudie. "And if you see that lazy lout of a husband of mine anywhere around on your way out, tell him that I said he was crazy when he said the border of this puzzle was black. It's the green that makes the border."

"I'll tell him," chuckled Cranston.

HE WAS still smiling as he reached his room. Trudie Lemming was the most extraordinary wife he knew. Apparently careless, forgetful, she never overlooked anything in her extensive household. How she found time to compose the charming songs which were bringing her in considerable money as well as a reputation, no one could discover. She was never so busy that she couldn't drop everything to chat with a friend or dash off to see something or other. Apparently she paid no attention to Bob Lemming, her big and blundering husband, but Cranston, like everyone else, had noticed that at a dance Lemming spent most of his time with his wife, that wherever they were, the husband managed to get near the wife, and the wife near the husband, every few minutes. Trudie's only passion was the jigsaw puzzle, and she could put the pieces together with her eyes closed, it seemed. They couldn't be looking at the puzzle, because those snapping brown eyes saw everything, even as her ears heard everything.

Everyone adored the Lemmings. An ideal match. It must be fun, Cranston mused, to be part of an ideal marriage. To live with a girl whom you adored, who adored you, and with whom you were so congenial that you always gravitated toward each other, no matter where you were, what you were doing.

And what on earth had put such ideas into his crazy head? he suddenly asked himself. Marriage was all right for people like the Lemmings. Bob had a business that occupied his time, and kept him in New York. Oh, he was rich enough to forget about it when he wanted to, but it did give him a headquarters. It enabled him to settle down on Long Island. . . . Or, if he wanted to abandon business, he could take a house in Paris, a moor in Scotland. . . . But he hadn't adopted a career which demanded that he leave civilization behind for months at a time.

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little wife. In the middle of the honeymoon he'd get a wire from the British people, or maybe from Washington, asking what he thought of heading an expedition to the Himalayas. Having a considerable fortune, Cranston got more of those wires than almost anyone else. He could finance his own expedition; in fact, preferred to do so.

You couldn't throw people down. After eight years of that sort of thing, you belonged to different societies, you read papers, you received—well, honors. Besides, it was your career. And a man had to do something in this world. A man couldn't idle his life away, simply because his parents had left him plenty of money. Oh, other men did. But he just couldn't.

No, he'd not think of marriage. Marriage was for idlers, or for workers who stayed put. It wasn't for him. And further, he hardly knew the girl.

FOR a moment he felt intense anger toward Martha Blaisdell. He'd had a pretty swell time since he came back from this last trip to Brazil. The newspapers had been kind; there had been talk of a scroll of honor from Congress; Orken, the famous Dane, had invited him to spend November with him.

Why on earth should any girl intrude her puny charms into a man's masculine life? Then common sense ruled him. After all, Martha Blaisdell had never laid eyes on him until yesterday; she had shown him nothing but courtesy, the small courtesy that any nicely bred girl shows to a well-behaved man. If there'd been any intrusion it had been his, not hers.

So, when he joined her downstairs, he had banished his momentary ill temper. His car had been brought around and her bags, she informed him, were already stowed in the rumble. Millie Cragin and Mrs. Dan Treman strolled around the drive as Cranston assisted the girl into the machine. They said nothing, merely waved hands in farewell, but Cranston felt himself stiffen, felt his cheeks redden. Darn them, they'd shown up deliberately, merely to get his goat. And what an easily gotten goat it was, he told himself. He would try to tether it more securely from now on.

"Any particular route?" he asked, as they shot onto the main road.

She shook her head.

"One's the same as another. I have no bump of direction. I'd not make a success of exploring, would I?"

"Do you mind?" he asked.

She laughed.

"I know what you mean. The girl meets an author and says, 'I've always wanted to write.' Or an actor and says, 'I've always wanted to go on the stage.' But I really didn't mean that. I was just making idle talk."

"Well, it's the pleasantest kind of talk," he said.

"Only—one gets tired of it. It's so *samey*. But if one doesn't do anything, one can't talk of one's hobby or fad or career."

"Nothing could be duller than that kind of talk," he said.

"I guess you think so," she responded. "You haven't said one word about your Brazilian experiences."

"If you'd written eighty thousand words about something you'd feel an acute disinterest in the subject," he told her.

"Eighty thousand words! Think of having done something—anything—that would justify one writing that much about it."

"I sometimes wonder if anyone has," he said. "But I'd rather talk about you."

"For eighty thousand words?" she asked mischievously.

"If there are that many adjectives, their use would be justified," he said.

She flashed him a glance from her violet eyes.

"A fast worker," she commented.

He shrugged distastefully. Her perceptions were swift.

"You didn't like that?"

"I don't care much about the idea and less for the phrasing," he replied.

"In other words—I'm a trifle cheap. Perhaps you're right. Has anyone ever told you that you're a bit of a prig, Mr. Cranston?"

He turned to look at her.

"I guess it's about time someone did tell me," he said slowly.

"And perhaps it was about time someone hinted that I was apt to be a trifle cheap," she said, with equal gravity. Then amusement glinted in her eyes. "Are we going to be good for each other?"

"That would be pleasant," he smiled. "Although I see no room for improvement in you—"

"Don't withdraw," she said. "I deserved it. So did you. Now, let's forget it. You don't want to talk about you—shall I talk about me?"

He laughed with genuine mirth.

"Please," he said.

When he deposited her at her apartment just off Washington Square he knew that she was not cheap. She merely was able to adapt herself to situations and circumstances. She was, like most of the girls one met nowadays, at ease with a bootlegger or a prince and able to speak the language of either.

But she was more than that. She was a girl of extraordinary insight, of sophistication—in the kinder meaning—of humor, and what Cranston termed niceness. Her reactions to people and events were decent and candid. She was, he told himself, the sort of girl one would like one's sister to be, if one's sister were not satisfactory as she was.

She lived, he had discovered, quite alone. An orphan, he gathered that she had inherited money. Certainly the apartment building before which he stopped his car looked expensive enough, even if Washington Square was no longer as fashionable as the upper East Side.

That they had not met before was just one of those happenings. Debutante parties had ceased to interest him after his sophomore year, and when he was in New York, she was in Santa Barbara or Antibes or Biarritz, and when she was in New York, Cranston was in South America or Labrador or some equally remote spot. Their trails simply hadn't crossed.

HE HELPED her out of the car, saw that the doorman was competent to attend to her two bags, and left her with the understanding that he would call for her at ten, and they would go to the Ministery for dancing.

Martha Blaisdell looked after him as the car drove away, a queer expression in her violet eyes. Then, shrugging, she followed the doorman into the building and the elevator. At the fifth floor she alighted, and rang the bell at a door. It was opened instantly by a trim maid.

"Mr. Gerrish is here, ma'am," she greeted her mistress.

Martha frowned, but the frown was gone when she entered her pretty living-room.

"'Lo, Gerry," she said.

A man rose from a couch. He wore—a rare costume in these days—formal day clothing. Pin-striped trousers, a black semi-tailed coat, white edgings on his waistcoat; and a silk hat reposed on the hall stand.

"Hello, Martha," he said.

He advanced and held out a hand.

(Continued on page 50)

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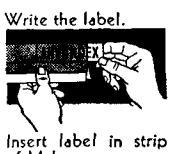

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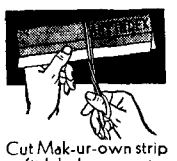

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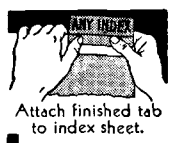

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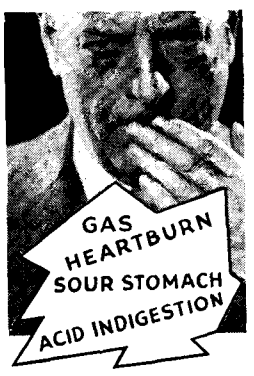

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(Continued from page 49)

The limpness of her grip made him drop her fingers instantly.

"You control your enthusiasm well," he remarked.

"Perhaps I don't feel any enthusiasm," she said.

"It's polite to feign it," he said.

"I don't feel polite," she said curtly.

"I can endure that so long as you still look beautiful," he said.

She made an impatient gesture with her lovely hands.

"Gerry, why must you always talk like a person in a book, and look like a character in a play?"

"Do I? The villain, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," she said.

SHE walked across the room and stood staring out a window.

"Something upset you?" he asked.

"I don't know. I guess so." She turned back and looked at him. "Gerry, did you ever tell anyone that—that—well, that you pay my bills?"

Beneath her steady gaze his pale face burned.

"That is a most extraordinary question, Martha," he said. With theatrical deliberation he sat down upon the couch. The case from which he selected a cigarette was too elaborate; the lighter he used was too ornate.

"The circumstances are extraordinary," she said.

"I think they must be," he said. The sarcasm in his voice left her unmoved.

"Trudie Lemming talked to me today. So did her husband."

"And what did they say?" His sarcasm bordered on a sneer now.

"They didn't say anything. They didn't need to. Other people—the glances—the words here and there—Gerry, answer my question."

"Martha, I'll forget the insult. You're upset, nervous. You'll regret it tomorrow—tonight. I'll answer it. Of course not. There—does that satisfy you?"

"It does," she said. "Now, Gerry, will you please prepare an account of my holdings? Will you please submit a list of my indebtedness to you? Then, will you sell enough securities—"

"You're mad, Martha. I've advanced you money—as your father's man of business—and your own—might be expected to do. But to permit you to repay me now, when securities are selling at almost nothing—it would be ruin, Martha."

"Sell them," she said. "Gerry, I've been wickedly foolish. I've been afraid to examine into my affairs, lest I find out that I have practically nothing. And so I've permitted you to advance me money, let myself get into a position where a vile man could lie about me. But that's over. Sell everything I have."

"But, Martha," he protested, "why on earth should I lie about you? My God, Martha, I'm in love with you. Does a man defame the woman he loves?"

"Some men do. Your kind of man," she replied. "Gerry, my father found you capable. I found you kind. So—you handled my affairs. And you met my friends. And you resented the fact that you knew them only through me. You were put up for clubs, invited to houses where you wanted to be seen. But a climber isn't satisfied to climb. He must show, as instantly as he can, his superiority to some of the people in that very group which he is striving to know. He'll be contemptuous, as soon as he dares, of some man in that group who hasn't as much money as the climber has. And, if he possibly can, he'll involve himself in gossip with some girl in that group. Some mean pride in him is satisfied that way, and—"

"But, Martha! I've told you I loved you!"

"Have you told Mrs. Gerrish that?" she asked. "I didn't know you were divorced. I don't like married men to tell me they love me."

"But you know that Clara and I are separated, that I can have a divorce—"

She sighed suddenly, as though with great weariness.

"Gerry, must we go into it further? Do what I asked—sell my things, take out what I owe you, telephone me when it's done, and we can meet and have a final settlement—"

"But you can't dismiss me like this," he argued. "Good Lord, Martha, I've served you faithfully, and—is this what I get?"

"This," she said, "is what you get, and it is less than you deserve, Gerry. Now—please go."

If she had raised her voice, if she had melodramatically thrown open the door, he would have been better able to meet the situation. But the very brevity of her accusation, the swiftness with which she had announced her verdict and pronounced judgment, gave her words a finality which he recognized.

There was, he very definitely knew, nothing to be gained by argument, so he walked abruptly from the room, and Martha, for the first time in years, burst into tears.

It was not easy to dismiss anyone from one's life; it was not pleasant to discover that a tolerable companion had turned out badly.

She heard, in a moment, the quiet footsteps of the maid in the dining-room. She sat up, dismayed lest her stifled sobs had been heard by the servant. But dishes were being laid upon the table, and if Seena had heard weeping she would have come in to investigate.

Martha rose from the chair and as she passed the dining-room door she averted her head. And she closed the bedroom door. She almost tore off the garments she had worn motoring into town. The mere near presence of Gerrish seemed to have soiled them. She felt unclean herself.

How dared he? How had he, to whom she had given a leg up, dared to insinuate things about himself and Martha Blaisdell? And he had. Oh, there was no remotest shadow of a doubt about that. The incredible, unspeakable swine!

She supposed that, in his way, he did fancy himself in love with her, too. The fact that he was willing—or eager—to marry her would somehow justify him in his vileness. And she understood the reason for his action. It had been what she had told him. His type would consider that having an affair with a girl like Martha Blaisdell would be proof that he "belonged." She had known other climbers who behaved similarly. Gerrish would think that his acceptance as a lover by Martha Blaisdell would be proof that he was attractive. People couldn't say about a man who was having an affair with Martha Blaisdell that he didn't belong.

THIS was his reasoning, bizarre to normal people, but matter-of-fact to the climber.

Nevertheless, how *dared* he? To smirch her, who was so far removed from affairs that her kisses could have been counted on the fingers of her two hands.

And people were not charitable in these lax days. They were ready, if not eager, to believe the worst. Those who knew her really would be sure that any gossip about her was false, but what about the casual acquaintances she possessed? What about new acquaintances?

She thought of Herbie Cranston. Involuntarily she smiled. "Herbie" was so inadequate a nickname for him. He deserved something more rugged, like "Jeff" or "Pat." Nevertheless he was nice. In fact, he was possibly the nicest man belonging to that particular set of people with whom she played around.

Good-looking, too. She visualized him now. She liked the brick-burn on his face. Other men were burned or tanned, but their complexions were obviously acquired at play. One knew, instinctively, that Cranston's burn came from exposure in the line of some task or other. He had about him the look of the doer, rather than of the player.

Yet, in practically all externals he conformed. Martha liked unusual people, but she didn't like them to seem unusual. *Cranston didn't. He belonged* to the right clubs, went to the right houses, did the right things. She had observed him closely during this week-end at the Lemmings'. Little incidentals, that even women do not notice at first, she saw. The way his ties blended with his shirts, the way his coats hung upon him, the kind of shoes he wore; nothing escaped her glance.

And she approved. Cranston was, most emphatically, the kind of man that her kind of girl ought to marry. Position, plenty of money, and a distinguished career that was quite out of the ordinary.

She wondered that he had not been caught by some predatory husband-hunter before this. It was, when you came right down to it, quite extraordinary. It wasn't as if Cranston were woman-shy. Not at all. On the contrary, while one couldn't term him flirtatious, he was willing to talk, eager to be friendly.

HE LIKED her. He had paid her marked attention over this week-end. He would have taken her to dinner tonight if her engagement with Gerrish had not interfered. He was calling for her later. She wished that she had let him take her to dinner. His companionship would make her forget the scene with Gerry. But she had not hoped that she would be able to get rid of Gerry so soon.

Divesting herself of the last bit of clothing she walked into her bath, slipped a heavy towel over her head and stepped beneath the shower.

Yes, Cranston liked her. It shouldn't be hard to turn that liking of his into something much more ardent. She turned off the shower, shivering slightly, and rubbed herself dry. Back in her bedroom, she stopped in the middle of the act of pulling on a stocking.

Why not? Good-looking, not much over thirty, with position and money. What more could a girl ask?

It was about time she did some serious thinking about her future. Future? About the actual present. She had been content to drift, to accept advances from Gerald Gerrish—what a ridiculous name—until today, when she had learned that her lawyer had behaved too badly.

That ended Gerrish. She'd sell every last share of stock, impoverish herself, rather than be under obligation to him. But before she accepted that harsh alternative of poverty, it was as well to consider something else—marriage. And with a man like Cranston.

The maid knocked on the door.

"Dinner is served, ma'am," she announced.

"Be right there," Martha replied.

"And I forgot to tell you," added the maid, "that a gentleman called this afternoon. Dr. Baxter, he said his name was."

Blankly Martha stared at her reflection in the mirror. Then she shrugged faintly. So—Dr. Baxter was a pushing young man, after all.

(To be continued next week)

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Love makes a Difference

Continued from page 17

He put his head on one side. "I fear the Greeks—"

"You know, you'd better watch out or this quotation habit will grow on you," she warned him. "You wouldn't want to be a bore!"

"Not to you, Kate," he said. Nor would he, he reflected, trust this young woman any farther than he could see her.

She sat down. "Want some tea, or would you rather have a drink?"

It was, thought Martin, all very merry. No one disturbed them, and they conversed pleasantly of life and letters until six o'clock.

"I want to thank you," Kit told him warmly, "for such a very intellectual afternoon."

"No trouble at all," he assured her. "When does the class meet again?"

"Are you going to Bill Foster's picnic tomorrow?" she asked. "You'd have quite an audience."

"Certainly I'm going," said Martin. "Who's Bill Foster?"

BILL FOSTER, he discovered from Lucy, was, among other things, one of the men to whom Kit had once been engaged. "She was dreadful to him, Mart—gave him back his ring in the middle of the dance floor at the country club. And he was crazy about her! It wasn't funny—his face—" She looked up quickly. "What's the idea, Mart, anyway? You're not—"

"Not what?" he asked, smiling, as she hesitated.

She frowned. "Well, I mean—of course you wouldn't—but— Really, Mart, she's pretty, but no one can get on with her! And, anyway—"

Martin laughed. "Go on, Luce—don't stop."

"Oh, I suppose I'm a fool!" she said.

Martin went to Bill Foster's picnic; Bill didn't mind. It was on his yacht, and if Kit Kendrick had been delightful in riding clothes, exquisite in evening dress, and charming in an afternoon frock, she was devastating in white duck trousers and striped shirt. Her body was as supple as a reed, and she stood, not unaware of herself pictorially, at the bow of the boat, silhouetted against sky and water, with the wind blowing her bright hair straight back from her brow.

Martin had fallen into conversation with a Mrs. King, a pretty and almost painfully shy young woman. She was, he discovered, a bride and a newcomer to Long Island; she was so stupid, in a breathless, confiding way, so frightened that her husband's friends would not like her, that Martin did not have the heart to abandon her. Certainly no one else paid the slightest attention to her.

He looked up, after a time, aware of a shadow, and saw Kit smiling down at them sardonically.

"May I interrupt?" she drawled. "Or is this a private fight?"

The bride flushed. "Oh, please—I'm afraid I've been boring Mr. Heath—"

Kit's almond eyes swept over the younger woman amusedly. Her fool husband, thought Martin, ought to have told her not to wear a flowered chiffon dress and a floppy hat on a boat. "Where's the garden party, Jean?" Kit inquired.

The girl's flush deepened, and in that moment Martin hated Kit Kendrick.

"When you look at me like that, you should smile!" she told him. Her mouth twisted, suddenly, and she looked away, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "We're all going to swim," she said. "Come on, Jean, and get into your suit!"

Martin looked across the water, at the distant shore. He had an impulse to dive overboard and swim back; he felt that he never wanted to set eyes on Kit Kendrick again. She was rude and cruel and ill-bred. . . .

"Aren't you going to swim, professor?"

She must have been wearing her suit beneath her clothes, because here she was, a slender, white-skinned creature, in a wisp of jade jersey. Martin got up and moved past her, without a word. He got into his bathing suit crossly and reappeared just in time to see Kit push her unsuspecting host and former fiancé off the edge of the boat into the water. His eyes glinted; he stepped forward and swooped upon her, picked her up and dropped her over the rail.

She came up sputtering.

"Martin Heath, don't you ever do that to me again! I hate to be ducked! I—" He watched her, indulgently, as she climbed aboard and came toward him. Then he picked her up, and threw her overboard again!

(Continued on page 52)

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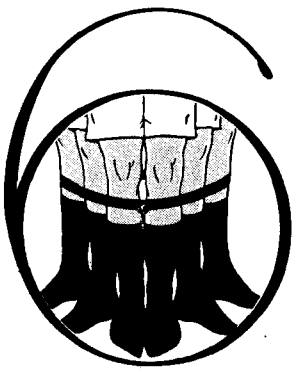

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(Continued from page 51)

Bill Foster helped her aboard. "Don't you think that's about enough, Heath?" he demanded, coldly, one arm encircling Kit.

She wrenched herself free of Bill's protecting arm and marched, dripping and defiant, back to Martin. "Well, are you going to duck me again?" she asked him. "You're a lot bigger than I am, and you can!"

"Will you say please?" he asked.

"Of course not!"

"Then," said Martin, regretfully, picking her up, "you still think you're bigger than I am, don't you, Kate?" He sighed as he threw her into the water.

Lucy caught his arm. "Martin, stop it! You're being childish!"

Ted King was assisting Kit to the deck; she returned promptly to Martin, a lamb to the sacrifice.

"Ready?" she asked sweetly.

HE BIT his lip, looking down at her. Then his arms closed about her, and in that instant he knew that he was lost. She was a disagreeable, stubborn, willful young woman, and he was crazy about her. Undoubtedly, even if it should amuse her to give him hope for a time, she would throw him over eventually, as she had thrown over every other man who had ever been in love with her. His mouth set grimly, and Kit relaxed comfortably in his arms, smiling.

"Living statues!" she announced. "The cave man and his captive!"

Martin stepped to the edge of the boat and jumped, and as he jumped, his elbow pushed her chin up and he kissed her squarely on her mouth. He did not release her as they shot down into the cold water; when they came to the surface he was still holding her.

"Don't you think we've made a holy show of ourselves long enough?" he asked.

"Aren't you used to public appearances?" she retorted, but for some reason the mockery was gone from her voice. Her lips were parted; she was looking at him almost gently, and Martin, swimming, supporting her slight weight, felt dizzy.

"Please?" he asked.

"Please?" she echoed softly. She flung back her head in sudden decision. "Ladies and gentlemen! The combatants have decided to call it a draw!"

"Thank you," said Martin.

But it was not good enough.

Kit was elaborately docile and subdued the rest of the day; she was, in fact, so absurdly docile that she made him appear slightly ridiculous.

"Why don't you come over and see me this evening?" she asked him when the picnic party was returned to the dock.

He looked at her intently. "The higher you go up the harder you fall, Martin!" he reminded himself. "Afraid I can't tonight," he answered shortly.

She was still playing the gentle rôle; her green eyes registered disappointment. "Sorry," she said. "Another time?"

That, reflected Martin, was the question. Should there be another time, or should he get out, now, while the getting was good? Certainly no happiness would come to him through being emotionally involved with this girl. . . .

He was still debating the question at midnight and by one o'clock he had reached a decision. By one o'clock, Martin Heath, author, lecturer and economist, had made up his mind that he would *show* Kit Kendrick! Two could play at her game! He would see her just as often as he liked, but he would be so much ruder, so much more arrogant and disagreeable than she had ever thought of being, that in the end she would plead for mercy.

He had to remind himself of his resolve when he saw her the next evening. She left the man to whom she had been talking and came toward him, across Barbara Wayne's living-room, her eyes luminous with pleasure, looking, Martin told himself sharply, as though butter would never, never melt in her mouth.

"Hello!" she said softly, and into that one word she put more meaning than a Bernhardt or a Duse could have put into a speech.

His eyes narrowed. "Any concealed weapons?" he asked cautiously.

"Oh, Martin—" she protested.

It was no wonder, he reflected, that she had been able to make fools of so many men. She had put on, as she might have put on a new dress, an air of breathlessness, a strange and engaging shyness, as though her slanting eyes and soft mouth were pleading with him, "Please like me, Martin! Please be nice to me, because I think you're wonderful!"

"Excuse me," he said, "I want to speak to Jean King." As he strode brusquely away he saw her mouth droop disappointedly; the girl was a superb actress!

There was dancing, and Martin danced with various ladies; it was late in the evening when he presented himself again to Kit:

"Dance?"

"I was beginning to think you weren't going to ask me!" she said. He smiled grimly and swung her out to the floor; as he had known she would be, she was light in his arms. "Anyway, I'm glad you did!" she added.

So this was her game! thought Martin. The same burlesque docility which she had enacted on Bill Foster's boat, the same imitation of Ben Bolt's Sweet Alice! He snorted. But, because a wave of tenderness toward her surged over him, he said roughly, "Oh, don't let's dance, anyway! I'm tired."

He was not tired but he said good night and walked moodily up the beach. There was a round, pale moon in the sky; its thin light flooded the interior of the boathouse, giving it an unbelievable loneliness. He dropped into a chair and sat, staring through the open window at the white water outside. In all his life he had never felt so completely alone. . . . After a time, he jumped up irritably and snapped on the electric lights. "Sap!" he said aloud, viciously. Sitting in the moonlight, like a lovesick fool, feeling sorry for himself! How Kit would laugh!

IN THE morning he could not get his mind on his writing; all power of concentration seemed to have left him. He wondered what Kit was doing. What did she do with her mornings, anyway? He got into his bathing suit and dragged the canoe to the water. What he needed was some fresh air.

He breathed the air in the direction of the Kendrick house, and there was Kit, sitting on the extreme end of the pier, dangling her slender legs over the edge, leaning back on her arms, staring dreamily across the water. A little pale terra-cotta figure in a jade bathing suit —as exquisite as the loveliest Tanagra.

She had not seen him and he let the canoe drift silently forward while he stared at her. Perhaps it was because he had fallen in love with her, yet it seemed to Martin that she had changed in the brief time since he had first set eyes on her. There was a softness about her mouth, a wistful quality in her face. . . . The canoe drifted into her vision and her face lighted. "Why, Martin! Hello! Isn't this a lovely day?"

"Is it?" he asked, reaching out and catching hold of the edge of the pier. "What devilment are you planning, here all alone?"

She smiled faintly. "None. As a matter of fact, I was thinking about you!"

"Oh, you were, were you?" he retorted, his eyes narrowing.

"It must be fun to travel, the way you have—" Her voice was wistful. "You've been almost all over the world, haven't you?"

"Um," said Martin suspiciously.

"Have you been in China?" she asked.

The sun was high in the sky when he pushed the canoe off. As he paddled back he realized darkly that again Kit Kendrick had made a fool of him. He had practically delivered a monologue, all morning, while she sat, eyes wide and lips parted, in an oh-how-big-and-wonderful-you-are attitude. Well, he was not a fish, even if he did nibble the bait! He could see through her game! She wanted to make sure that he was thoroughly hooked before she held him up to wriggle and flounder. He'd see about that! He was no Bill Foster!

Each added day was like another cloud rolled up in a stormy sky. The atmosphere, when Kit and Martin were together, was heavy, fraught with unexploded dynamite. . . .

LUCY and Charles had been married for seven years on the first of August, and that, Lucy announced, was a phenomenon worth celebrating. Martin drifted up to the house early.

No woman, he thought, had any right to look so lovely as Kit Kendrick did when she appeared and paused, in the manner of a little girl with a new dress, to be admired. It was made of a soft green stuff, woven with gold threads which looked as though they had been plucked from her own glittering little head and sewn in whirls and arabesques into the fabric.

"Hot, isn't it?" he said.

The light in her green eyes went abruptly out.

"Can't you say you like my dress, Martin? It's new."

"It's all right," he said. "Very nice." Her mouth was twisting into a funny smile. "I don't think green's awfully becoming to you," he added, wondering whether God would strike him dead on the spot.

She looked at him steadily: "Martin, why are you so hateful to me?"

"Hateful?" he echoed. "I wasn't aware of being hateful?"

"Is it deliberate, Martin?" she persisted.

He laughed. "I don't know what you're talking about, Kit."

"Do you really dislike me so much?"

"What are you trying to do?" he retorted. "Get me to say that I'm mad about you, just so you can jilt me as you have half a dozen others?"

"That's not true," she said quietly.

"No?"

She turned away abruptly.

Dinner was very gay; there was so much laughter, so many toasts and speeches that Kit's unusual quiet went unobserved. Only Martin, seated diagonally across from her, noticed it and was disturbed. She had looked so pretty, so much in the mood for a party; surely it was not his badgering which had turned her so dull and lifeless. Perhaps that was what she wanted him to think. . . .

Barbara Wayne was speaking to him, and he started, apologetically: "I'm sorry. I didn't hear."

Mrs. Wayne's brown eyes were amused. "You and Kit both seem a touch—shall I say, preoccupied? Lovers' quarrel?"

Martin raised his eyebrows. Lovers' quarrel? Did people consider them lovers?

"Why the surprise?" she demanded, laughing. "Or don't you two ever quarrel? I must say, you've made good your boast about taming Kit!" She glanced

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across the table. "But I think you're carrying it a little too far."

Martin swallowed. There was a sharp, malicious glint in Mrs. Wayne's eyes; he looked across the table and saw Kit looking at them. He could not have told how he knew, but he knew that she had heard. . . .

"Marty!" Lucy was calling to him. "What was the name of that man who—"

A roar of laughter rose behind him. Bill Foster's voice, "Oh, I say, Kit—that's rich!" When Martin was free to turn toward her again, a miracle had taken place; her eyes were sparkling and spots of color glowed high in her cheeks. Throughout the rest of the dinner the host's half of the table was a riot.

"You're all wrong about Kit and me, you know," he told Barbara Wayne. "We rag each other a lot, but as for being serious—" He laughed shortly.

Mrs. Wayne said, "Ha-ha!" and added, "Don't apologize, Martin."

She was a stupid woman, he thought irritably, sitting there smirking like a cat. As soon as dinner was over he left her and sought Kit.

"Why, hello, cave man!" she greeted him.

"Listen," he said seriously, "I want to talk to you—alone. Couldn't we go out in the garden?"

SHE tilted her head and looked at him impudently. "This sounds like a proposal!" She smiled impudently at Charley, who was offering her a liqueur. "If you'll excuse us for a few minutes," she murmured, "Martin is going to propose to me in the garden." Her green dress shimmered as she led the way; outside in the white light of the evening she sat down on a stone bench, folded her slim hands in her lap and looked up at him in mock demureness.

He stood in front of her, scowling. "I could break your neck!" he told her bitterly.

Her voice was like honey. "This is so sudden," she murmured. "How long—have you felt this way? My dear, I didn't suspect!"

"Oh, stop it!" said Martin. "Why do you always have to spoil everything?"

"Me?" asked Kit.

"Yes, you!" He sat down on the bench. "Oh, well—" he said crossly. "Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you marry me?" he shouted, exasperated.

"Are you serious, Martin?" she asked.

"You know I am," he said.

She stood up and looked down at him, smiling brightly. "Martin, dear, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!" she answered very clearly. "You were absolutely right about me. I've just been waiting for the chance to throw you over—as I have half a dozen others."

She turned abruptly toward the house, but Martin caught her shoulder and yanked her back roughly. "You darn' little fool!" he said huskily and kissed her. "Shut up!" he said as she tried to speak. "I love you!"

"LET me go!" she gasped. "Martin Heath—"

"I will not let you go," he retorted. He lifted her face. "Why, Kit, you idiot, what are you crying about?" He kissed her again, very gently. "You're so little and sweet—"

"Oh, don't!" she cried out. "Don't be—tender!"

"Sweet," he murmured. "Silly, silly sweet—"

"*Don't!*" wailed Kit, beating against him with her hands. "You're just—being kind!"

"Kind!" echoed Martin. He laughed, holding her close, and she clung to him.

"I didn't want to be—a shrew!" she said. "I guess—I was crazy about you that very first night at Lucy's, only I didn't know it. And then, on Bill's boat, after you kissed me—" She bent her forehead against his chest, talking in a muffled whisper: "Oh, Martin, I didn't know, but being in love makes you all different! I felt as though I never wanted to be mean or unkind even to a rattlesnake. And the more I tried the less you liked me! And—"

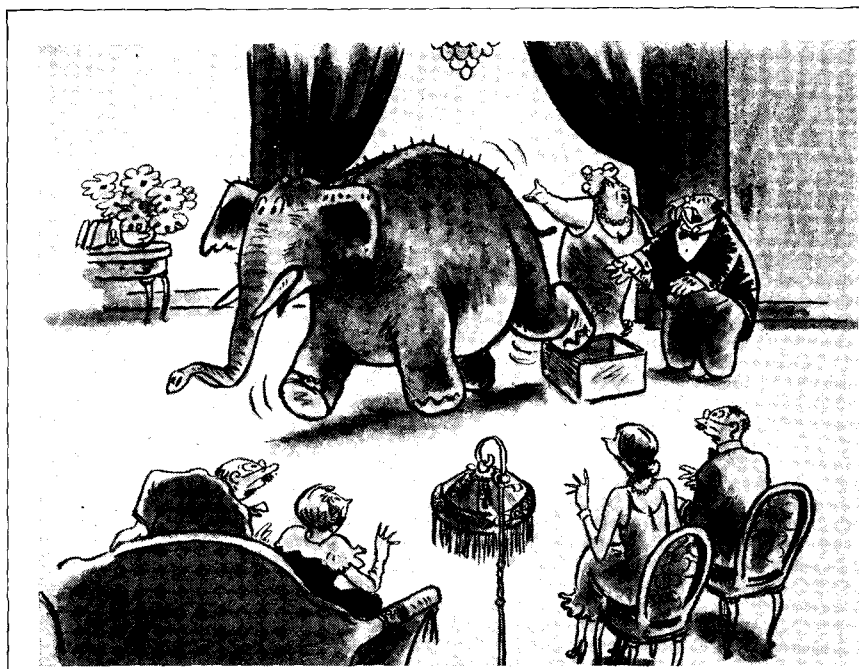
"Oh, Kit!" said Martin humbly. "Kit, I've been the damnedest fool that ever fell in love! Some time I'll try to tell you." He lifted her face again and held it in his hands; his own mouth was trembling and his eyes were soft and pleading. "Darling—you see, I never was in love before, either. I didn't know. We were just a couple of dumb amateurs. Amateur Petruchio!" He held her close. "Will you forgive me, Kit?"

She looked at him, deeply. "Oh, Martin—"

The figure of Charles Davenport appeared, silhouetted on the veranda. "Hey, you two, how long is it going to take? Hasn't she said yes, yet?"

"Darling—" said Martin. "Darling—"

"Yes," said Kit softly. And added, more loudly, "Yes!"



"See, Henry—you missed the trick! The man on the stage made a rabbit come out of the box!"

Frank Owen

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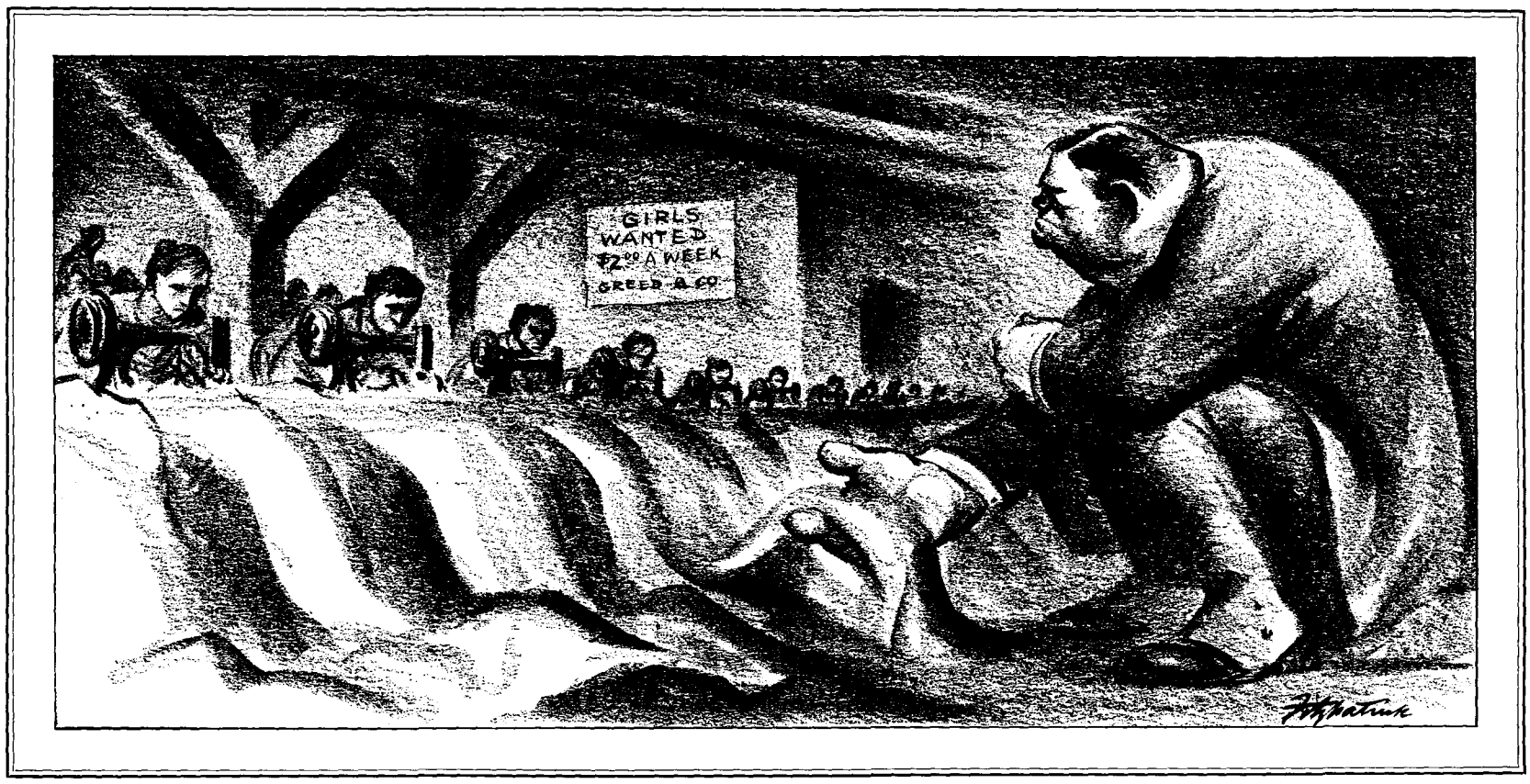

Selfishness Must Be Curbed

MISS FRANCES PERKINS, the first woman to be a Cabinet member, is unquestionably the ablest Secretary of Labor since the office was created. This is fortunate. Never before, certainly, has there been greater need for trained intelligence and broad human sympathy in the department she heads.

New laws of far-reaching importance must be enacted. The entire complicated question of wages and hours must be considered and dealt with quickly and vigorously. So involved are these matters, so important to our general welfare, that in the long run price control, trust laws and other issues of vital importance must be faced and decided before the "new deal" can be made effective.

Consider first the new demand for minimum wage laws for women which is being heard in many states.

The situation which calls for minimum wage laws is plain enough. Throughout many states "wildcat" businesses are springing up, designed to make quick profits from the shameless exploitation of women workers.

In an investigation for Collier's William G. Shepherd found girls and women who were being paid as little as $2 a week in Connecticut sweatshops. Governor Herbert Lehman reported to the New York legislature that "instances have come to my attention of the payment to women of wages as low as $4 for a full work week." Similar conditions exist in every industrial state.

The New York governor, who was an important business leader before he entered public service, made a strong argument for the minimum wage, saying:

"I am aware of the fears that are entertained, particularly in these nervous days, of imposing additional burdens upon industry. I regard the minimum wage law not as a burden but as a protection to industry from unfair attacks. I have no fear that the maintenance of sound, economical, healthy standards will be detrimental to the industries of the state."

We shall have to come to the minimum wage, not merely to prevent the exploitation of defenseless girls and women who have no bargaining power during times such as these, but also in the general public interest.

For wages are buying power and women are people. The wage-earner is a consumer and only when he and she have money to spend can there be an adequate market for American business. Never again can prosperity be built upon a low wage scale.

At best, however, minimum wages do not go far. What we need in this country is not the least pay sufficient to sustain life but the highest pay which can be prudently paid. In no other way can our national buying power be expanded and sustained.

A minimum wage law, furthermore, cannot stand alone. Wages depend upon the time worked as well as upon an hourly rate of pay. An employer may pay a fair rate but if he can provide only one or two days' work a week, the pay envelope will still be too thin.

The fair employer, furthermore, must be protected against unscrupulous competition or distress selling. Buyers consider prices and not the wages paid the workers who made the product. An employer eager to pay decent wages can't pay any wages unless he can sell his goods.

This is the broad situation which the country faces and in which Secretary Perkins has a great opportunity for constructive leadership.

If minimum wage laws are to be enacted —and wisely drawn laws should be passed— then industry must be allowed under proper supervision to fix minimum prices.

This cannot be done now because of the anti-trust laws. These laws must accordingly be repealed or rewritten.

As Gerard Swope pointed out, electrical manufacturers cannot now combine legally even to safeguard the wages of their employees. The law must not only allow such coöperation, but insist upon it. Obviously selfishness must be restrained, and so it will be necessary to set up a business tribunal to safeguard the public interest.

It is also plain that the hours of labor can and must be shortened to keep business upon an even keel. Hours of labor can also be regulated through trade associations constantly in touch with the needs and prospects of the industry.

These changes would have seemed radical a few years ago. Even those formerly most conservative are ready now for constructive changes.

Miss Perkins has a magnificent opportunity to mobilize the intelligence of the country and to work out the broad legislation essential.

We are at the end of the era of drift. We shall have to manage our public affairs and not merely, as in the past, hope to float along with the current toward good times.

Basic to everything is protection of incomes of the workers, who are the majority of the nation.

Here is a field for statesmanship of the highest order and in it Secretary Perkins is the national leader.

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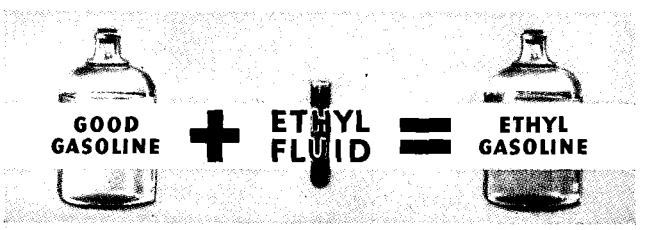

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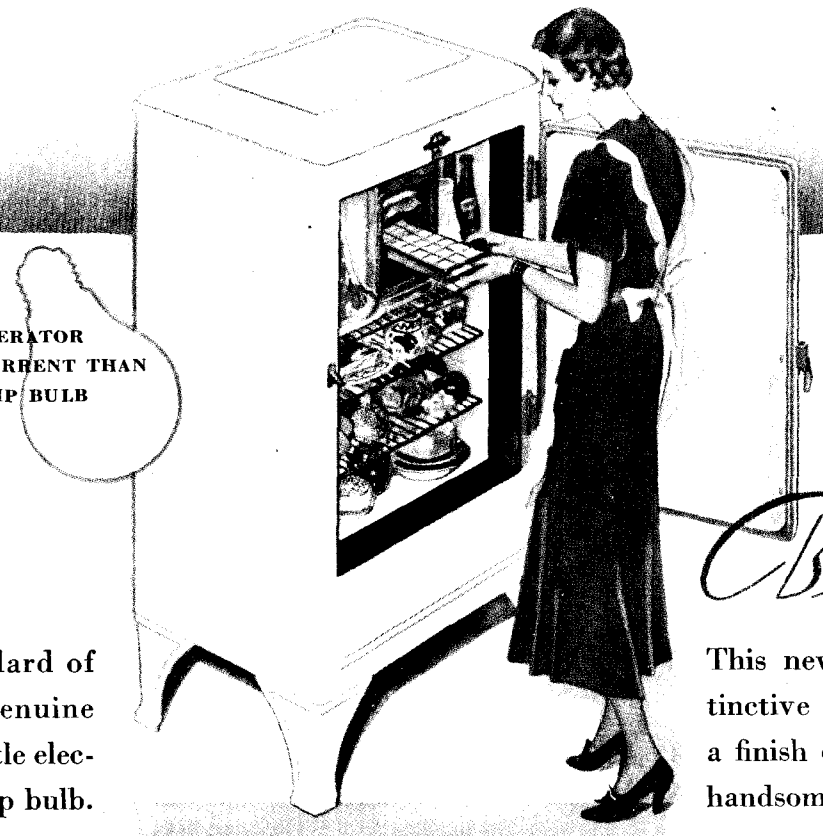

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